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MISCELLANIES:

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c.

VOL. II.

MEMOIRS OF MR. C. J. YELLOWPLUSH.
DIARY OF C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ.
SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.
NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS.
CHARACTER SKETCHES.

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THE MEMOIRS

OF

MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH,

SOMETIME

FOOTMAN IN MANY GENTEEL FAMILIES.

I.

MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year one, of the present or Christian hera, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlmn's name is a diffiklty, or raythe the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by buth.

Praps he was my father—though on this subjict I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had genlmnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say; but I always passed as her

nevyou. We led a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang; law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—its 'sfishant for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepettable creaturs than in half-a-dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morrils* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a benny-violent genlmn saw me, and put me to school. The academy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlmn wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sicks years, from sicks, that is to say, till my twelth year, during three years of witch, I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewoman! and how we put snuff in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!); but one day, a genlmn entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pentonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front

room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chaps' nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound a year, maltlicker, washin, silk-stocking, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genlmn, who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the Citty Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold laced hat, a drab coat and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashionabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condick Gardens; and Mr. Frederick Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonwille, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work: and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a groundfloor in John Street—a parlor and a bed-room. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but proliffic couple, who had rented the place for many years; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hofficer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissary, or some such think; and, as I heerd afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the harmy, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal; and her father being a bankrup in the tallow-chandlering way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her; and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink; nothink except four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe: and her forty found a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwille, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullyd the poor creature into marriage; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married; and the widow Buckmaster was the gray mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her famly, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitching and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all; whizz.—4 Miss Buckmasters: Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny; 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the famly was all ways hanging. There was so many of 'em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining or other. The hall was a regular puddle; wet dabs of dishclouts flapped in your face; soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung

across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattnly doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novls. An infernal pianna was jingling from morning till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters "Battle of Prag"—six youngest Miss Shums, "In my cottage," till I knew every note in the "Battle of Prag," and cussed the day when "In my cottage" was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyfores, and dogs-eard grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a regular Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reason is hobvius: he adoared the fust Miss Shum.

And suttnly he did not show a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight; but it only served to show her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his art, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocklate as Altamont might fancy; and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons up stairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster girls always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary, run down to

the public-house for the beer: Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; and he, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like an angel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater angel.

I never shall forgit one seen that took place. It was when Master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus "Battle of Prag." Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, "Law pa! what a fool you are!" All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, excep Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her two such wax on her great red ears as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went weeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. I will do it again, she said, if Betsy insults my father. New thumps, new shreex! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl, till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

"For shame, Mary," began old Shum: "for shame, you naughty gal, you! for hurting the feelings of your dear mamma, and beating kind sister."

"Why, it was because she called you a—"

"If she did, you pert Miss," said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, "I could correct her, and not you."

"You correct me, indeed!" said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; "I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!" and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum.

"O why," screeched she, "why did I ever leave a genteel famly, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry, to marry a creature like this? He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to

marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her. Thank Heaven she ant a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!"

"That's true, mamma," said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily; indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching—more convulshuns—and she wouldn't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy, from the Blue Lion over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

"Miss Mary," says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and miserable down stairs; "Miss Mary," says I, "If I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is." "O Charles!" said she, nodding her head sadly, "I'm too retched to have any happytite;" and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe, I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. "What's this?" cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Phillips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

"It's only Miss Mary, sir," answered I.

"Get out, sir," says he, as fierce as posbil, and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself, nex minit, sprawling among the wet flannings, and buckets and things.

The people from up-stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and crying out. "It's only Charles, ma," screamed out Miss Betsy.

"Where's Mary?" says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

"She's in master's room, miss," said I.

"She's in the lodger's room, ma," cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

"Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back." And

then, Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont's return.

* * * * * * * *

I'd long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodgings at Pentonwille. Excep for the sake of love which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do blieve the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on: they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn't my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's sirline; but he never said a syllabub; for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind an attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of him; they sate, for whole evenings, playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffing; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was genrally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quitely, that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffings to try this game on again; besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play "Meet me by moonlike," on an old gitter: she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, bein better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for Ashley's, and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy and Miss Mary, in course. I recklect he called me aside that afternoon, assuming a solamon and misterus hare, "Charles," said he, "*are you up to snuff?*"

"Why sir," said I, "I'm genrally considered tolelably downy."

"Well," says he, "I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpus.

When the theatre is over, you must be waitin with two umbrellows; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Shum; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd."

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's hacting on that memrable night. Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlitch in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over, I was at the door with the umbrellos. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. "This way, sir," cries I, pushin forward; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

"They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages." And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, "Has anybody seen Coxy's fly?" cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

"Cox's fly!" hollows out one chap. "Is it the vaggin you want?" says another. "I see the blackin wan pass," giggles out another genlmn; and there was such an interchange of compliments as you never heerd. I pass them over though, because some of 'em were not wery genteel.

"Law, miss," said I, "what shall I do? My master will never forgive me; and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach." Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that, but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a wehicle. So, in the midst of that tarin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonwille; and what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way.* A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My master

was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, whil master began cussin and swearing at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybl as Mr. Cartlich's in the play.

They had waited half an hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her 'ot rum and water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this adventer, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachment to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back again now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—which fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kem down to his parlor as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

CHAPTER II.

But who was this genlmn with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genlmn that ever I knew. Once I said to him, on a wery rainy day, "Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?" and he gave me one of his black looks and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day,—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face,—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and ediccation. "Dear Frederic,"

says she, "why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary"—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—"your buth and your professin?"

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by amotion, "Mary," said he, "if you love me, ask me this no more: let it be sfishnt for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o'clock till six."

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and mysterus way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonwille have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear raythor better outside the room than in. But, though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adoarable wife. After this was a slight silence. "Dearest Frederic," mummered out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, "I am yours—yours for ever." And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a-walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a looking out of the bed-rum window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

"Where's the lodger, fellow?" says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—"If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bed-room."

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and opening the parlor-door, sees master looking very queer, and Miss Mary a drooping down her head like a pale lily.

"Did you come into my family," says she, "to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!"—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

"I came here, Mrs. Shum," said he, "because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respect like a genlmn, and she is as hinnocent now, mam, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved; no hangry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming."

Mary flung herself into his arms—"Dear, dear Frederic," says she, "I'll never leave you."

"Miss," says Mrs. Shum, "You ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-obody by to defend me."

I knew what she was going to be at: on came her histarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes of course the eleven gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. "Look here, sir," says she, "at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandlin, and Lawd knows what besides."

"What, he?" cries Miss Betsy—"he in love with Mary! O, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!"—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creature fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

"*Silence these women!*" shouts out Altamont, thundering loud. "I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?"

"We'll talk of this matter, sir," says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. "Gals go up stairs with your dear mamma."—And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master

answer. He said he made four hundred a-year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?

CHAPTER III.

If ever a young kipple in the middlin classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Altamont. There house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates small; furnitur elygant; and three deomestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days; but, what then? The three Ws. is my maxum; plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omlibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with such an effeckshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majisty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did everythink in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The poor little man was a thought too fond of wine and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister: she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to my mayster's liking, though he was too good natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul feind. She put all kind of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most misrable woman in the world.

In three months more, a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home; she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, "My child, my child, your father is false to me;" or, "your father deceives me;" or, "what will you do when your poor mother is no more?" or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry of this kind in the house, its a servant's *duty* to listen; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consolin her, as she called it, though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened; Mrs. Shum was a rockin the baby, and missis cryin as yousual.

"Pore dear innocint," says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, "you're the child of a unknown father, and a misrabble mother."

"Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma," says missis; "he is all kindness to me."

"All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please; but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he—what is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murderer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blessid day, and won't say where he goes to? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!"

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betsy began yowling like a cat in a gitter; and pore missis cried, too—tears is so remarkable infeckshus.

"Perhaps, mamma," wimpered out she, "Frederic is a shopboy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman."

"A shopboy," says Betsy; "he a shopboy! O no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robing all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!"

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

"He can't be a robber," cries missis; "he's too good, too kind,

for that; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight."

"But he can be a forger," says Betsy, "a wicked, wicked *forger*. Why does he go away every day? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city? to be near banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience."

"But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty: and then he smiles, and says its a good day's work. This is not like a forger," said pore Mrs. A.

"I have it—I have it!" screams out Mrs. S. "The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist?"

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—histarrix; then hystarrix, in course, from Mrs. Shum; bells ringin, child squalin, suvvants tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintain is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one,—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this row took place; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, "What is it?"

"Mrs. Shum's here," says I, "and Mrs. in astarrix."

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name,—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation;* and he tore up stairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy; the babby was screechin from the craddle; Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missis; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground: all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moond.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

"What's this infernal screeching and crying about?" says he.

"Oh, Mr. Altamont," cries the old woman, "you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrabble!"

"And why about me, pray, madam?"

"Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir?*" And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. "Get up," says he, thundering loud, "you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happyniss since you entered it. With your d—d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perwerted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself."

"My child! my child!" shriex out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. "Follow your daughter, ma'm," says he, and down she went. "*Chawls, see those ladies to the door,*" he hollows out, "and never let them pass it again." We walked down together, and off they went: and master locked and double-locked the bed-room door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed up stairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at St. Stevenses, it was raythera stormy debate. "Mary," says master, "you're no longer the merry grateful gal, I knew and loved at Pentonwill: there's some secret a pressin on you —there's no smilin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perwerted you, Mary: and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life."

"O, Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marridge, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?"

"Because," says he, "I makes my livelihood by it. I leave

you, and don't tell you *how* I make it: for it would make you none the happier to know."

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missises part, more sturmness and silence on my my master's: it ended for the first time since their marridge, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshuls.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury; as well he might. Says he, "If I can't have a comforable life, I can have a jolly one;" and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a family drink generally follows on the genlman's side; and then, fearwell to all conjubial happyniss! These two pipple, so fond and loving were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later; missis cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jellosy and curosity; until a singlar axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of January; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way): he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumler of punch and little Shum his twelfth, or so—master said, "I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum."

"Well that's curous!" says Shum. "I *was* in the City. To day's the day when the divvydins (God bless 'em) is paid; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice?"

Altamont stuttered, and stammered, and hemd, and hawd. "O!" says he, "I was passing—passing as you went in and out.' And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather or some such stuff.

"Yes, my dear," said my missis; "but how could you see pap

twice?" Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. "Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice?" and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum's twelfth tumler; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further; for, as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzes. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

"How the d—," sayd he all the way, "how the d dd—the deddy —deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice?*"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was clositid for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank: she came home disperryted, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extraordinary thing that from Shum's house for the next ten days there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsicle legs had never carred her half so fur before, was eternally on the *key veve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or misses did: they seemed to have an attrackshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omlibus.

At last one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints)—and she wore a hair of tryumph, as she entered.

"Mary," says she, "where is the money your husbind brought to you yesterday?" My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

"The money, ma!" says Mary. "Why here!" And pulling

out her puss, she shewed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

"THAT'S IT! that's it!" cried Mrs. S. "A Queene Anne's sixpence, isn't it dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?"

It was so sure enough: a Queen Ans sixpence of that very date.

"Now, my love," says she, "I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!"

And now comes the end of my story.

* * * * * *

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegy and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill, when all of a sudden missis shreeked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms: spiling thereby a new weskit, and a pair of crimson smalcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper who was hobling away as fast as posibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every lucksury, and carried her home to Islington.

* * * * * *

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day, an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his misrable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss ——. He looked at her very tendrilly and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shreek, and rusht into his umbraces.

"Mary," says he, "you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, has formly."

And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate.—

Mr. Haltamont SWEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, *I* left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid, and pass for pipple of propaty.

THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE.

DIMOND CUT DIMOND.

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Cort, Temple; a wulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, its on the confines of the citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceacre was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call 'em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Cort, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink or nothink, to get provisions for his sons and an inkum for himself.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a-year; and it would have been a very comforable maintenants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young gnlmn was a genlmn, and no mistake; he got his allowents of nothink a-year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax—and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles and trubbld the law boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents havĕ ways of getten money, witch comman pipple doant understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Cort, he lived as if

he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarrit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and verry glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin-room, a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a groin out of a man-in-armer's stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singularities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it —the Honrabble Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of wulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbil; but for a real thorough-bread genlmn, it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may praps appear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected, that it's not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twise in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was bottom floar, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floar, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opsite, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, praktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and

unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for it's my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the Universary of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortn of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother; and having distinkwished hisself at collitch, where he gained seffral prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a very high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Listershire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considdrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxy to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man; he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye handkercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, raythor a sallow face, with sharp dark ise, and small wiskus neatly trimmed and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flatterd every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singing, and slappin people on the back, as hearty as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, floot-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions, and real frends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrivial in our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt: it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's compary before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too: and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this pore bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpus, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters puffickly well.

"Charles, you scoundrel," says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoak in that kind way), "who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industrusly?"

"It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great frend of Mr. Blewittses, sir," says I, "they seem to live in each other's rooms."

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin! Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant:

Imprimish. A man who plays the floot is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirdmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what, as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselfs. Frinstance, I

can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or mimerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glas, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the egs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, esquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an incum of three hunderd a-year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hunderd and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord wagis, and about three hunderd and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit money, say a hunderd, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hunderd moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnabble man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more money. There was fust:

Account *contray*, at Crockford's . . .	£3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I. O. U.'s (but he didn't pay these in most cases)	4963	0	0
21 tailors' bills, in all	1306	11	9
3 hossdealers' do.	402	0	0
2 coachbilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch	2193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0
	£14069	8	5

I give this as a curosity—pipple doant know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what a real gnlmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I mentioned already,

he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnlmn, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, "What? Mr. Blewitt? It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoakin a segar, and singin a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time."

"Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By the by, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? What wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May-day in the morning'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the duke, I think."

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him!" cries master; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*, as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlmn at fust answered him quite short and angry: but, after a little more flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr. Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any genlmn more sick than he was; *he'd been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho' I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I didn't hear the convysation between 'em; but Mr. Blewitt's man did: it was,—"Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars!

Have you one for a friend to smoak?" (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a smoakin!) "Walk in," says Mr. Blewitt; and they began a chaffin together; master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject, —saying that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsever, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him. "I really don't no this Dawkins," says he: "he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doant intend to continyou the acquaintance,— not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipple." So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

"Confound the vulgar thief!" muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; "I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in, and *warn* him."

I thought I should bust a laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his "warning" meant,—lockin the stable-door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins, we exicuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the floot, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities—wiz., he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlmn used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptiously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt,) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much overnight, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the morning. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a

trifling cirkumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barlycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French, a "*patty defau graw.*" He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos:—"*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c. &c. &c. With Prince Talleyrand's compliments.*"

Prince Tallyram's complimints, indeed! I laff when I think of it, still, the old surpint! He *was* a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of ill-luck, the nex day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses gril, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddfle way; he threatened him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was raythe a bigger man than hisself that he was in the least pazzyfied. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more gril to Dixes Coffy-House.

"This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minits paws, during witch he had been and wrote a note, put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommises were among the few which I knew him to keep: and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried

the noat, and, of cors, said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies.

I.

"THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE TO T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ.

"Temple, Tuesday.

"Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

"May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

"It will, also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

"*T. S. Dawkins, Esq., &c. &c. &c.*"

II.

FROM T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ., TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE.

"Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

"Temple, Tuesday."

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copyin

clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the answer to it, which was as you red abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumph in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy 1, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respeckful and flatrin manner, —agread in every think he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nolledge, and his playin on the floot; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath,—that such a modist, sinsear, honrabble genlmn as Deuceace was to be seen no where xcept in Pump Cort. Poor Daw was complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlmn's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered 2 new coats, on porpos to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin, and offring his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down."

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but, law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely

beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long story about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt burst out—

"A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I an't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by ——you shant." (The reader must recklect that the oaths which interspussed Mr. B's convysation I have lift out.) Well, after he'd fired a wolley of em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool as possbill.

"Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hunderd pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny." It's quite true that master knew things; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B's. face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considdrable paws after thuse complymints had passed between the two genlmn,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, angry and stupid sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

"Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt," continues master at last; "if you're quiet, you shall half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril."

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceace," cries Dick, "it's very hard, and I must say, not fair: the game was of my startin, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to

know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talkin about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their sarvice—*out*, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmn in the kitchin did enjy it. Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grous (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses gelnmn (who was only abowt 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb-puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D's. pils, which ½ kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleeve it? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wine between the 3, the genlm sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's ony 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost 3*l*. 10*s*. After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the complymints between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now poor Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was abowt five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he, "I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds?"

"Five-and-forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a cheque," says the honrabble genlmn.

"Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messeers. Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons*, thirteen points at a pound—it is easy to calculate;" and drawin out his puss, he clinked ovèr the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

"Let me say," added master, "let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down."

Dawkinses eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, "Law, Deuceace, you flatter me."

Flatter him! I should think he did. It was the very think which master ment.

"But mind you, Dawkins," continyoud he, "I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck."

"Well, well," says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, "shall it be to-morrow? Blewitt, what say you?"

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. "We'll meet," says he, "at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wine: I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with *you*."

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prins. "Here, Charles," says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a comin!

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought

'em, with 7 more, from that young genlmn's chambers that very morning: for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tail? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money; as it was, he was such a confounded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seamed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlmn: they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least 2 dozen in the 36 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namly, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed; I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrabble.

When I had removed his garmints, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pockit-book and all his letters: a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment:

I. O. U.

£4700.

THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.

Friday, 16th January.

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—"I. O. U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt:" but this, in cors, ment nothink.

* * * * *

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At 10, he ordered a cab, and the two genlmn went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir?" says I.

"Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK."

Pore Dawkins! his eyes red with remors and sleepliss drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the wehicle; and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, xcept five hundred pounds.

* * * * *

Abowt 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

"Is your master at home?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I; and in he walks. I, in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite.

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pretty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "Oh, yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says master, "I don't really understand what you mean."

"*You don't know what I mean!*" says Blewitt, in an axent such as I never before heard; "You don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

"Agreed, sir," says Deuceace; "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal

fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for *you?* Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've seen pipple angery before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groaned, belloed, swoar! At last, he fairly began blubbring; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heavn bless us! it's well I didn't tumble, hed over eels, into the room!), and said, "Charles, show the gentleman down stairs!" My master looked at him quite steddy. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabble as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

* * * * *

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I'm going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please."

SKIMMINGS FROM "THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV."

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.*

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crismiss holydays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospatalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four posterses could gallip. When there, I found your parcel, containing the two vollumes of a new book, witch, as I have been away from the literary world, and emplied solely in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in

* These Memoirs were originally published in *Frazer's Magazine*, and it may be stated for the benefit of the unlearned in such matters, that "Oliver Yorke" is the assumed name of the editor of that periodical.

my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanters, and blacking-bottles, and bed-room candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see sefral of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it: specially the *Quotly Revew*, which has most mussilessly cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV.**

That it's a woman who wrote it is evydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suttnly a femail wrote this *Dairy;* but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, cant conjecter: and indeed, common galliantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself, which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my ground and favrite subjicks, viz. fashnabble life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and rile fammly.

But I bare no mallis—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from; and whether the *Dairy* be from that distinguished pen to witch it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honor to the late quean, or a scullion to that diffunct majisty, no matter; all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—its always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

Well, then, although this *Dairy* is likely searusly to injur my pussonal intrests, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my private memoars—though many, many guineas, is taken from my pockit, by cuttin short the tail of my narratif—though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my orytory, the benefick of my classicle reading, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruply brot befor the world by an inferior genus, neither knowing nor writing English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am puffickly prepaired to say, to gainsay which no man can say a word—yet I

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.

"Tôt ou tard, tout se sçait."—MAINTENON.

In 2 vols. London, 1838. Henry Colburn.

say, that I say I consider this publication welkom. Far from viewing it with enfy, I greet it with applaws; because it increases that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean "FASHNABBLE NOLLIDGE;" compayred to witch all other nollidge is nonsince—a bag of goold to a pare of snuffers.

Could Lord Broom, on the Canady question, say moar? or say what he had to say better? We are marters, both of us, to prinsple; and every body who knows eather knows that we would sacrafice anythink rather than that. Fashion is the goddiss I adoar. This delightful work is an offring on her srine; and as sich all her wushippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpry lords and honrabbles, generals and barronites, but the crown itself, and the king and queen's actions; witch may be considered as the crown jewels. Here's princes, and grand-dukes and airsparent, and Heaven knows what; all with blood-royal in their veins, and their names mentioned in the very fust page of the peeridge. In this book you become so intmate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marridge-bed; or, if you prefer the Princiss Charlotte, you may have with her an hour's tator-tator.*

Now, though most of the remarkable extrax from this book have been given already (the cream of the *Dairy*, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the toan of obsyvation with witch they have been genrally received by the press, is not igsackly such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magaseen and newspaper pipple know anythink of fashnabble life, let alone ryal?

Conseaving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done reel good on this scoar, and may probly do a deal moor, I shall look through it, for the porpus of selecting the most ellygant passidges, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefick.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, that in the fust place, that this is no common catchpny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the base looker of gain. Heaven bless

* Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, *tête-à-tête*.—O. Y.

you! the Dairy-maid is above anything musnary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake; and is as much above doin a common or vulgar action as I am superaor to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that most satisfackarily, as we see in the following passidge:—

"Her royal highness came to me, and having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published: her whole correspondence with the prince relative to Lady J——'s dismissal; his subsequent neglect of the princess; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, &c., at the time of the secret inquiry: when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her royal highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith, saying, 'You may sell them for a great sum.' At first (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business), I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation: for, if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue; but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong it should not be done; if right it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In her royal highness's case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make her royal highness feel thus: but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation."

Can anythink be more just and honrabble than this? The Dairy-lady is quite fair and abovebored. A clear stage, says she, and no faviour! "I won't do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face: not I!" No mere she does; for you see that, though she was offered this manyscrip by the princess *for nothink*, though she knew that she could actially get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashnabble woman, as she was. She aboars secrecy, and never will have recors to disguise or crookid polacy. This ought to be an ansure to them *Radicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashnabble pepple; whereas it's a well-known fact, that the vulgar roagues have no notion of honour.

And after this positif declaration, which reflex honor on her ladyship (long life to her! I've often waited behind her chair!)—after this positif declaration, that, even for the porpus of *defending* her missis, she was so hi-mindid as to refuse anythink like a peculiarly consideration, it is actially asserted in the public prints by a booxeller, that he has given her *a thousand pound* for the *Dairy*. A thousand pound! nonsince!—it's a phigment! a base lible! This woman take a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistriss, frend, and benyfactriss was concerned! Never! A thousand baggonits would be more prefrabble to a woman of her xqizzit feelins and fashion.

But, to proseed. It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my expearunces in fashnabble life, that my languidge was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is generally used in those exquizzit famlies which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote as all the world knows, by a rele lady, and speakin of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand-boys—there is in this book more wulgarity than ever I displayed, more nastiness than ever I would dare *to think on*, and more bad grammar than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school. As for authografy, evry genlmn has his own: never mind spellin, I say, so long as the sence is right.

Let me here quot a letter from a corryspondent of this charming lady of honour; and a very nice corryspondent he is, too, without any mistake:

"Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars: or she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *mélange* in the newspapers; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying 'Shameful' all the while; and it is said that Lady O —— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago. But the days are gone by wherein my lord-protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood, with the Bible under his arm.

"And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited for such a Vulcan,—whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times, the Duchess of St. A——'s made use of these elegant epistles in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone: but that *ruse* would not avail; so in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium.

"*Tuesday morning.*—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea; which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his '*elle*' (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

"*Thursday.*—I verily do believe that I shall never get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vauxhall, and caught the tooth-ache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party: very dull—the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

'Much ado was there, God wot
She would love, but he would not.'

He ate a great deal of ice, although he did not seem to require it; and she '*faisoit les yeux doux*,' enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the mean time, Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature."

A disgusting pictur of human nature, indeed—and isn't he who moralises about it, and she to whom he writes, a couple of pretty heads in the same piece? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the wust, the scandle or the scandle-mongers? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes togither all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentance—he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinner, and brings away, along with meat and wine to his heart's content, a sour stomick filled with nasty stories of all the people present there.

He has such a squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his dellicate female frend? Why that—

Fust. Mr. S. is going to publish indescent stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Nex. That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband; and that all their matrimonial corryspondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is goin to be married; but there's something rong, in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish lords.

Wooden you phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about pipple of tip-top qualaty was describin Vinegar Yard? Would you beleave that the lady he was a ritin to was a chased, modist lady of honour, and mother of a famly? *O trumpery! O morris!* as Homer says, this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as evry morl man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of mearly fashnabble life: what follows is about families even higher situated than the most fashnabble. Here we have the princessregient, her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grandmamma the old quean, and her madjisty daughters the two princesses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found; and it's pleasing to see what affeckshn and harmny rains in such an exolted spear.

"*Sunday 24th.*—Yesterday, the princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady —— told me that, when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, 'For God's sake, be civil to her,' meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady —— said she felt sorry for the latter; but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy, that one could not have any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed,—that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime; but she disfigures herself by wearing her boddice so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty; and so are her hands and arms, and her ears, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady —— told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined

way, she *would not bear it*, and that as soon as parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess* but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects; and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a tone of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

"She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the queen and the prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the prince-regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so; and the 'old Beguin' was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since: and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have; they think they can do as they like with her. It has been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady —— told me every thing was written down and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*."

See what diskcord will creap even into the best regulated famlies. Here are six of 'em—viz., the quean and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter; and the manner in which they hate one another is a compleat puzzle.

The Prince hates . . . . . { his mother. his wife. his daughter.

Princess Charlotte hates her father.

Princess of Wales hates her husband.

The old quean, by their squobbles, is on the pint of death; and her two jewtiful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashnabble, Christian famly! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawin rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in pease and charaty with all men; writin, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-all. With *us* there's no bitter, wicked, quarling of this sort. *We* don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish em ded when they're sick, as this Dairy-woman says kings and queans do. When we're writing to our friends or sweethearts, *we* don't fill our letters with nasty stoaries, takin away the carricter of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's amusin, moral, frend does. But, in coarse, its not for us to judge of our

betters;—these great people are a supearur race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recklect—it's twenty years ago now—how a bewtiffle princess died in givin buth to a poar baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wep, as though it was one man, over that sweet woman and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which 'each was as proud as of his own wife or infnt? Do, you recklet how pore fellows spent their last shillin to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral? Do you recklect, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about? We called her the Princis Sharlot of Wales; and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. Well, we looked up to her as a kind of saint or angle, and blest God (such foolish loyal English pipple as we ware in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But Heaven bless you! it was only souperstition. She was no better than she should be, as it turns out—or at least the Dairy-maid says so—no better?—if my daughters or yours was ½ so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hanged. But listen to this pritty charritable story, and a truce to reflexshuns:—

"*Sunday, January* 9, 1814.—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player, Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, &c. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—*i. e.* avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D——. I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at courts anything but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

"Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her counte-

nance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful; but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's in short it is the very picture of her, and *not in miniature*. I could not help analysing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in the shade of circumstances and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect must not the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?

"In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. 'Ah!' said Miss Knight, 'I am not content though, madame—for I yet should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana.'

"'No, no!' said the princess, 'I never was a favourite, and never can be one,'—looking at a picture which she said was her father's, but which I do not believe was done for the regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar's dress—probably a former favourite.

"The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a half she dismissed me; and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *olio* of *décousus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother, grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt; hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me."

There's a pleasing, lady-like, moral extrack for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has picturs of *two* lovers in her room, and expex a good number more. This dellygate young creature *edges* in a good deal of *tumdedy* (I can't find it in Johnson's Dixonary), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygence of languidge), if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I doant beleave a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the fust place, that the princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdedy:* which means, I suppose, indeasnsy, if she, the lady of honner *would have let her.* This *is* a good one! Why, she lets every

body else talk tumdedy to their hearts' content; she lets her friends *write* tumdedy, and, after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why, then, be so squeamish about *hearing* a little! And, then, there's the stoary of the two portricks. This woman has the honner to be received in the frendlyest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful loyal creature do? 2 picturs of the princess's relations are hanging in her room, and the dairy-woman swears away the poor young princess's carrickter, by swearing they are picturs of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slanderin backbitin dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your "dear old aunt," on going to dine with her, you must have had very "sweet and soothing society," indeed.

I had marked out many moar extrax, which I intended to write about; but I think I have said enough about this Dairy: in fack, the butler, and the gals in the servants' hall are not well pleased that I should go on readin this naughty book; so we'll have no more of it, only one passidge about Pollytics, witch is sertnly quite new:—

"No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Stäel. It was not, as some have asserted, *that she was in love with Bernadotte;* for, at the time of their intimacy, *Madame de Stäel was in love with Rocca.* But she used her influence (which was not small), with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth!"

There's a discuvery! that the overthrow of Boneypart is owing to *Madame de Stäel!* What nonsince for Colonel Southey or Doctor Napier to write histories of the war with that Capsican hupstart and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explaned by the lady of honour!

"*Sunday, April* 10, 1814.—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive; subdued, but allowed to choose

his place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Poissardes who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out,—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage, is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself: and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame as a common man would be under the shade of his garden-tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at: and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie, and every heartfelt joy."

And now, after this sublime passidge, as full of awfle reflections and pious sentyments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little extrak more :—

"All goes gloomily with the poor princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she says, the more the princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. *This is very amiable in her*, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the princess."

So it is—wery amiable, wery kind and considdrate in her, indeed. Poor Princess; how lucky you was to find a frend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the wuld turned its back kep steady to you. As for beleaving that Lady Sharlot had any hand in this book,* Heaven forbid! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron's carrickter, after having

* The "authorised" announcement, in the *John Bull* newspaper, sets this question at rest. It is declared that her ladyship is not the writer of the *Diary*.—O. Y.

been so outragusly faithful to her; *she* wouldn't do it, at no price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others an't quite so squemish, and show up in this indesent way the follies of her kind, genrus, foolish bennyfactris!

FORING PARTS.

It was a singular proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this andsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravygant and osntatious as any man I ever seed, yet, wen he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single frend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he was about to leave his natiff shoars—neigh—didn't even so much as call together his tradesmin, and pay off their little bills befor his departure.

On the contry, "Chawles," said he to me, "stick a piece of paper on my door," which is the way that lawyers do, "and write 'Back at seven' upon it." Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Deuceace about his continental tour (to all except me), that when the landriss brought him her account for the last month (amountain, at the very least, to 2*l.* 10*s.*), master told her to leave it till Monday mornin, when it should be properly settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes, when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pockit.

Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a roalin on the Dover Road, in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that wehicle,—3 sailors; an Italyin, with his music-box and munky; a missionary, going to convert the heathens in France; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure-aunts' mothers inside; 4 Frenchmin, with gingybred caps, and mustashes, singing, chattering, and jesticklating in the most vonderful vay. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts! such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy! such *O mong Jews*, and *O sacrrrés*, and *kill fay frwaws!* I didn't understand their languidge at

that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conwersation; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heavin bless us! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The pore Italyin's monky, sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box was not half so ugly, and seamed quite as reasonabble.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets half a ginny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of neagush, half-a-crownd, a hapn'y-worth of wax-lites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumbling; as long as it was for himself he never minded the expens: and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir-mare—which means in French, the town of Balong sityouated on the sea. I who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest: phansy, then, my disapintment, when we got there, to find this Balong, not situated on the sea, but on the *shoar*.

But, oh! the gettin there was the bisniss. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawsing abowt in the Channel! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—"The sea, the sea, the open sea!" as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little vessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waives, black and frothy, like fresh drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal like a wedge, splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a getting ready the basins and things, the capting proudly tredding the deck and giving orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgisty of existence. "Yellowplush, my boy," said I, in a dialogue with myself, "your life is now about to commens—your carear, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious, forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games

—throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk's jackit—throw up your—"

* * * * *

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singlar, in the next place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and now I found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to describe. Suffis to say, that now I dixcovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours, I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intense and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers tramplink over my body—the panes of purgatory going on inside. When we'd been about four hours in this sityouation (it seam'd to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out "Charles!"

"Well," says I, gurgling out a faint "yes, what's the matter?"

"You're wanted."

"Where?"

"Your master's wery ill," says he, with a grin.

"Master be hanged!" says I, turning round more misrable than ever. I woodn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Empror of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjik short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Shakspur calls "the wasty dip," but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in a stage of despare and exostion as reely to phansy myself at Death's doar, we got to the end of our journy. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankered in the arbour of Balong sir Mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdice to me and master; and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrabble lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortials gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swaring, such wollies of oafs and axicrations as saluted us on

landing, I never knew! We were boarded, in the fust place, by custom-house officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots: then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming on deck—"Dis way, sare," cries one; "Hotel Meurice," says another; "Hotel de Bang," screeches another chap—the tower of Babyle was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with ear-rings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last; and, for the fust time in my life, I slep in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridg) than two milliums of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabbly well known already. It's a dingy, mellumcolly place, to my mind; the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of 'em; and for frogs, upon my honour, I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to beleave was their reglar, though beastly, custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as every boddy knows, into an upper town (sitouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*), and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hotel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least the landlord said they were the *premier's*); and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like

ginger-pop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other wines, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchins. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning till night excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber: with one of them long, sliding opra-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopped here were both numerous and daliteful: nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast we both walked on the Peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry; both provided with long sliding opra-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I spose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbles, the dead cats, the fishwimmin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over 1 and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine,—for my place in this foring town was a complete *shinycure*), and putting our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day; when came brexfast, and dinner, and tally-scooping, as befoar. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowygers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were a *little* too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won; or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies. No, no; my master was a man of fortn now, and behayved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go into the public room of the Hotel de Bang—the French—(doubtless for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy—he swoar more and lowder than any one there; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the

wines. With his glas in his i, he staired at every body. He took always the place before the fire. He talked about "My carridge," "My currier," "My servant;" and he did wright. I've always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them, especially if you are a sprig of nobiliaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen,—it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us! I've known many and many a genlmn about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him; they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you; and the consequints was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipple with twice our merit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character of Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry blazin with lace, and he past through the Balong bank a thousand pounds of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house; showing the Balong bankers at the same time, that he'd plenty moar in his potfolie. This was killin two birds with one stone; the bankers' clerks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyger in Balong had looked out the Crab's family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattn himself were a Lord, I do beleave there's many vurtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It run thus:—

"*Boulogne, January*, 25.

"My dear Father,—I have long, in the course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading,

which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months' journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

"Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

"May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agrémens* of my continental excursion.

"Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes. Ever your affectionate son.

"ALGERNON.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, &c.*
"*Sizes Court, Bucks.*"

To this affeckshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos:

"My dear Algernon,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

"We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

"May you long retain them, is a fond father's earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally; consoling you

in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

"I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts's is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or 450*l.* Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

"By the way, I have enclosed some extracts from the newspapers, which may interest you: and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won 4700*l.* from one Dawkins; that the lad paid it; that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls 'snacks' in the winning; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy! recollect through life that *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue.* Four thousand seven hundred pounds was a great *coup* to be sure.

"As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add, that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father.

"CRABS.

"P.S.—Make it 500, and I will give you my note of hand for a thousand."

* * * * *

I neednt say that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace's eyedears. Lend his father 500 pound, indeed! He'd as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the secknd he hated him, and they hated each

other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father's son, namely: and sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he'd have sean all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgat, and all the "beloved ones," as he called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrografs showed that, however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public knew it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libels which appeared right and left:

"GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE:—the *Honorable* Mr. De—c—ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th—m—s Sm—th D—wk—ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl—w—tt, Esq., of the T—mple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. D—uc—ce paid *his* losings to Mr. Bl—w—tt."

Nex came a "Notice to Corryspondents:"

"Fair Play asks us, if we know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, WE DO; and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public."

* * * * *

They didn't appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspeper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said:

"A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E—rl of Cr—bs. We repel, with scorn and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr. De—ce—ce, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper."

This was satisfactory, and no mistake: and much pleased we were at the denial of this conshentious editor. So much pleased that master sent him a ten-pound noat, and his complymints.

He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgraff was printed; *why*, I can't think: for I woodnt suppose any thing musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figure we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jackit made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold weather), a pig-tale about 3 fit in length, and a pair of boots! Oh, sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigshhnaps, the currier, sate behind, in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we sett, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postilium cracking his wip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

* * * * *

Well, I shant describe our voyitch. We passed sefral sitties, willitches, and metrappolishes; sleeping the fust night at Amiens, witch, as everyboddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concarning them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said "*Bong*" (which means, very well), and presently came back.

I'm blest if he didnt bring master a plate of cabbitch! Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbidge* a *shoo!* Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, souperstitious, misrabble *savidges*, are equill, in any respex, to the great Brittish people. The moor I travvle, the moor I see of the world, and

other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

* * * * *

My remark on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you.

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY.

Lieutenant-general Sir George Griffin, K.C.B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East Ingine army, of which he was a distinguished ornyment. Sir George's first appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbingboy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a capting in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a leftenant-general, when he stopped rising altogether—hopping the twig of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors, must do.

Sir George did not leave any mal hair to perpetuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter avaritching twenty-three, was left behind to deploar his loss, and share his proppaty. On old Sir George's deth, his intresting widdo and orfan, who had both been with him in Injer, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great ones, if they've money, as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader need not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marritches are made tolrabbly early in Injer, people are not quite so precoashoos as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin wos the offspring of his fust marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a ansum, lively Islington gal, taken out

to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comfortably disposed of by her uncle, Capting Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kep a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city), were not a little envius of my lady's luck, and not a little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the partecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortnat sister, in the qualaty of companion, or toddy. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave, as lead the life she did! Every body in the house despised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket, or rettycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffing sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carriage, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now in my lady's *secknd-best* old clothes (the ladies-maids always got the prime leavings): a liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoes, of the colour of Inger rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornyment to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kept a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear pantyloons; a coachmin to match; a page: and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and

who looks more like a major-general than any other mortial, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair six, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals generally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least. She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithograffic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once it's drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or real or phansied injury. She boar an exlent, irreprotchable character, against which the tongue of scandal never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife posbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my lady, to do her justice, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awfille were the scenes which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not

related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain seprat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrabble—300 thowsnd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not, praps, very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my muster, the Honrable Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister-at-law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rew delly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share in a box at the oppras; our apartments, spacious and elygant; our swarries at court; our dinners at his excellency Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete gentlemen as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seaing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the present every think like gambling—at least, high play; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleums at whist or ecarty, it did not matter: it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectabilaty. "But as for play, he wouldn't—O no! not for worlds!—do such a thing." He *had* played, like other young men of fashn and won and lost [old fox! he didn't say he had *paid*]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum. The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man: and a very good game it is, too; but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought,

as I graivly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before service began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vowed they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and, oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortunately, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. made their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady: he danced with 'em at the embassy balls; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandeleasies (which is the French High Park); he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbim, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin; he brought sweat-meats for the puddle-dog; he gave money to the footmin, kissis and gloves to the sniggering ladies-maids; he was sivvle even to poar Miss Kicksey; there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowsy between them; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's bewty; madam of miss's espree: miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and being a *pervinew* herself, had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contry, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a Frentch master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral or unusyouall, as I *could show if*

I liked); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydoos*, folded up like cockhats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill, and no mistake, he was a gentlemin, and a man of good breading; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the wulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tolrabbly equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons'es would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a coppy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justass to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly, even if she had ten thousand pounds less than Miss Matilda. In the mean time, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genus; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

CHAPTER II.

"HONOUR THY FATHER."

I SAID that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said by every person excep one,—a young French gnlmn, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty partiklar with my lady, ockupying by her side exackly the same pasition, which the Honrable Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poar Shevalliay de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stept into 'em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French jentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possest of half my

master's impidince. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poar Frentchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* is'nt the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair six, I was always sighing and moping, like this poar Frenchman. What was the consquints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left me for something more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolrable suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire. Poar Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand different ways, gitting oppra boxes, and invitations to Frentch swarries, bying gloves, and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-dresst, and never drinx moar than a pint of wine at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a conveniants of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady posbill; if it was but to laff at his bad pronunciatium of English, it was somethink amusink: the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speakin French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivvle to this poar young Frenchman; and having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every respect

and consideration. Poar modist down-hearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a goddice; and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never ventring once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred: *com bong lwee somblay*, as the Frentch say. His only pint was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or boath. At any rate he was sure of one; as sure as any mortial man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttn except unsertnty.

* * * * *

A very unixpected insdint here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-deperdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyced), at their house in the Plas Vandom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possbill.

"Chawls, you d—d scoundrel," says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), "when I'm married, I'll dubbil your wagis."

This he might do, to be sure, without injaring himself, seing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then? Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis;* our puckwisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratatude as best I could; swoar that it wasnt for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own accord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hotel Mirabeu; which, as every body knows, aint very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apartmince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hummink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights already in the room; an empty shampang bottle roaling on the floar, another on the table; near which the sofy was drawn, and on it

lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shown) bust into a furious raige against the genlmn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak; and, with a number of oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss he'd there.

The smoaking chap rose, and, laying down his seagar, began a ror of laffin, and said, "What Algy! my boy! don't you know me?"

The reader may, praps recklect a very affecting letter which was published in the last chapter of these memoars; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father. It was that distinguished arastycrat who was now smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old. A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing; whose hand, praps, trembled a little; and whose thy and legg was not quite so full or as steddy as they had been in former days. But he was a respecktabble, fine-looking, old nobleman; and though it must be confest, ½ drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

"What, Algy! my boy!" shouts out his lordship, advancing and seasing master by the hand, "doan't you know your own father?".

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. "My lord," says he, looking very pail, and speakin raythor slow, "I didn't—I confess —the unexpected pleasure—of seeing you in Paris. The fact is, sir," said he, recovering himself a little; "the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit."

"A bad habit, Algernon; a bad habit," said my lord, lighting another seagar: "a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon but a nasty, idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society; sacrificing, at once, the vigour

of the intellect and the graces of the person. By-the-by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few seagars at the Café de Paris? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow."

Here his lordship hiccupt, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errint.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom; where, as it happened by a singler coinstdints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatifs.

"Help yourself, and get another bottle," says my lord, after a sollum paws. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in which he moved, seamed here but to play seeknd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from which his father had already igstracted two bottils of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his father, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttnly seamed as uneezy as a genlmn could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budg. "Help yourself," says he again, "and pass me the bottil."

"You are very good, father," says master; "but really, I neither drink nor smoke."

"Right, my boy: quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law studies in the morning?—eh?" And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done creddit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't anser a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

"How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your industry and perseverance: You're not merely a philosopher, man; hang it! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a-year!"

"I presume, sir," says my master, "that you mean the two hundred a-year which *you* pay me?"

"The very sum, my boy; the very sum!" cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. "Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a-year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your secret, O you young Trismegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a-year!"

"*Enfin*, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, "will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for all you care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity, and——"

"Precisely, my boy; precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity; and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek your society? Oh, Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. *Why* do I seek you? Why, because you *are* in prosperity, O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon; and so help yourself and pass the bottle."

After this speach, the old genlmn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimley of a steam-injian. I was pleased, I confess, with the sean, and liked to see this venrabble and virtuous old man a nocking his son about the hed; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard

Blewitt, as I've before shown. Master's face was, fust, red-hot; next, chawk-white; and then, sky-blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragady of *Frankinstang*. At last, he mannidged to speek.

"My lord," says he, "I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, has come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening, as you are now."

"Well, well, my boy," said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his sneers and surcasms with the most complete good-humour; "well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't."

"Sir," says Mr. Deuceace, "I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from ——"

Here I thought proper to open the doar, and, touching my hat, said, "I have been to the Café de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut."

"*Bon:* there's a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and show me down stairs."

But my master seized the wax taper. "Pardon me, my lord," says he. "What! a servant do it, when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father," said he, laughing, "you think there is no politeness left among us." And he led the way out.

"Good night, my dear boy," said Lord Crabs.

"God bless you, sir," says he. "Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!"

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

CHAPTER III.

MINEWVRING.

MASTER rose the nex morning with a dismal countinants—he seamed to think that his pa's visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsle of them aside (I knew what he meant), to send 'em to his father. "But, no," says he at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw, "what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who's full as sharp. Let's see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons." With that, Mr. Deuceace drest himself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was abowt ten o'clock, and he propoased to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day's rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Looy Disweet (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crownd) go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o'clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to adjourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Martin, called *Susannar and the Elders*.

The gals agread to everythink, exsep the two last prepositiums. "We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon," said my lady. "Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail." And she handed over a pafewmd noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:—

"*Fbg. St. Honoré, Thursday, Feb.* 15, 1817.

"My dear Lady Griffin,—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends; among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unceremonious an invitation, and dine with us at the Embassy to-day? We shall be *en petit comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a

separate note to dear Miss Griffin; but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write, you know.

"Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

"ELIZA BOBTAIL."

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambasdor's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master's arrivle, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatiff.

Master read the noat with no such fealinx of joy. He felt that there was somethink a-going on behind the seans, and, though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'Inations pretty early!

Deuccace handed back the letter; sneared, and poohd, and hinted that such an invitation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and miss would not have his insinwations; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatium from any one of them. Go they would; and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemince, master came back with them, chatted, and laft; he was mighty sarkastix with my lady; tender and sentrymentle with miss; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servnt of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (or *pot fool*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses, to seek for it there.

"Pray," says he, on going in, "ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment." And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

"Law, Mr. Deuceace!" says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, "you quite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman."

"Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then, to ask you if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?"

Nice tea! I thot I should have split; for, I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner!

Never mind: down to tea they sate. "Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir?" says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttle-duff.

"Both, dearest Miss Kicksey!" answers master; and stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I shan't describe the conversation that took place betwigst master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the famly money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poar thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour, he had, if I may use the igspression, "turned her inside out." He knew every thing that she knew, and that, poar creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwigst them.

Nine thousand a year! Deuceace went away, his cheex tingling, his heart beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money, the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of

nollidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

* * * * * *

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased with their reception at the ambasdor's; and, stepping out of their carridge, bid coachmin drive on with a gentlemin, who had handed them out—a stout old gentlemin, who shook hands most tenderly at parting, and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. "Edward," says she to the coachmin, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, "you will take the carriage, and drive *his lordship* home." Now, can you guess who his lordship was? The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old genlmn whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambasdor's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genlmn who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a "*petty comity*" at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwigst the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. "Allow me," says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish), "my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you, for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shown to his child. Believe me," says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, "that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon."

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate: and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex addrast another spitch to Miss

Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated.* Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry, but, law bless you! he was no moar equill to the old man than a molehill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his gentle insiniwating woice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtifle, morl, religious, and honrabble toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pipple, mightily esaly captivated; but recklect, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injar,—that they'd not sean many lords,—that they adoared the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was their fust step into fashnabble sosiaty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing "*Die tantie,*" or "*Dip your chair,*" or some of them sellabrated Italyian hairs (when she began this squall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very different strane.

"What a blessing it is for us all," says he, "that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship."

"Indeed, my lord; and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has?"

"No, surely; not the only one he *has had:* his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But—" (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh.)

"But what?" says my lady, laffing at the igspression of his dismal face. "You don't mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them or is unworthy of them?"

"I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed: and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates."

"Embarrassed? Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a-year left him by a god-mother; and he does not seem even

to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too, for a bachelor."

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said,—"Will your ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret? My son has but a thousand a-year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear; and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box, and the low company which has been his bane."

My lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she should *hate* him, if she found he'd been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as wee've seen,—my lord driving home in my lady's carridge, her ladyship and Miss walking up stairs to their own apartmince.

Here, for a wonder, was poar Miss Kicksy quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup regular before bedtime), "Well, my lady," says she, "who do you think has been to drink tea with me?" Poar thing, a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a hera!

"Why, perhaps, Lenoir, my maid," says my lady, looking grave. "I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin."

"No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too."

"Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then," says miss; "he promised to bring me some guitar-strings."

"No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the honourable Mr. Algernon Deuceace;" and, so saying, poar Kicksey

clapped her hands together, and looked as joyfle as if she'd come into a fortin.

"Mr. Deuceace here; and why, pray?" says my lady, who reckleeted all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

"Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket-book, and in the second, he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and stayed with me an hour, or moar."

"And pray Miss Kicksey," said Miss Matilda, quite contempshusly, "what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?" Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sosiaty are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

"No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked (here Miss Kicksy's voice fell) about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and——"

"What a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksy?" says my lady, with a hard, snearing voice, and a diabollicle grin.

"Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!"

"And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a-year, and ——"

"What then?"

"Why nothing; that is all I know. I am sure, I wish I had ninety," says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

"Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?"

"Yes; but I could not tell him."

"I knew it!" says my lady, slapping down her teacup,—"I knew it!"

"Well!" says Miss Matilda, "and why not Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your teacup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. *He* is not mercenary; he is all candour,

innocence, generosity! He is himself blest with a sufficient portion of the world's goods to be content; and often and often has he told me, he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might show the purity of his affection."

"I've no doubt," says my lady. "Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!" and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her reglar custom, and pour her loves and woas into the buzzom of Miss Kicksy.

CHAPTER IV.

"HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD."

THE nex morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffinses, —I amusing myself with the gals in the antyroom, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us! it's a kind of bisniss I should like well enuff, especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in; she pinted gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

"Lady Griffin has had letters from London," says miss, "from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you!"

And down sat master. "Willingly," says he, "my dear Miss Griffin; why, I declare, it is quite a *tête-à-tête*."

"Well," says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse) "we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace."

"My father, doubtless; he is a great friend of the ambassador and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last."

"What a dear delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!"

"Oh, amazingly!" says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

"He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!"

Master breathed more freely. "He is very good, my dear father; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me."

"He spoke of you being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. 'I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother,' he said; 'but never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own.'"

"An independence? yes, oh yes! I am quite independent of my father."

"Two thousand pounds a-year left you by your godmother; the very same you told us you know."

"Neither more nor less," says master, bobbing his head; "a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin,—to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision."

"By-the-by," cries out Lady Griffin, interruping the conversation, "you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me!* Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long long sum."

Didnt he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

"Look!" said she, "my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7200 rupees, at 2*s.* 9*d.* a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;" which master did with great gravity.

"Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and, according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the money except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it?"

"La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself."

"Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;" and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most pathetickly in the face.

"Why," says he, "I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will, first."

"Oh, willingly."

Master's chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushns; he was obliged to *hold himself down.*

"Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action." And she read, "'I, George Griffin,' &c. &c.—you know how these things begin—'being now of sane mind'—um, um, um, —'leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft (of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.'"

"There," said my lady, "we won't read any more; all the rest is stuff. But, now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?"

"Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you."

"*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda's."

* * * * * *

There was a paws for a minit or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,

"I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me; for an attachment such as must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you.

My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl! from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda! say, oh say, that you love me!"

Miss M. shivered, turned pail, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master's neck, whispering hodibly, "*I do!*"

My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her i's glaring, her busm throbbing, and her face chock white, for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the oppra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to mudder her childring, you recklect), and out she flounced from the room, without a word, knocking down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which, if any boddy likes, they may see at Mr. Frazierses, only on the copy it's wrote, "*Lady Griffin, Leonora!*" instead of "*Miss Griffin, Matilda,*" as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought; but his adventors an't over yet.

CHAPTER V.

THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS.

WELL, master had hit the right nail on the head this time: thanx to luck—the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the *goold nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a connyshure as to the relletiff valyou of pretious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravagans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorabble to a young man who has to make his way in the world); in spite of all, there he was, I

say, at the topp of the trea, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortial man want more? Vishns of ambishn now occupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes, always full; hunters at Melton; a seat in the House of Commins, Heaven knows what! and not a poar footman, who only describes what he's seen, and can't in cors, pennytrate into the idears and the busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornerd noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a writing them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolrabble from the odor of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregniated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skewriosities. Faw! I can smel 'em at this very minit, as I am copying them down.

Billy Doo. No. I.

"*Monday morning*, 2 *o'clock.*

"'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession,—I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

"Matilda?"

This was the *fust* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sicks o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extraornary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it; he cramped it up, and he cust and swoar, applying to the

lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldum hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentymentle. But that was her way; she was always reading melancholy stoary books—Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The next letter is

"No. II.

"Beloved! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda; has declared that she will admit no one (heigho! not even you, my Algernon); and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her!* Ha, ha! I could have told her *another tale*—n'est-ce pas? Adieu, adieu, adieu! A thousand, thousand, million kisses!

"M. G.

"*Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock.*"

There was another letter kem before bedtime; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt aloud to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarence grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations; but I dont spose master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fare objict of his affeckshns.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game; ditto on Wensday; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at 7*, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. "Bah! bah! never mind," says my lord, taking his son affeckshnately by the hand. "What, two strings to your bow; ay, Algernon? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little lovesick.

But my lady's fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow."

And, so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbill. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and was somethink betwigst the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master's dowts were cleared up nex day, and every thing was bright again. At brexfast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy:

"No. IX.

"*Thursday morning.*

"Victoria, Victoria! Mamma has yielded at last; not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before; and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman, how could she ever think of you as anything but the lover of your Matilda? I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting.

"Come! M. G."

This is the inclosier from my lady:

"I will not tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you have often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

"My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you?

"But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her,—certainly you, who

are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere; if I find in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

"You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband.

"L. E. G."

Well, now, an't this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respeckful speach to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorrofle he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgitayted voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark, sollum, glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pockit hankercher.

He thought he'd make all safe. Poar fool! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JEWEL.

The Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchmin whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin; there was no love now, though, betwigst him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crookid Veanus.

The shevalier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifishnt creature; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the

heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendious tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and olding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest; praps you amadgin that the sean of the reading of the wil came on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckmstansies: it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a boreconstructor! He was so blinded and beat by the power wich she had got over him, that if she told him black was white he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad Inglish, and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these; and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contemp which a good Brittn ot always to show. He raythor treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl betwigst master and Lady Griffin; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at shevalliay for his obeajance and sivillatty to master. "For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servnt; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behaviour from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him

behind his back; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttnly time to show his sperrit."

Well, the poar little man beleaved all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsum, igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequint rows betwigst him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispewts about handing ladies their smeling-botls, or seeing them to their carridge; or going in and out of a roam fust, or any such nonsince.

"For Hevn's sake," I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i's, "do, do be calm Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, lov'd, by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel."

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poar little De l'Orge's eyes, when my lady said "*both* of you." He stair'd at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowd and grind, and turned away quite stately; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and lookd up in his face with an igspreshn, jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little shevalliay sate down to his soop-plate, and wus so happy, that I'm blest if he wasn't crying! He thought the widdow had made her declyration, and would have him; and so thought Deuceace, who lookd at her for some time mighty bitter and contempshus, and then fell a talking with miss.

Now, though master didn't choose to marry for Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying any body else: and so, consquintly, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag; you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least, this is

what *young* roags do; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it, and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs wouldn't do it being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his graci's chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifle smiling igspreshn of his face. Young Master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammer, and, when he was angry, showd it. And it's also to be remarked (a very profownd observatin for a footmin, but we have i's though we *do* wear plush britchis), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do; honest men love other people, roags only themselves; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved objects sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good tempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashn, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot didn't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to bring him; for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevalliay by the years, she had suxcaded only so far as to make them hate each profowndly; but somehow or other, the 2 cox wouldnt *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirally, that the quarls which daily took place betwigst him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, thoagh reddy enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why: being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiads, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improoving study. In billiads, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*); at pistle-shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven; and in

fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honorable Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid bolls running into a hat at 30 yards, they wairn't *very* willing to try such exparrymence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers; and when in this way he wouldnt stop for man or devvle. I said that he walked away from the shevalliay, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of joyfle good-humour, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wine; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a wel-bred son of a noble Brittish peer.

"Will your ladyship," says he, slivering off the wing of a *pully ally bashymall*, "allow me to help you?"

"I thank you! no; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge." And towards that gnlmn she turned, with a most tender and fasnating smile.

"Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for Mr. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once."

"You are very skilful; but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler."

The Frenchman helped; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandrewd down his shert collar and virging-white weskit.

"Confound you!" says he, "M. de l'Orge, you have done this on purpose." And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wine, a deal of it into poar Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fritened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laffin, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joak in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grind too.

"*Pardong,*" says he; "*meal pardong, mong share munseer.*"* And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in exstasis; he found himself all of a suddn at the very top of the trea; and the laff for onst turned against his rivle, he actialy had the ordassaty to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wine.

"Veal you," says he, in his jargin, "take a glas of Madére viz me, mi ladi?" And he looked round, as if he'd igsackly hit the English manner and pronunciation.

"With the greatest pleasure," says Lady G., most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wine. She'd refused master befor, and *this* didn't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see; and my lady employing her time betwigst him and the shevalliay, doing every think to irritate master, and flatter the Frenchmn. Desert came; and by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevaleer half tipsy with pleasure and gratafied vannaty. My lady puffickly raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

"Mr. Deuceace," says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up moar and moar), "may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious."

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grayp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; upsetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

"Monsieur de l'Orge," says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, "have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour!"

* * * * * *

There was a dead paws of a moment or so.

* * * * * *

"*Ah!*" says my lady, "*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur.*" And up

* In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend, Mr. Yellowplush.

she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, "Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin!" and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge would not have understood her else;* as it was he heard quite enough; and as the door clikt too, in the presents of me, and Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence, the family footmen, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, "*Prends ça menteur et lâche!*" Which means, "Take that, you liar and coward!"—raythor strong igspreshns for one genlmn to use to another.

Master staggered back, and looked bewildered; and then he gave a kind of a scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevalliay.

"*A demain!*" says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away not very sorry to git off.

When he was fairly down stares, we let go of master; who swallowed a goblit of water, and then pawsing a little, and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence a luydor each. "I will give you five more to-morrow," says he, "if you will promise to keep this secrit."

And then he walked into the ladies. "If you knew," says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in cors we were all at the keyhole), "the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon."

My lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she boltid again.

"Oh! Algernon! Algernon!" says miss, in teers, "what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful, shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, where is the chevalier?"

Master smiled, and said, "Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute;

he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe; and will return to coffee."

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwigst him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screeming at the Hotel Mirabeu, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minuits, and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his seckond was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe:—

"*Fearful Duel.*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr—bs, and the Chevalier de l'O——. The chevalier was attended by Major de M——, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D—— by Captain B—lls—ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

"The chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

"The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O—— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

"We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a blow, which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

"Mr. Deu—a—e returned to his hotel; whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Cr—bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his excellency, Lord Bobtail, our ambassador. The noble earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son."

And so he did. "This is a sad business, Charles," says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in

our salong. "Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSQUINSIES.

THE shevalliay did not die, for the ball came out of it's own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflamayshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kept in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lot, I'm sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisary. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in cors, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never see a man loqk so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeered him the mor. She sent twenty noats a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnat, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of Mac Whirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come offen, and consumed a power of wine and seagars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris because there was an exycution in his own house in England; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmn. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the shevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

"You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace," says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin: "*she has not done with you yet*, I tell you fairly."

"Curse her," says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm —"curse her, but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of

Matilda; I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me for her own sake."

"*For her own sake!* O ho! Good, good!" My lord lifted his i's, and said, gravely, "I understand, my dear boy: it is an excellent plan."

"Well," says master, grinning fearcely and knowingly at his exlent old father, "as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother?"

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind hearted, merry, selfish old scoundrel, I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in saying to master that "Lady Griffin hadn't done with him." No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it.* Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venrabble old genlmn took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nussary-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the author of the nex skeam: a woman, suttnly, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fuss payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventers, and his kind behayviour to Messeers Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honor of laying before the public a skidewl of my masters detts, in witch was the following itim:

"Bills of xchange and I.O.U's., 4963*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*"

The I.O.U.se were trifling, say a thowsnd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlmn gives these in England, and a French genlmn gits them in any way, he can pursew the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—labouring under a very common mistak, that, when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangemints with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper which master had left behind him;

and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the court-yard of our hotel, talking to the servant gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, "Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gendarmes, who is asking for your master—*a-t-il des dettes par hasard?*"

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. "Toinette," says I, for that was the gal's name—"Toinette," says I, giving her a kiss, "keep them for two minnits, as you valyou my affeckshn;" and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strength to move. "Sir, sir," says I, "the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life."

"Bailiffs," says he: "nonsense! I don't, thank Heaven, owe a shilling to any man."

"Stuff, sir," says I, forgetting my respeck; "don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment."

As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as litening, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the dor.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says: "Dis donc, Charles! où est, donc, ton maitre? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur," says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just a going to blurt out, "Mais ce n'est pas!" when Toinette stops him, and says, "Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bête;" and in they walk, the 2 jon d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and touching *my* hat says, "Have you any orders about the cab, sir?"

"Why, no, Chawls," says I; "I shan't drive out to-day."

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers), and says in French, as master goes out, "I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, *au nom de la loi*, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrun, of Paris;" and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

"Take a chair, sir," says I; and down he sits; and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busum, and so on.

At last after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. "Hola!" says he; "gendarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé," which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

The jondarmes jumped into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pinted myjestickly—to what do you think?—to my PLUSH TITES! those sellabrated inigspressables which have rendered me faymous in Yourope.

Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY. LIMBO.

My tail is droring rabidly to a close: my suvvice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I described my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's very few servnts, I can tell you, who'd have

thought of such a contrivance, and very few few moar would have eggsycuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I woar, and in dixcovering a fipun note in one of the pockets,—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantich in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Brittin; a man in a livry coat, with 1 arm, is pretty easly known, and caught, too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moarover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride —his unchbacked hairis? He knew that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Parishers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousand a-yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constnsy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marycle she wasn't earlier married! I do bleave (from suttn seans that past betwigst us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the genlmn in whose survace I was.

Well, to use a commin igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare objict of his affeckshns. He was ableejd, then, as the French say, to lie perdew,—going out at night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the daytime to his roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in Ingland), that after dark no man is lible for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dunns: they an't admitted into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden-gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay! peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss; ableagd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the

reason of all this disgeise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a-year, jest as if he had it, and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swoar against delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardship that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suttnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night-time, he was misterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather, *didn't* igspress, a simlar secrasy. Wasn't it hard? the cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffd, which ran thus:—

MISS GRIFFIN TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE.

"Dearest,—You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

"Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural stepmother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it, prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child.

"But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go;

and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth: we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?

"Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

"MATILDA.

"P.S. O, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n'est ce pas?*"

II.

"My Lord,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin's hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you,—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace's character would conduce to my step-daughter's happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.

"I remain your lordship's most humble servant,

"L. E. GRIFFIN.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs.*"

"Hang her ladyship!" says my master, "what care I for it?" As for the old lord who'd been so afishous in his kindniss and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well, with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousand a-year, and igspected to get some share of it; for he rote back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss:

"Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward busmess. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and

can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a parson, a license, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know; so that the ceremony of a guardian's consent is unnecessary. Your affectionate

"ALGERNON DEUCEACE.

"How I regret that difference between us some time back! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage.*"

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married; and as it was probble that miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly in to his present uncomfrable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for miss, reading both of 'em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inegspressable look with the white of her i's, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell a talking together; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an anser.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

To-morrow, at the Ambassador's, at Twelve.

"Carry that back to your master, Chawls," says he, "and bid him not to fail."

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the messinge. Master looked sattasfied with both; but suttnly not over happy; no man is the day before his marridge; much more his marridge with a hump-back, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a going to depart this bachelor life, he did

what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do; he made his will,—that is, he made a dispasition of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marridge he would sutnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that paymint was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinvenients to do so.

"Chawls," says he, handing me over a tenpun note, "Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when you are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary."

His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance —a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my wiskers grow; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day; muffings every night in the house-keeper's room; the pick of the gals in the servents' hall; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppra bone reglar once a-week. *I* knew what a vallit was as well as any genlmn in service; and this I can tell you, he's genrally a hapier, idler, hundsomer, mor genlmnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlmn *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets; more suxess among the gals; as good dinners, and as good wine—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in corse they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*. It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days befor a wedding, (the longist and unpleasantist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging); and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire, and Miss Matilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing cases and rob dy shams, his bewtifle museum

of varnished boots, his curous collecksbn of Stulz and Staub coats when he had been ableaged to quit so sudnly our pore dear lodginx at the Hotel Mirabew; and, being incog at a friend's house, and contentid himself with ordring a coople of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffishnt quantaty of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again; and he was good natured and said, "Take it and be hanged to you." And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious charicters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out, I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner); and presnly a very modest green glass-coach droave up, and in master stept. I didn't, in corse, appear on the box; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as posbil down to the Rue de Foburg St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambasdor lives, and where marridges are always performed betwigst English folk at Paris.

* * * * * *

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabbyrays, or wine houses; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader well knew why *she* came there; the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came see her turned off.

Well, master's glass-coach droav up jest as I got within a few yards of the door; our carridge, I say, droav up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwigst the coach and embassy-doar; two other chaps go to the other doar of the carridge, and, opening it, one says—"*Rendez vous, M. Deuceace! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi!*" (which means, "Get out of that, Mr. D.; you are nabbed, and no mistake)." Master turned gashly pail, and sprung to the other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way; but he saw the four chaps standing betwigst libbarty and him. He slams down the front

window, and screams out, "*Fouettez, cocher!*" (which means, "Go it, coachmin!") in a despert loud voice; but coachmin wooden go it, and besides, was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the carridge. I saw all; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

"*Tiens,*" says one of the chaps in the street; "*c'est ce drôle qui nous a loué l'autre jour.*" I knew 'em, but was too melumcolly to smile.

"*Où irons-nous donc?*" says coachmin to the genlmn who had got inside.

A deep woice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, "À SAINTE PELAGIN!"

* * * * * *

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sainte Pelagie, which is the French for Fleat, or Queen's Bentch; but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixcripshun of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amyousingly afterwids; and, also, because, to tell you the truth, I didn't stay long in it, being not in a humer to waist my igsistance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forsed at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst; but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infimous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart: only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comforting each

with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lisning to my account of master's seazure, and hopin that the prisn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading!

"O my lord, my lord," says she, "have you heard this fatal story?"

"Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes—no—is it—no, it can't be! Speak!" says my lord, seizing me by the choler of my coat, "what has happened to my boy?"

"Please you, my lord," says I, "he's at this moment in prisn, no wuss,—having been incarserated about two hours ago."

"In prison! Algernon in prison! 'tis impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power."

"I'm sure your lordship is very kind," says I (recklecting the sean betwixgst him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thowsand lb.); "and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark."

"Five thousand pounds!—confusion!" says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, "and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?"

"Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——"

"Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own."

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins's five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tung; but I cooden help wondering at Lord Crab's igstream compashn for his son, and miss, with her 10,000*l.* a-year, having only 3 guineas in her pockit.

I took home (bless us, what a home?) a long and very inflamble letter from miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorror at the disappointment; swoar she lov'd him only the moar for

his misfortns; made light of them; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousand pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuice her to part from him, etsettler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation which had past betwigst me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son's being taken: and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortn: bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thowsnd lb. in her pockit!

At this master only said Pshaw! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

"Chawls," says he, "did you observe—did miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?"

"How do you mean, sir?" says I.

"Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin?"

"He was suttnly very kind to her."

"Come, sir, speak at once; did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship?"

"Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him."

"What did he call her?"

"He called her his dearest gal."

"Did he take her hand?"

"Yes, and he—"

"And he what?"

"He kist her, and told her not to be so wery down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you."

"I have it now!" says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—"I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked unnatural wretch! He would take her from me!" And he poured out a volley of oaves which are impossbill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago: and when my lord kem with his

vizits so pretious affeckshnt at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a somethink of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his intleckshal capassaties; he must either marry the gal at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must git out of limbo immediantly, or his respectid father might be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o'clock, and the bayliffs fixt to come and intarup the marridge!—the jewel, praps, betwigst him and De l'Orge: but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son: a woman may, poar thing!—she's no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with under-hand wepns all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear, that he'd been beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trap set afterwids, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too goodnaterd to do an unkind ackshn, mearly for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pich that he didn't mind injaries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honrabble Mr. D. didn't say so, but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genlmn the money he askt for.

Poar fello! he thought he had hit it, but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the gal at any rate—*cootky coot*, as the French say; that is, marry her, and hang the igspence.

To do so he must first git out of prisn—to get out of prisn he must pay his debts—and to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind, four thousand pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must

play it, or rot for life in prisn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a-year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follying letter to Miss Griffin;—

"My adored Matilda,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me; and five thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee! Courage, however! If I make a sacrifice, it is for you; and I were heartless indeed, if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

"Is it not so, beloved one? *Is* not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

"Tell me that you will still be mine; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow; and to morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you! My adorable Matilda! my betrothed bride! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison couch, until they have been first blest by the sight of a few words from thee! Write to me, love! write to me! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.

"Your affectionate, A. P. D."

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrustid it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time to try and give it into Miss Griffin's hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a sollatary condition; and I presented her with master's pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and

the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed until I thought she would bust. She claspt my hand even in her's, and said, "O Charles! is he very, very miserable?"

"He is, ma'am," says I; "very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be miserablerer."

On hearing this pethetic remark, her mind was made up at onst: and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediantly ableaged master with an anser. Here it is in black and white.

"My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow, at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us. M. G."

This kind of flumry style comes, you see of reading novvles, and cultivating littery purshuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffickly ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style: artyfiz I despise, and trust compleatly to natur: but *revnong a no mootong*, as our continential friends remark, to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire; that wenrabble old ram, my Lord Crabs, his father; and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had just foalded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master's orders, "Miss, if you please, the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace, would be very much ableaged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to morrow a profound se——," when my master's father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into teers agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and showing to him his son's note, cried, "Look my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me. Who can doubt, after this, of the purity of his matchless affection?"

My lord took the letter, read it, seamed a good deal amyoused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, "My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest; and if you

choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress."

"Consequences!—for shame, my lord! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?"

"Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady, but three per cents. are better."

"Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?"

My lord shrugged his shoulders. "Be it so, my love," says he. "I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection."

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his fat hands stuck in his britchis pockits, his countnince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment:

"See the conquering hero comes!
Tiddy diddy doll—tiddydoll, doll, doll."

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amazd—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for—?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklar, my mouf wide open and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord having got to the last "doll" of his song, just as I came to the sillible "for" of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudnly stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up aginst poar me, sending me up aginst one end of the room, himself flying back to the other: and it was only after considrabble agitation that we were at length restored to anything like a liquilibrium.

"What, *you* here, you infernal rascal?" says my lord.

"Your lordship's very kind to notus me," says I; "I am here;" and I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whisling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minnits), after whisling a bit, he stops sudnly, and coming up to me, says:

"Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow."

"Must it, sir," says I; "now, for my part, I don't think——"

"Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?"

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prisn or starving.

"Well," says my lord, "you see the force of my argument. Now, look here," and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDRED PUN NOTE! "if my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages."

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. "My lord," says I, laying my hand upon my busm, "only give me security, and I'm yours for ever."

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. "Right, my lad," says he, "right—you're a nice promising youth. Here is the best security," and he pulls out his pockit-book, returns the hundred pun bill, and takes out one for fifty—"here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder."

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount: it was a fifty sure enough—a bank poss-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

"Recollect from this day, you are in my service."

"My lord, you overpoar me with your faviours."

"Go to the devil, sir," says he, "do your duty, and hold your tongue."

And thus I went from the service of the Honorabble Algernon Deuceace to that of his exlnsy the Right Honorabble Earl of Crabs.

* * * * *

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him, and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contemp. A raskle such as he—a swindler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance, who had cheated his fellow roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my purt; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit intervew with his exlnsy my presnt master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses trianglar, which he read with a satasfied air. Then, turning to me, says he: "You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave her my message?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?"

"Not there upon my honour," says I.

"Hang your honour, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*, do you hear?"

* * * * * *

I did as I was ordered; and on coming back found master in what's called, I think, the *greffe* of the prisn. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse; a number of poar prisners were looking eagerly on.

"Let us see, my lor," says he; "the debt is 98,700 francs; there are capture expenses, interest so much; and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13."

Deuceace, in a very myjestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thowsnd pun notes. "This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, M. Greffier," says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money-changer, who had one or two clients in the prisn, and hapnd luckily to be there. "Les billets sont bons," says de, "je les prendrai pour cent mille douze cent francs, et j'éspère, my lor, de vous revoir."

"Good," says the greffier; "I know them to be good and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release."

Which was done. The poar debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great dubble iron gates swung open, and clang to again, and Deuceace stept out, and me after him to breathe the fresh hair.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again —free, and to be married to ten thousand a-year nex day. But, for all that, he lookt very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake; and when he came out of Sainte Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when onst the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hotel Mirabew, where he ordered apartmince infinately more splendid than befor; and I pretty soon told Toinette, and the rest of the suvvants, how nobly he behayved, and how he valyoud four thousnd pound no more than ditch water. And such was the consquincies of my praises, and the poplarity I got for us boath, that the delighted landlady immediantly charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmince, then, for the nex week, a carridge and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 precisely; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined, as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shompang neither that night, I can tell you; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, "Honest Charles! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon; take it and drink to your mistress."

I pockitid it, but I must say, I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARRIAGE.

WELL, the nex day came; at 12 the carridge and four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctial to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the

embasy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embasy footmin was called in to witness the marridge—how miss wep and fainted, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the fust weak of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postilion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, ond went off strait to his exlent father.

"Is it all over, Chawls?" said he.

"I saw them turned off at igsackly a quarter past 12, my lord," says I.

"Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage?"

"I did, my lord, in the presents of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail's man, who can swear to her having had it."

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was comishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect:—

"According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act.

"LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN."

"*Rue de Rivoli, May* 8, 1818."

When I gave this to Miss as she entered the cortyard, a minnit before my master's arrivle, she only read it contemptiously, and said, "I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;" and she toar the paper in two, and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for he'd kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin's solissator) read them both, before he sent either away.

"Good!" says he; and he projuiced from his potfolio

the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note, which he'd given me yesterday. "I keep my promise, you see Charles," says he. "You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé's, and get a livery."

"But, my lord," says I, "I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into ——"

"It's all the same thing," says he; and he walked off. I went to Mr. Frojé's, and ordered a new livry; and found, likwise, that our coachmin, and Munseer Mortimer had been there too. My lady's livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat, at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremenjious great earl's corronit cn the butins, instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however, but had myself measured; and slep that night at the Plas Vandome. I didn't go out with the carridge for a day or two, though; my lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now!*

I bot myself a dressing case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follying ginteel letter to my late master:—

"CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQUIRE, TO THE HONOURABLE A. P. DEUCEACE.

"Sur,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it impossbil that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I'll thank you to leave out my thinx, when they come home on Sattady from the wash.

"Your obeajnt servnt,

"CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH."

"Plas Vendome."

The athography of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but,

ke voolyvoo? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I've enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

CHAPTER X.

THE HONEY-MOON.

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away; and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hotel Mirabew. I suspeck that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a peace of white ribbing. In the parsle was a hansume piece of plum-cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

> Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

> *Countess of Crabs.*

And in the paper was the following parrowgraff:—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at the British emoassy, the Right Honourable John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabbs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K. C. B. An elegant *dejeuné* was given to the happy couple, by his excellency Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *élite* of the foreign diplomacy the Prince Talleyrand, and Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, on behalf of H. M. the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony Lord and Lady Crabbs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud."

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace

on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fancy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace look't. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in ½ an hour after their arrival at Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house, at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin Sing Kloo), to interrup our chaste loves, and delishs marridge injyments.

My lord was sittn in a crimson satan dress, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to du him justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought to have sean 'em that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tatortator*, and said, very much alarmed, "My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law."

"Well," says my lord, quite calm, "and what then?"

"Mr. Deuceace!" says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

"Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?"

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers, when Deuceace fust saw them,—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the stepps, gave my messinge, and bowed them palitely in.

My lord didn't rise, but smoaked away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my lady sate upright, looking handsum and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poar thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksy, who was in the room (but I didnt mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace

at onst, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into miss's arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

"Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!" says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. "You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? And, you see, kept our secret better than you did yours."

"I must confess, sir," says Deuceace, bowing, "that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me, in the shape of a mother-in-law."

"No, you dog; no, no," says my lord, giggling; "old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But, here we are, all spliced and happy, at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love," says my lord, turning to his lady, "you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray shake *his hand*." (A grin.)

But my lady rose, and said, "I have told Mr. Deuceace, that I never wished to see him, or speak to him, more. I see no reason, now, to change my opinion." And, herewith, she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

"Well, well," says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, "I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and I must confess, you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow! —that was your game, was it, you rogue?"

"Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?"

"Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge; no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them."

"Your lordship is very kind, but I have given up play altogether," says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

"Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?"

"My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?"

"Serious! *à quoi bon?* I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours."

"May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?" says Deuceace, growing fierce.

"How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at Size's Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors; and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Crabs is a dev'lish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money."

"Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law."

"Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live? Dawkins's five thousand pounds won't last for ever; and afterwards?"

"You don't mean, my lord,—you don't—I mean, you can't ——D—!" says he, starting up, and losing all patience, "you don't dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a-year?"

My lord was rolling up, and wetting betwigst his lips, another segar; he lookt up, after he had lighted it, and said, quietly,

"Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a-year."

"Well, sir, and has she not got it now? Has she spent it in a week?"

"*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother's consent!*"

Deuceace sunk down in a chair; and I never see such a dreadful picture of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and, sinking backwards, fairly wept alowd.

Bah! it's a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying! his pashn torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

"My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds; you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent., where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you, and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills; she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested; but *que voulez-vous!* I did not appear in the transaction; she would have you ruined; and it was absolutely necessary that *you* should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue! you thought to match your old father, did you? But, never mind; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Sauterne."

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

"I'll not believe it," he said; "it's a lie, an infernal lie! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it; show me the will. Matilda! Matilda!" shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

"Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you: but don't use such bad language: it is quite needless, believe me."

"Matilda!" shouted out Deuceace again; and the poor crooked thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

"Is this true, woman?" says he clutching hold of her hand.

"What, dear Algernon?" says she.

"What?" screams out Deuceace,—"what? Why that you are

a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent—that you basely lied to me, in order to bring about this match—that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder, and the she-devil, his wife?"

"It is true," sobbed the poor woman, "that I have nothing, but——"

"Nothing but what? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool?"

"I have nothing!—but you, dearest, have two thousand a-year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband; and do not, do not be so unkind." And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

"How much did you say?" says my lord.

"Two thousand a-year, sir; he has told us so a thousand times."

"*Two thousand!* Two thou—ho, ho, ho!—haw! haw! haw!" roars my lord. "That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses." And this exlnt noblemin began laffin louder than ever; a very kind and feeling genlmn he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws: and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband as he had done at her: she only said, "O Algernon! is this true?" and got up, and went to a chair and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. "If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George's will, it is quite at your service; you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is; and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will*, of course, she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely!—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father,

you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins money. I told you I would; and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy my boy; don't try your luck again against such old hands; look deuced well before you leap; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of the will. I think lunch is ready; but I see you don't smoke. Shall we go in?"

"Stop, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, very humble; "I shall not share your hospitality—but—but you know my condition; I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——"

"The Honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself."

"And for me, sir," says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, "I hope—I trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me?"

"Forget you, sir; certainly not."

"And that you will make some provision?"

"Algernon Deuceace," says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with sich a jolly malignity, as *I* never see, "I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny!"

Hereupon my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, "My dear will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I said, have a home for you."

"My lord," said the poar thing, dropping a curtsy, "my home is with *him!*"

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About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leafs was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroal in the Boddy Balong, the carridge driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as possbill, admiring the pleasant woods, and the goldn sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the exquizit beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butifle and virtuous sentament sootable to the hour. It was dalitefle to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does

not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn tak the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstream dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

Deuceace turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pinted to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side.* She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW.

The end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fansy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a writin, as I have done—violetting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid.*

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his third son has got a place in the Treasury, his secknd a captingsy in the Guards, his fust, the secretary of embasy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo —ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrabble Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accordingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust of his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mounted up stairs.

"What name, sir?" says I, to the old genlmn.

"Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurrld," says he, "do you pretind nat to know *me?* Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I

mane the Litherary Chran—psha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTHOR DIOCLESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?" But the genlmn called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmn went up stares alone.

"DOCTOR DIOLESIUS LARNER!" says I.

"DOCTOR ATHANASIUS LARDNER!" says Greville Fitz-Roy, our seckud footman, on the fust landing-place.

"Doctor Ignatius Loyola!" says the groom of the chambers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmn went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice:

"Sawedwadgeorgeearllittnbulwig."

"Sir what?" says I, quite agast at the name.

"Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistawe*dwad Lyttn Bulwig."

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the venrabble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlmn behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the Whig, who et, drunk, and talked as much as ½ a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both, a dignity undigscribable, and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may guess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the coronation, or the goodness of the wine (cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspecially jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were in-

tawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The cumpany reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

"Pray, Doctor Larnder," says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation, "what is the Cabinet Cyclopædia?"

"It's the littherary wontherr of the wurrld," says he; "and sure your lordship must have seen it; the latther numbers ispicially —cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illusthrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Docther Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Docther Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a litherary Bacon."

"A what?" says the genlmn nex to him.

"A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure end lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum*, in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum."

"This wigmawole," said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his friend should take up so much of the convassation), "this wigmawole is all vewy well; but it's cuwious that you don't wemember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, weviews, and encyclopædias, the existence of a cwitical weview and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod is, nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—whewever our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, from Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be pwincipal contwibutor."

"Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig," says my master; "you and I being Whigs, must of course, stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-callem is the prince of periodicals."

"The Pwince of pewiodicals?" says Bullwig; "my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess."

"*Soit*,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at ——"

"Look at hwat?" shouts out Larder. "There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs."

"Pardon me, I think that ——"

"It is Bentley's Mislany you mane?" says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

"Why no; but ——"

"O thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayo dor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it."

"Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER'S MAGAZINE."

"FRESER!" says the Doctor. "O thunder and turf!"

"FWASER!" says Bullwig. "O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By the by, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff—— ?"

Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I'm blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlmn, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

"Hullo!" says Bullwig, turning red. "Have I said anything impwobable, aw widiculous? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation,—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anëwithmon gelasma*."

"Why, be the holy piper," says Larder, "I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser!* Don't believe him, my lord duke; he reads every word of it, the rogue!

The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmale. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mintioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart —from the paillitix down to the 'Yellowplush Correspondence.'"

"Ha, ha!" says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence'). "Ha, ha! why, to tell twuth, I *have* wead the cowespondence to which you allude; it's a gweat favowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day."

"Well, and what do you think of it?" says Sir John, looking mity waggish,—for he knew it was me who roat it.

"Why, weally and twuly, there's considewable cleverness about the cweature; but it's low, disgustingly low: it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccuwate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it."

"Yes, faith," says Larner, the "arthagraphy is detestible; it's as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for 'em to speak wid a brrouge. Iducation furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you."

"Yaw wemark," says Bullwig, "is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, doctor, you know more about Iwish than about Gweek),—you will wecollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicler, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicler sneewingly wemark, that thus 'the sheep of Awabia have their own chawiots.' I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind."

"A very appropriate simile," says Sir John; "and I am afraid

that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support."

"*Apropos*," said Bullwig; "who *is* Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician*; if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him."

"Bah!" says the Duke of Doublejowl; "every body know's it's Barnard, the celebrated author of 'Sam Slick.'"

"Pardon, my dear duke," says Lord Bagwig; "it's the authoress of *High Life, Almacks*, and other fashionable novels."

"Fiddlestick's end!" says Doctor Larner; "don't be blushing, and pretinding to ask questions: don't we know you, Bullwig! It's you yourself, you thief of the world; we smoked you from the very beginning."

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—"I must correct you all, gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush: he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen!"

"Gad!" says Doublejowl, "let's have him up."

"Hear, hear!" says Bagwig.

"Ah, now," says Larner, "your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure? Is it gintale?"

"To say the least of it," says Bullwig, "the pwactice is iwwegular, and indecowous; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable."

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and every body excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. "Send up Charles," says master; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnly abliged to come in.

"Charles," says master, "I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' in *Fraser's Magazine*."

"It's the best magazine in Europe," says the duke.

"And no mistake," says my lord.'

"Hwat!" says Larner; "and where's the Litherary Chran?"

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle cabbitch.

"Mr. Yellowplush," says his grace, "will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?"

I boughed agin.

"And what wine do you prefer, sir? humble port or imperial burgundy?"

"Why, your grace," says I, "I know my place, and aint above kitchin wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrabble compny."

When I'd swigged off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:

"Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose that I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours."

"Sir," says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, "do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such think, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honor's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condysend to igsamine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the company. *I* blacked them shoes, *I* cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the litterary man, and committed to paper my remindicences of fashnabble life, it

was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch: and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you fust? When you stopt out at Brooke's till morning, who sate up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? O sir," says I, "I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, beleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better: the vittels incompyrably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth: Sir! Mr. Bullwig! an't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink —that is to say, rise—to *yours*."

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening i. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eyes on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Acadames—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwometheus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genewation to genewation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penewtate these mystewies: you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous

Pwesence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For Heaven's sake—O, for Heaven's sake!—" here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasfackshn, looking round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to show his independence, began flatty contradicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genlmn present, in the following manner:—

"Hark ye," says he, "my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsinse of that divil of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoy; that's the rale, undoubted thruth; and it's only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palavering you in this way: I'll tell you what—Plush, ye blackguard,—my honourable frind, the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation of his intense admiration of your talents, and the wonderful sthir they were making in the worlld. He can't bear a rival. He's mad with envy, hatred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exactly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I'm the iditor of a cople of pariodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid the lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pleed before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm litherary man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Docther Larner, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now, see! Look again at me friend Bullwig. He *is* a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I; and what has been the result of his litherary labour? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patrick, they're going to make him A BARINET."

"A BARNET, Doctor!" says I; "you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barnet!"

"As sure as I've made meself a docthor," says Larner.

"What, a baronet, like Sir John?"

"The divle a bit else."

"And pray what for?"

"What faw?" says Bullwig. "Ask the histowy of litwatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwitish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy; but that is neither here nor there: my political principles —the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fweedom that I have celebwated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unwivalled, pweeminent; and the Bwitish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwitish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy." (The honrabble genlm here sunk down amidst repeated cheers.)

"Sir John," says I, "and my lord duke, the words of my rivrint frend, Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrabble genlmn who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspressing just now.

"I igsept the eighty pound a-year; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery career, and hoping some day to set on that same bentch of barranites, which is deckarated by the presnts of my honrabble friend.

"Why shooden I? It's trew I aint done anythink as *yet* to deserve such an honour; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then?—*quaw dong*, as our friends say. I'd much raythe have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much raythe have my blud-red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray. A barranit I will be, and, in consiquints, must cease to be a footmin.

"As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled: they are, I know, necessary; but they aint necessary *until askt for;* besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

"But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a capting in the navy, and another *a* countess, and

another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade aint such a very bad un; igspecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and the scientafick treatiseses of the reverend doctor, I may find the secrit of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've sevral frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treets; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——"

"I wish you'd withdraw yourself," said Sir John, busting into a most igstrorinary rage, "and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk! Go down, and get us coffee; and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go down stairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!"

* * * * * *

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publigation, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washerwomen

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

CH-S Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BT.
JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ., TO C—S Y—H, ESQ.

NOTUS.

THE suckmstansies of the following harticle are as follos:—Me and my friend, the sellabrated Mr. Smith, reckonised each other in the Haymarket Theatre, during the performints of the new play. I was settn in the gallery, and sung out to him (he was in the pit), to jine us after the play, over a glass of bear and a cold hoyster, in my pantry, the family being out.

Smith came as appinted. We descorsed on the subjick of the comady; and, after sefral glases, we each of us agreed to write a letter to the other, giving our notiums of the pease. Paper was brought that momint; and Smith writing his harticle across the knife-bord, I dasht off mine on the dresser.

Our agreement was, that I (being remarkabble for my style of riting) should cretasize the languidge, whilst he should take up with the plot of the play; and the candied reader will parding me for having holtered the original address of my letter, and directed it to Sir Edward himself; and for having incopperated Smith's remarks in the midst of my own.

Mayfair, Nov. 30, 1839. *Midnite.*

Honrabble Barnet!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anythink would injuice me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortial wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-appearants?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff: money's the secret, my dear

Barnet,—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia.* Here's quarter-day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigst you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his superhuman littery labors, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter: my maxim, dear B, is on these pints to be as quiet as posbile. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a talking about ourselves and our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a frendly way; and praps you'll find my advise tolrabbly holesum.

Well, then,—if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day (for, *entry nou*, that last stoary I roat about you and Larnder was as big a bownsir as ever was)—I've had my fling at you; but I like you. One may objeck to an immence deal of your writings, which, betwigst you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuff* in you: you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a triflo deboshed, perhaps; a kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tradgady, it's mighty flatchulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet! not that I suppose you wil,—for, if I've formed a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think your smallbeear as good as most men's: every man does,—and why not? We brew, and we love our own tap—amen; but the pint betwigst us, is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shood they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld should judge your poams by your critticle rules, and not their own: you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so misrabble after all; your spirits need not be so *very* cast

down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobbs here and there—your three thowsnd a-year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a-year is no such bad thing,—let alone the barnetcy: it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envius, wickid, and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints,—this ceaseless groning, and moning, and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid, and buffitid, and purshewd—he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping, ragged fellers in a fine flanning dressing-gownd, that his mama had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him: his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after, but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsactly in the same way.

Do you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nominy* —you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps, and they all begin to sault and hustle you; it's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry: it's all over with you; the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggy-muffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fistt, and cries, "Wha dares meddle wi' me?" When Scott got *his* barnetcy, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master;

and wo betide the chap that said neigh to him! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you recklect that fine chapter in *Squintin Durward*, about the too fellos and cups, at the siege of the bishop's castle? One of them was a brave warrier, and kep *his* cup; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffed at him too.

With respeck, then, to the barnetcy pint, this is my advice; brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of schoolboys—childish, greedy, envius, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduck among such? He must either take no notis, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans (we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of igsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you, such a ridicklus gaym I never see: a man so belaybord, beflustered, bewolloped, was never known; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press; you have not the *staminy* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can; you won't be undistubbed. Who is? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortial man is subjick to such; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you!

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfick good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea Capting*, and prefiz to it; which latter is on matters intirely pusnal, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam* (as they say) diskcushion. I propose, honrabble Barnit, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honisty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the "Preface of the Fourth Edition:"

"No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play; but, perhaps, when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting

plays have been produced, except by those who have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature, almost of life, behind the scenes, I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting and rigorous, than that by which the attempts of an author accustomed to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

"It is scarcely possible, indeed, that this play should not contain faults of two kinds: first, the faults of one who has necessarily much to learn in the mechanism of his art: and, secondly, of one who, having written largely in the narrative style of fiction, may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more susceptible than he might have been some years since to that spirit of depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite amongst the general contributors to the periodical press; for the consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*, will occasionally haunt even the hours of composition, to check the inspiration, and damp the ardour.

"Having confessed thus much frankly and fairly, and with a hope that I may ultimately do better, should I continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that, with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama, at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art, could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play?"

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play shouldn't be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third. You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a play-writer.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix, that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man! What confeshns is these,—what painful pewling and piping! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old—"in the morning of youth," as the flosofer says. Don't let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us,—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press,—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (ay, and *deserved* them too! —I gif you leaf to quot me in sasiaty, and say, "I *am* a man of genius: Y-ll-wpl-sh says so"),—you to lose heart, and cry pick-

avy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you! Fie, man! take courage; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if we've ofended you, punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such misrabble lodgic as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught,—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You show that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play *is* bad,—your right,—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Because you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don't lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. Do you believe that this *Sea Capting* can serve the drama? Did you never intend that it should serve any thing, or any body *else?* Of cors you did! You wrote it for money,—money from the maniger, money from the bookseller,—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs! Let us not be too prowd, my dear Barnet, and fansy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be prayting pompisly about our "sacred calling." The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvit collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eturnle truth of tayloring, with just as much reazn; and who would believe them?

Well; after this acknollitchmint that the play is bad, come sefral pages of attack on the critix, and the folt those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't middle for the presnt. You defend all the characters 1 by 1, and conclude your remarks as follows:—

"I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent, it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because *that*

is the point on which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to preserve me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgment or inexperience.

"I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have embodied the characters intrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Faucit embellished the part of Violet, which, though only a sketch, is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play, were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generosity, rare with actors, which induced her to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their success in characters of unusual difficulty; while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors has elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character), is a new proof of his versatility and accomplishment in all that belongs to his art. It would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgment of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which, forgetting all political differences in a literary arena, has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences—from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to hope that, sooner or later, I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find, perhaps, almost as many friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the author to find enemies in this."

See, now, what a good comfrabble vanaty is! Pepple have quarld with the dramatic characters of your play. "No," says you; "if I *am* remarkabble for anythink, it's for my study and delineation of character; *that* is presizely the pint to which my littery purshuits have led me." Have you read Jil Blaw, my dear sir? Have you pirouzed that exlent tragady, the *Critic?* There's something so like this in Sir Fretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Granadiers, that I'm blest if I can't laff till my sides ake. Think of the critix fixing on the very pint for which you are famus!—the roags! And spose they had said the plot was absudd, or the langwitch absudder, still, don't you think you would have had a word in defens of them too—you who hope to find frends for your dramatic wux in the nex age? Poo! I tell thee, Barnet, that the nex age will be wiser and better than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a reading of your trajadies? This is misantrofy, Barnet—reglar Byronism; and you ot to have a better apinian of human natur.

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here middle with. They all acted exlently as far as my humbile judgement goes, and your write in giving them all possbile prays. But let's consider the

last sentence of the prefiz, my dear Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.

2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.

3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politticle diffrances, you have found frendly aujences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my friend Father Prout calls an *argamantum ad misericorjam*, who ignoledges that his play is bad, that his pore dear helth is bad, and those cussid critix have played the juice with him—I say, for a man who beginns in such a humbill toan, it's rayther *rich* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet, *do* you suppose that *politticle diffrances* prejudice pepple against *you?* What *are* your politix? Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvvative? Does any mortial man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint, that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and, O Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn— he *was* a politticle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go to see the *Rivles*—ay, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you spose the critix wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be,—in the fust plase, to fancy that you are a politticle genius; in the secknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about littery merits!

"Put that nonsince out of your head," as Fox said to Bonypart. Wasn't it that great genus, Dennis, that wrote in Swiff and Poop's time, who fansid that the French king wooden make pease unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my wud, I doant think he carrid his diddlusion much further than a serting honrabble barnet of my aquentance.

And, then, for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another

diddlusion; a grose misteak on your part, or my name is not Y—sh. These plays immortial? Ah, *parrysampe*, as the French say, this is too strong—the small-beer of the *Sea Capting*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea Capting*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know the natur of bear? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque is sour—the public won't even now drink it; and I lay a wager that, betwigst this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you will do well do igsamin:—

NORMAN.

"The eternal Flora
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind;
While circling round and upwards from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down!"

NORMAN.

"And these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting linger'd, as the fragrance left
By *angels* when they touch the earth and vanish."

NORMAN.

"Hark? she has blessed her son! I bid ye witness,
Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air:
The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur
Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes
Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,
The blessing of the mother on her child."

NORMAN.

"I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
Which I can take unsullied to the *stars*,
When the Great Father calls his children home."

NORMAN.

"The blue air, breathless in the *starry* peace,
After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled
With happy thoughts as heaven with *angels*."

NORMAN.

"Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless *stars*."

NORMAN.

"Those eyes, the guiding *stars* by which I steered."

NORMAN.

"That great mother
(The only parent I have known), whose face
Is bright with gazing over on the *stars*—
The mother-sea."

NORMAN.

"My bark shall be our home;
The *stars* that light the *angel* palaces
Of air, our lamps."

NORMAN.

"A name that glitters, like *a star*, amidst
The galaxy of England's loftiest born."

LADY ARUNDEL.

"And see him princeliest of the lion tribe,
Whose swords and coronals gleam around the throne,
The guardian *stars* of the imperial isle."

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wickid critix! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and uppards from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortial man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetniss that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekewliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and uppards? *Is* this poatry, Barnet? Lay your hand on your busm, and speak out boldly: Is it poatry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of comman sence?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a more comprehensable way: the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild

with emocean at Capting Norman's happiness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been befor. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet: and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely,—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in *Paradice Lost*, or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevns, starrs, angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet; nothing in life is esier. I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backopipe to the dark vollums that ishew from Mount Hetna; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as esy as drink; but it's not poatry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonise them, don't howl about the suckumambient air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. Capting Norman (with his eternll *slack-jaw !*) meets the gal of his art:—

> "Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!
> And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
> In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.
> Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas,
> My sailor's bride! Hast thou no voice but blushes?
> Nay—From those roses let me, like the bee,
> Drag forth the secret sweetness!"
>
> VIOLET.
>
> "Oh what thoughts
> Were kept for *speech* when we once more should meet,
> Now blotted from the *page;* and all I feel
> Is—*thou* art with me!"

Very right, Miss Violet—the scentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing, simple (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done): but never mind, the feeling is pritty: and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man's face and saying it. But the capting!—O this capting!—this windy, spouting captain, with his prittinesses,

and conseated apollogies for the hardness of his busm, and his old, stale, vapid simalies, and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! Men don't make love in this finniking way. It's the part of a senty-mentle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her madjisty's vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac, honored Barnet, and acknollidge that Capting Norman is eturnly repeating himself, with his endless jabber, about stars and angels. Look at the neat grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel's spitch, too, who, in the corse of three lines, has made her son a prince, a lion, with a sword and coronal, and a star. Why jumble and sheak up metafors in this way? Barnet, one simily is quite enuff in the best of sentenses (and, I preshume, I kneedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an "ancestral coronal," p. 74), if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," "a glossy four-and-nine," "a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer;" but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would swell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actially in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance?—

> "This thrice precious one
> Smiled to my eyes—drew being from my breast—
> Slept in my arms;—the very tears I shed
> Above my treasures were to men and angels
> Alike such holy sweetness!"

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael—what does this "holy sweetness" mean? We're not spinxes to read such durk conandrums. If you knew my state sins I came upon this passidg—I've neither

slep nor eton; I've neglected my pantry; I've been wandring from house to house with this riddl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier's men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spoak to. The Doctor, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv'n up; we've sent to Docter Pettigruel, who reads horyglifics a deal ezier than my way of spellin'—no anser. Quick! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest! While your about it, please, too, to igsplain the two last lines:—

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her."

See what dellexy of igspreshn, "a flag to crown her!"

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her,
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares."

Likewise the following:—

"Girl, beware,
THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES."

Igsplane this, men and angels! I've tried every way; backards, forards, and in all sorts of trancepositions, as thus:—

The love that ruins round the charms it shines,
Gilds while it trifles oft;

Or,

The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,
Oft trifles while it shines;

Or,

The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles where it charms;

Or,

Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft
The trifles that it gilds;

Or,

The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft,
While round the charms it shines.

All which are as sensable as the fust passidge.

And with this I'll alow my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not written near so

much as me (being an infearor genus, betwigst ourselves), but he says he never had such mortial difficklty with any thing as with the dixcripshn of the plott of your pease. Here his letter.

To CH-RL-S F-TZR-Y PL-NT-G-N-T Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., *&c. &c.*

30th Nov. 1839.

My dear and honoured Sir,—I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called *The Sea Captain.*

Five-and-twenty years back, a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property; a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beevor (being next in succession); and a page, Arthur Le Mesnil by name.

The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young persons were married unknown to his lordship.

Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the sea-coast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Gaussen, a pirate, to murder the page.

His daughter was carried back to Arundel House, and, in three days, gave birth to a son. Whether his lordship knew of this birth I cannot say; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Beevor to a priest, Onslow by name, who educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her ladyship became countess in her own right.

When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to "*waft* young Arthur to a distant land," had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gaussen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Beevor to

kill the lad. Accordingly, Gaussen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

* * * * * *

About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second husband, came to pass a few weeks with her ladyship. She had just come from a sea-voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea captain. This sea captain was no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fell in love with, and was loved by, Miss Violet.

A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain came to pay her a visit, his ship anchoring off the coast, near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gaussen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gaussen at once knew his man, for he had "tracked" him, (after drowning him,) and he informed Sir Maurice Beevor that young Norman was alive.

Sir Maurice Beevor informed her ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off; for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. "You have a chaplain on board," says her ladyship to Captain Norman; "let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea." By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

But unfortunately, the conversation had been overheard by Beevor, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet; as for Beevor, he sent Gaussen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman, thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title.

Norman, in the meanwhile, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beevor had set Gaussen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beevor wanted in order to extort money from the countess. Gaussen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the docu-

ments, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily quits it; but, going out cunningly, puts on Norman's cloak. "It will be dark," says he, "down at the chapel; Violet won't know me; and, egad! I'll run off with her!"

Norman has his interview. Her ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there, too.

"Norman," says she, in the dark, "dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak; here I am." And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

There waits Master Gaussen; he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

Norman rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was sly Ashdale who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

Ashdale is very grateful; but, when Norman persists in marrying Violet, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight; he is a coward if he doesn't fight. Norman flings down his sword, and says he *won't* fight; and—

Lady Arundel, who has been at prayers all this time, rushing in, says, "Hold! this is your brother, Percy—your elder brother!" Here is some restiveness on Ashdale's part, but he finishes by embracing his brother.

Norman burns all the papers; vows he will never peach; reconciles himself with his mother; says he will go loser; but, having ordered his ship to "veer" round to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at Arundel Castle.

As you have been pleased to ask my opinion, it strikes me that there are one or two very good notions in this plot. But the

author does not fail, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage-business; he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage, to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning Ashdale's murder, and Norman's murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and Gaussen's murder. There is the perplexity about the papers, and that about the hat and cloak, (a silly, foolish obstacle,) which only tantalise the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action; it is as if the author had said, "I must have a new incident in every act, I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain."

The same disagreeable bustle and petty complication of intrigue you may remark in the author's drama of *Richelieu*. *The Lady of Lyons* was a much simpler and better-wrought plot. The incidents following each other either not too swiftly or startlingly. In *Richelieu*, it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation, in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

Nor is the list of characters of *The Sea Captain* to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity; a gallant single-hearted son, whom she disdains, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct; a dashing haughty Tybalt of a brother; a wicked poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce buccanier. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest the audience hugely; but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless; the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to belong of nature to the speakers.

Nothing can be more fulsome or loathsome to my mind than the continual sham-religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero; nothing more unsailor-like than his namby-pamby starlit descriptions, which my ingenious colleague has, I see, alluded to. "Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven," cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how loosely the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book.

The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eyes; either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrupeds of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The captain tells his lieutenant *to bid his bark veer round* to a point in the harbour. Was ever such language? My lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *waft* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense; and what is worse, affected nonsense!

Look at the comedy of the poor cousin. "There is a great deal of game on the estate—partridges, hares, wild-geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell *to the little blackguards* in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight."

Is this wit, or nature? It is a kind of sham wit; it reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor, poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys! what flimsy ecstasies and silly "smacking of lips" about the plovers! Is this the man who writes for the next age? O fie! Here is another joke:—

> "*Sir Maurice.* Mice! zounds, how can I
> Keep mice! I can't afford it! They were starved
> To death an age ago. The last was found
> Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
> In that same larder, so consumed and worn
> By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it!
> I canonised its corpse in spirits of wine,
> And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
> To thieves and beggars!"

Is not this rare wit? "Zounds! how can I keep mice?" is well enough for a miser; not too new, or brilliant either; but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean, pitiful string. A man who aspires to immortality, too! I doubt whether it is to be gained thus; whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make "starry pointing pyramids of." Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which, *imber edax*, or *Aquila impotens*, or *fuga temporum*, might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately, shining

heathen temple, had placed some columns in it, and hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let not all be looking forward to a future, and fancying that, "*incerti spatium dum finiat avi*," our books are to be immortal. Alas! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our *Sea Captain* be permitted such an unconscionable cruise. If all the immortalities were really to have their wish, what a work would our descendants have to study them all!

Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant!) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten; and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *secula seculorum*. In the meantime, my dear Plush, if you ask me what the great obstacle is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble health, as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not moot; one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

And to conclude: as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are surely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

With best compliments to Mrs. Yellowplush,
I have the honour to be, dear Sir,
Your most faithful and obliged
humble servant,
JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

And now, Smith having finisht his letter, I think I can't do better than clothes mine lickwise; for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of hearing, and therefore it's best to shut up shopp.

What I've said, respected Barnit, I hoap you woan't take unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on; and I think, if you read your prefez over agin, you'll

see that it ax as a direct incouridgemint to us critix to come forrard and notice you. But don't fansy, I besitch you, that we are actiated by hostillaty; fust write a good play, and you'll see we'll prays it fast enuff. Waiting which, *Agray, Munseer le Chevaleer, l' ashurance de ma hot cumsideratun.*

Voter distangy,

Y.

THE DIARY

OF

C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ.

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A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

"CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen James Plush, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

"One day last week, Mr. James waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

"His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of Sir George Flimsy, of the house of Flimsy, Diddler, and Flash,) smilingly asked Mr. James what was the amount of his savings, wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—Mr. Plush could have managed to lay by anything.

"Mr. Plush, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

"Sir George, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook Mr. P. by the hand; Lady Flimsy begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss Emily Flimsy, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

"We hear it stated that Mr. P. is of a very ancient family, (Hugo de la Pluche came over with the Conqueror); and the new Brougham which he has started, bears the ancient coat of his race.

"He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He proposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

"Report says, that even in his humble capacity Miss Emily Flimsy had remarked his high demeanour. Well, 'None but the brave,' say we, 'deserve the fair.'"—*Morning Paper.*

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box * with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous; if poor Maryanne *be still alive;* we trust, we trust, Mr. Plush will do her justice.

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

A HELIGY.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
  Come all ye ladies maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
  Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
  Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
  Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
  Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights,
  A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilletts,
  He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
  That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
  And o! I vithered vith despair,
Missis *vould* ring the parler bell,
  And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.

* The letter-box of *Mr. Punch*, in whose columns these papers were first published.

Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear,)
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, "Mary Ann,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear.
"Dear Jeames," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square!
My Jeames it was the letters took,
And read them all, (I think it's fair,)
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square,
And how John Porter used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railvay letters pouring in,
"J. Plush, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
"Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
With people who your betters are;
James Plush is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months, by genus rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net,
Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square."

* * * * * *

The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM "JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE."

Albany, Letter X. August 10, 1845.

"Sir,—Has a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

"I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the *hinmost pashn of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

"What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstansies of my engagements with Miss Mary Hann Oggins, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule in a doggril ballit* impewted to her? I say *impewted*, because, in *my* time at least, Mary Hann could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank) and has for *sacrificing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as Mr. Wakley himself.

"With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to Mary Hann—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctor's boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed Miss

H's name to his *nonsince and lies:* and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for lible for insutting them in your paper.

"It is false that I have treated Miss H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew.* But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money *they've* lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back: but giv her the andsomest pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to,* but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble (which I found in Missus's work-box); secknd, a vollom of Byrom's poems: third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to Hashley's twice, (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way,) and a *thowsnd deligit attentions,* which I sapose count for *nothink.*

"Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxy. I breathe no sallible of blame aginst Miss H. but his a hilliterit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table. Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I needn say its only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong.* So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy* he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

"That I've one thirty thousand lb, *and praps more,* I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't)—So may you be: if you choose to go in & win.

"I for my part am jusly *prowd* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pare of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curracle,) I crisn'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at ¼ discount.

"At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls

my air; inspex my accounts, and hansers my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that exlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

"Besides my North British Plate and Breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave a great party, 'Trent,' I say to my man, 'we will have the London and Bummingham plate to-day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver.)' I bought them after realising on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

"In the sam way I say, 'Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!' or, 'Put some Heastern Counties in hice!' *He* knows what I mean: it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

"So strong, indeed, as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss Diddle last weak, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself raythor unwell, 'Doctor,' says I to Sir Jeames Clark, ''Ive sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder; and I want you to send them up to a premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

"But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honrable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gayned it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

"To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corrict in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than Peal can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwhile, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

"FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE."

THE DIARY.

ONE day in the panic week, our friend Jeames called at our Office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

"How's scrip? Mr. Jeames," said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

"Scrip be ——," replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "*Mr. Punch*," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is altered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me —£ for the account."

He named the sum. It was one so great that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on Messrs. Pump and Aldgate, our bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained:—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be ¼ discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a Journal, jotted down by

the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant; as, for instance:—"3*rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear Mary Hann." "*February* 7—That broot Screw, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datest* Screw."—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, Mr. James quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

EXTRAX:—

"Wen I anounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb. (it was only 5, but what's the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel?). Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slise of the breast of a Cold Tucky. Screw, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beest) begged me to walk into the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven Visp, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, 'Jeames, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigst you & me, & I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure.'

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarkable fond). Has for the butler, I always *ebomminated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who woar livry, (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs); and in regard of Visp—why, it was ony the day before the wulgar beest hoffered to fite me, and thretnd to give me a good iding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I'm ungry I've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took

a dignified ajew of these minnial domestics; and ascending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and taking off those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by Cullin of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

"There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was raythor anxious to evoid a 'persnal leave-taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before: and paying her back not only the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. 'Mary Hann,' says I, 'suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts Hall for ever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammin,) and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.'

"Mary Hann didn't hanser my speech (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwigst a laugh & a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would you bleave it? she left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20lb. 10s. on the tabil when she went to hanser the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, vith the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure."

* * * * *

"How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's his—and has for a *blond buty* she has pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeeged my & as she went away!

"Mary Hann now *has* haubin air, and a cumplexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

"I gev Frederick two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25th.—I am now director of forty-seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the Citty. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and Mr. Cullin fits me heligant, yet I fansy they hall reckonise me. Conshns whispers to me—'Jeams, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'"

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, Lablash,' says I, at which hevery body laft.

"I'm in my new stall. I've had new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my secnd man, bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, Tellioni is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and Carlotty, my sweet Carlotty, she sets my art in flams.

"Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear?

"What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!

"P.S. Talking of *mounting hup!* the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent. this very day."

"*2nd July.* Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinqbar's son), Lord Ballybunnion, Honorable Capting Trap, & sevral hother young swells. Sir John's carridge there in coarse. Miss Hemly lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, & get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin

is halways the juice & hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slip hoff agin over his tail; at which Ballybunnion & the hother chaps rord with lafter.

"As Bally has istates in Queen's County, I've put him on the St. Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction,' from Jamestown to Longwood. The French are taking it hup heagerly."

"*6th July.* Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding and Plinlimming.

"Great nashnallity of coarse. Ap Shinkin in the chair, Ap Llwydd in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstrument, and played a toon piguliarly disagreeble to me.

"It was *Pore Mary Hann.* The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal? Sasiety is saciety, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving-made. What would Cinqbar and Ballybunnion say?

"P.S.—I don't like the way that Cinqbars has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for Derbyshire's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen & nine at the Star & Garter, Richmond, with the Countess St. Emilion & the Baroness Frontignac. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooing.

"Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with Mary Hann, when we were more happy (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwigst us), more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splender!"——

"*July* 24. My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kimpletely and chasely furnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips; tables, secritaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

"The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak; round igspanding table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the Duke of Wellington. There's four of his Grace. For I've remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight and considdration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my Queend, and 2 of Prince Halbert—has a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

"The Libery is not yet done.

"But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smilin angillicly hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finist Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

"N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. Saint Helenas, 12 pm., Madagascars, 9⅝, Saffron Hill and Rookery Junction, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily incouraging.

"People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd—But I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony,

hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, worling round in walce at Halmax with Lady Hann, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with Lady Jane, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliss, is a careworn mann! and yet so it is.

"Imprymus. I've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

"First,—in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is—I've read the novvle of Pelham six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

"I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady and & a sure seat across Country' assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I've ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

"Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitance of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies —at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he calls it; & the manuer of hentering a room, complimenting the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young Lewy Nepoleum) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by Fitzwarren, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adressing your neighbour, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm gettn on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like Mr. Mills, my rivle in Halbany; Mr. Macauly, (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, 'The Lays of Hancient Rum;') & the great Mr. Rodgers himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I *have* given brekfsts sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose: and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Eleet* of my friends: the display was sumptious; the company *reshershy*. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by Gunter provided. I had a Countiss on my right & (the Countess of Wigglesbury, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend George H—— is the Railway King)—on my left the Lady Blanche Bluenose—Prince Towrowski—the great Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear Countess and Lady Blanche was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly Fitzwarren, my man, henters with an air of constanation; 'Theres somebody at the door,' says he, in a visper.

"'O, it's that dear Lady Hemily,' says I, 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of her's. Trot them in, Fitzwarren,' (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxy.)—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing Mr. & Mrs. Blodder.

"I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Counties—Towrouski, and the rest, weald round & round before my hagitated I's. *It was my Grandmother and* Huncle Bill. She is a washer-woman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a wegetable donkey-cart.

"Y, Y hadn't John, the tiger, igscluded them? He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, adwanced in spite of him, Huncle Bill bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm!

"Phansy my feelinx."

"Immagin when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room: you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splender, and huncle Bill (pulling off his phantail, & seluting the company as respeckfly as his wulgar natur would alow) says—'Crikey, Jeames, you've got a better

birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.' 'Try a few of them plovers hegs, sir,' I says, whishing, I'm asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; 'and I hope, mam, now you've ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshment wont be out of your way.'

"This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter; and because, in herly times I'd reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling; she got up my fine linning gratis; shes given me many & many a lb; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and Maryhann has taken tea. But never mind *that*. 'Mam,' says I, 'you must be tired hafter your walk.'

"'Walk? Nonsince, Jeames,' says she; 'its Saturday, & I came in, in *the cart*.' 'Black or green tea, maam?' says Fitzwarren, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink; for he'd halready silenced huncle Bill, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

"'Wouldn't you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam,' says that sly wagg Cinqbars. '*He* knows what I likes,' replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me, (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glass of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder Fitzwarren to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortnit rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, she didn't igspose herself much farther: for when Cinqbars was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, 'Don't my lord,' on which old Grann hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, 'A Lord! o law!' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneezy.

"The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ixtream disgust at the beayviour of my relations, and having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover

the pannels; the footmin in peach-coloured tites; the hosses worth 3 hundred a-peace;—and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with 'Mary Blodder, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,' wrote on the bord, and waiting till my abandind old parint should come out.

"Cinqbars insisted upon helping her in. Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, the great barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the sean. But little lively good naterd Lady Kitty Quickset, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little & out of the carridge to me and said, 'Mr. De la Pluche, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship *is* horrified, & though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.'

"And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. Cinqbars said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washerwoman; Lord George Gills said she should have his linning; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

"There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise; 'Ho, Jeames,' says she, 'hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to Mary Hann.'"

"Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! Sir Paul Pump Aldgate, & Company. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon, is inkumseavable. I've put Fitzwarren, my man, upon several. Reginald Fitzwarren, Esquire, looks splended in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

"How the ladies & men too, foller and flatter me! If I go into Lady Binsis hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, 'O do make room for that dear creature!' And she complyments me on my taste in musick, or my new Broom-

oss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old Lord Bareacres, as stiff as a poaker, as prowd as Loosyfer, as poor as Joab—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great De la Pluche, and begged me at Harthur's, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes' conversation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, 'Bareacres, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. Lady Pump, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy pleantry. Old Pump, from the end of the table, asked me to drink shampane; and on turning to tak the glass I saw Charles Wackles (with womb I'd been imployed at Colonel Spurriers' house) grinning over his shoulder at the butler.

"The beest reckonised me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: '*How dy doo* Jeames,' says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, Chawles,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"'I think you said "Jeames," Chawles,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

"'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"'Take that for old friendship then,' says I, and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot. And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I

left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb."

"Have this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend George, Earl Bareacres, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the Bareacre proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flaviour from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones dont prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also devided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quickset or any of that rubbishing sort of timber; indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave Bareacres 50*l.* an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. James de la Pluche, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or raythor, I should say, is about to reshume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied."

"I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of &c., &c., bordered on the North by Lord Bareacres' Country; on the West by Sir Granby Growler; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkytect & Survare, a young feller of great emagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrarian line, has built me a beautiful Villar (on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I de la P., Esquire. The house is reprasented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumwented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsful of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid sufface—and a curricle is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with Mrs., or perhaps Lady Hangelana de la Pluche. I speak adwisedly. *I may* be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to

unight my family once more with Harrystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

"I've sean sevral times in a dalitifle vishn *a serting Erl*, standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy Mr. or Sir Jeames and lady Hangelina de la Pluche! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honour as a Gent."

"As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Don't Squallop lie amediately betwigst Old Bone House, Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cities our line passes? I will have 400,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not Jeames. I have arranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Bareacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's acount, I fear, is in a horrid state."

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors—fashionable parties in which Mr. Jeames figures, and nearly always by the side of his new friend, Lord Bareacres, whose "pompossaty," as previously described, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

"With a prowd and thankfle Art, I copy off this morning's *Gyzett* the folloing news:—

"'Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

"'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.'"

"'North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

"'James Augustus de la Pluche, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* Blowhard, promoted.'"

"And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed propriator—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Capting? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the French *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadring on my hoss Desparation. How I'd extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in youniform! How Mary Hann would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left Sir John's. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb noat in an anvylope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill."

"*Tuesday.* Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatiff to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony:—

"'MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,

"'I think you had better be presentedas a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out, was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

"'I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. Lady Bareacres will be in town for the 13th, with Angelina, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

"'All my people are backward with their rents: for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

"'Yours, very gratefully,

"'BAREACRES.'

"Note. Bareacres may press me about the Depity Leftnant—but *I'm* for the cavvlery."

"Jewly will always be a sacrid anniwussary with me. It was in that month that I became persnally ecquaintid with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

"Long before the hospitious event acurd, you may imadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igsosted natur *did* clothes my highlids—the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers. Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wicked wickid vishn). One night I actially dremt that Her R. H. the Princess Hallis was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the Prins of Sax-Muffinhausen-Pumpenstein, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

"I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my reveared Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the—livries (ojous wud! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear before entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant youniform of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

"Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the presnt time and my metured and elygint taste. Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummind to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

"I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have seen Widdicomb wear them at Hashleys when me and Mary Hann used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs and goold tassles as bigg as belpulls.

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cuphs,

according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadvintajusly*.

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acooterments, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak*.

"But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock At. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmet & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins; an At which *vulgar prejidis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT. I didnt tell Bareacres of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprise* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving-brush.

"You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well; and had sevral *rehustles*, as they say.

"This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made Fitzwarren, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put Mrs. Bloker, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to reprasent the horgust pusn of my Sovring—Frederick, my secknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustrus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. '*Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres*,' Fitzwarren, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards The British Crownd, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter *would* git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was wery disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respeckfl hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night before my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *coodnt* sleep that night. By abowt six o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didnt know how to pass the interveaning hours.

"'My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,' says I. 'It

will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.' Has I ave read in the novle of 'Kennleworth,' that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hamy Robsart*, I will go down in all my splender and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detummination; to horder my Broom; to knock down Frederick the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The next sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

"I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart; but the dor of the humble eboad stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

"There was a smell of tea there—there's always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her; but ha! phansy my extonishment when I sor Mary Hann!

"I halmost faintid with himotion. 'Ho, Jeames!' (she has said to me subsquintly) 'mortial mann never looked so bewtifle as you did when you arrived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine!'

"R! what little Justas the Hartist has done to my mannly etractions in the groce carriketure he's made of me."

* * * * * *

"Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. Jeames's, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

"As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *hossback*. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (Fitzwarren, hout of livry, woodnt stand it), and 2 fellers from Rimles, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames's Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

"The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I

came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

"What a momink of triumth it was! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my Most Gracious Mrs.

"You, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the British Crown. But I am not one who would gratafy *impattnint curaiosaty*. Rispect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

"Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right & of my Himperial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the Lord Chamberling. Sir Robert Peal apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy Primmier by *Punch's* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one.* Nead I say that I elude to Harthur of Wellingting? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvmint for a Barnetcy.

"But there was *another* pusn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i's, as Milting observes, the ecomplisht Lady Hangelina Thistlewood, daughter of my exlent frend, John George Godfrey de Bullion Thistlewood, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K.T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c. &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the Lady Hangelina was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebud! Pore Mary Hann, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of Hangelina!

"Lady Bareacres made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle

pusnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare Hangelina smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, 'O, Mr. De la Pluche, I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance, I have often heard of you.'

"'Who,' says I, 'has mentioned my insiggnificknt igsistance to the fair Lady Hangelina, *kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw;*' (for you see I've not studdied *Pelham* for nothink, and have lunt a few French phraces, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now.)

"'O,' replies my lady, 'it was Papa first; and then a very, *very* old friend of yours.'

"'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid curawsaty——

"'Hoggins—Mary Ann Hoggins'—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides.) 'She is my maid, Mr. De la Pluche, and I'm afraid you are a very sad, sad person.'

"'A mere baggytell,' says I. 'In fommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman; but haltered suckmstancies have sepparated us for hever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perdew* elsewhere.'

"'Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.'

"'Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins with a *Ha*,' says I, looking her tendarly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

"'Mr. De la Pluche,' here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, 'hadn't you better take your spurs out of the Countess of Bareacres' train?'—'Never mind Mamma's train' (said Lady Hangelina): 'this is the great Mr. De la Pluche, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. Mr. De la Pluche, let me present you to Captain George Silvertop.'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slitely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. 'Go and see for Lady Bareacres' carridge, Charles,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting."

"*Thusday Night.*—O Hangelina, Hangelina, my pashn for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I woar another in my butnole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammined the house with my glas!

"She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speek; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that wulgar raskle Silvertop, *wood* stay in the box. As if he didn' know (Lady B.'s as deaf as a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatytaty*."

"*Friday.*—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of Balfe's Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

"She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mewsick; said I sung myself, (I've ad lesns lately of Signor Twankydillo); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my pom:

"'WHEN MOONLIKE OER THE HAZURE SEAS.

"'When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

"'I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?

"'Away ! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar !
Dost thou remember Jeames?'

"When I came to the last words, 'Dost thou remember Je-e-e-ams,' I threw such an igspresshn of unuttrable tenderniss into the shake at the hend, that Hangelina could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

"O Hangelina—My adord one, My Arts joy!"

"BAREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet, Southdown, B's eldest son, and George Silvertop, the shabby Capting (who seames to git leaf from his ridgmint whenhever he likes), have beene down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjying the spawts of the feald there.

"Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me and Jim Cox used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges with a pistle)—I was reyther dowtfle as to my suxes as a shot, and practusd for some days at a stoughd bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought Awker's 'Shooting-Guide,' two double-guns at Mantings, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sportting ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller & green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the McGrigger plaid, & a jacket of the McWhirter tartn, (with large motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches & osses, and sporting subjix), high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figger in raythera fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istablishmint except Fitzwarren, my hone mann, and my grooms, with

Desparation and my curricle osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing-case and close.

"I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire. The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em; and we had a Hagricultural Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a speech droring tears from heavery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not prowd, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavinder kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty: I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquered at Hadjincourt & Cressy; and I gave him a pair of new velveteen inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. Fitzwarren, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushing. Has I sat down, defning chears selewted the horator; the band struck up 'The Good Old English Gentleman.' I looked to the ladies galry; my Hangelina waived her ankasher and kissd her &; and I sor in the distans that pore Mary Hann efected evidently to tears by my ellaquints."

"What an adwance that gal has made since she's been in Lady Hangelina's company! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance abowt her which is puffickly admarable; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetniss, creates in my boozum serting sensatiums * * * Shor! I *mustn't* give way to fealinx unwuthy of a member of the aristoxy. What can she be to me but a mear recklection—a vishn of former ears?

"I'm blest if I didn mistake her for Hangelina herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattatude gacing outawinder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the hancient demean.

"'Bewchus Lady Hangelina,' says I—'A penny for your Ladyship's thought,' says I.

"'Ho Jeames! Ho, Mr. De la Pluche!' hansered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. '*You* know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,' says Mary Hann, busting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her and tried to cumft her: I pinted out the diffrents of our sitawashns; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previletches, and that *my* juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till Lady Hangelina herself came up—'The real Siming Pewer,' as they say in the play.

"There they stood together—them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodn help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigst 2 Bundles of A."

"That ungrateful beest Fitzwarren—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydyshamber! *He* must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his imperence.

"He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the harmy—a dangerous pawmpus-spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through Lady Hangelina's flour-garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but Mary Hann pretending to em an ankyshr and Mr. Fitzwarren paying his cort to her.

"'You may as well have me, Mary Hann,' says he. 'I've saved money. We'll take a public-house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like Jeames—who's such a snob ('such a SNOBB' was his very words!) that I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper's room too—try a *man*,' says he—'don't be taking on about such a humbug as Jeames.'

"Here young Joe the keaper's sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing—thereby causing Mr. Fitzwarren to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.

"I was in such a rayge. 'Quit the building, Mary Hann,' says I to the young woman—'and you, Mr. Fitzwarren, have the goodness to remain.'

"'I give you warning,' roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo.

"'Take hoff your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl,' says I.

"'It's not your livery,' says he.

"'Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own,' says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MacWhirter tartn. 'Take my jackit, Joe,' says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattitude about which there was *no mistayk.*

* * * * * *

"He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, *blood's everythink;* the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came and stopt the fite betwigst us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

"I punisht the raskle tremenjusly in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room, not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black-eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggrs me dreadfl."

"On account of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rang-counter with the hinfimus Fitzwarren, I kep my roomb for sevral days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeable twilike; and a light-bloo sattin shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observes 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

"It was Mary Hann who summind the House and put an end to my phistycoughs with Fitzwarren. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting Adolphus, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

"Mary Hann and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. Lady Hangelina was

halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, Lady Bareacres (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by Hangelina. Now it was a coolin hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of Hangelina could dispose about the chamber of the hinvyleed. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they *will* give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies, and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beaf or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless Hangelina brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

"I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old Lord B. and his son, I had mayd my propoasls for Hangelina, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

"'You must break the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father. 'You have my warmest wishes, my dear Mr. De la Pluche, and those of my Lady Bareacres; but I am not—not quite certain about Lady Angelina's feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make Angelina understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

"'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me?' says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

"'She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

"'Recklect, gents,' says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging's a barging—I'll pay hoff Southdown's Jews, whem I'm his brother—as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—I wouldnt

take such *a libbaty*. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the ouse of Bareacres to its herly splender. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss imployed by Jeames De la Pluche, Esquire.'

"And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevral thowsnds richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new family of Delapluches, and to alie myself with the aristoxy of my country.

"These pints I reprasented to pore Mary Hann hover and hover agin. 'If you'd been Lady Hangelina, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you: and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

"There seamd to be a consperracy, too, between that Silvertop and Lady Hangelina to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, Pluche,' says he (he was raythor more familliar than I liked), 'in your fight with Fitzwarren!—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous folsood: I should have finnisht Fitz in 10 minnits), for the sake of poor Mary Hann! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?'

"'Capting S.,' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afrayd of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am: as brayv as Bonypert, Hannible, or Holiver Crummle, and would face bagnits as well as any Evy drigoon of 'em all.

"Lady Hangelina, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. 'Mr. De la Pluche (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

"'I adoar you, charming gal!' says I, 'Never, never go to say any such thing.'

"'You adored Mary Ann first;' answers her Ladyship; 'you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*.'

"'Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and er. It's a pang to part with her, (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), but part from her I must.'

"It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so dismal—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"'What a sacrifice!' says she, 'it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

"'It does,' says I—'Hagnies!' (Another laff.)

"'And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!'

"'I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyfeen and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, Lady Hangelina,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, "Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe and smoke it.'

"And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

"'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.'"

"Contry to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon

the fealinx of wimming?) Mary Han didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with Hangelinar. I was raythe disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks: and betwigst you and me there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I'd been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

"Meanwild every-think went on very agreeble betwigst me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd Mr. Showery the great Hoctionear to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quallaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Mawning* Erald—no no, I'm not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms and pedigry.

"I horderd in Long Hacre, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated Mr. Shalloon, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to Hangelina. It's not considered flattring—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's *one* young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi.

"Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost me? It was bought in by Maryhann, though:—'O dear Jeames,' says she, often (kissing of it & pressing it to her art) 'it isn't ¼ ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshn of your dear dear i's.'

"Hangelina's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse, I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Bewty* the same year.

"With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, was very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and

her brother Southdown, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

"LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

"The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

"The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

"'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Saint Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

"Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

"All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle. They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young chaps; but the ideer of Southdown in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is raythor too good; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as a babby, with a vaist like a

gal,—and, though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io! *my* cab-days is over.

"Be still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!"

"My friends! you've seen me ither2 in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover prowd of my prawsperraty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life) but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an olliff-green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsn plush weskoat with glas-buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equel to either good or bad forting.

"What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my Hangelina was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddinkake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by Mesurs Gunter, of Buckley Square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by Hiss Iness the Injan Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the establishmint of Mysurs Storr and Mortimer. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit Mr. Hudson's) as my town-house. I waited to cumclude the putchis untle the Share-Markit which was raythe

deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrabble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

"This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. *I* am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money:—it's not *my* fault if that old screw Lady Bareacres cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that Lady B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

"Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso: and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and Mary Hann as famdyshamber to my Hangelina. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseedinkly.

"I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers and bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt before I got these in horder: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exeedingly.

"One thing distubbed my mind—two weskts had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver;—which should I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallinall;* and wear whichever *she* phixt on.

"There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street: which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—

"'Her ladyship's not—not at *home,*' says the man; 'and my lady's hill in bed.'

"'Git lunch,' says I, 'I'll wait till Lady Hangelina returns.'

"At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the impident old raskle: and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—'*I say, Huffy, old boy!* ISN'T *this a good un?*'

"'Wadyermean, you infunnle scoundrel,' says I, 'hollaring and laffing at me?'

"'O here's Miss Mary Hann coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask *her*'—and indeed there came my little Mary Hann tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush and look hod & then to grin too.

"'In the name of Imperence,' says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me,*' and I sent him staggerin up aginst the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when Mary Hann, jumping down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush! read this'—and she pulled out a billy doo.

"I reckanized the and-writing of Hangelina.

"Deseatful Hangelina's billy ran as follows:—

"'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents

were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from a home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

"'When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit: they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

"'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave Mary Ann behind me to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear Mr. Plush, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer,

"'A.

"'P.S. I leave the wedding-dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become Mrs. Plush admirably.'"

"This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojus Mary Hann half a cryin, half a laffing at me! 'Who has she gone hoff with?' rors I; and Mary Hann (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was Silvertop then!

"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniacal igsitement!

"The stoary of that ilorpmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from the 'Morning Tatler' newspaper.

"ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

"The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry

that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. Yesterday's paper, it was supposed, in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of James De la Pl—che, Esq., and the Lady Angelina ——, daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of B—re—cres. The preparations for this ceremony were complete: we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by Miss Twiddler, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned, is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr. De la Pl—che; the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at Mivart's. What most have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the Lady Angelina—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal: we have it from the waiters of Mivart's that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended; but Mr. Macann, the celebrated surgeon of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

"The frantic agonies of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon.—One was threatened with a cane; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water; a third gentleman was

menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter; but being of an Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be the most accurate particulars of this extraordinary occurrence.

"George Frederick Jennings, third footman in the establishment of Lord Bareacres, stated to our *employé* as follows:—Lady Angelina had been promised to Mr. De la Pluche for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to Mary Ann Hoggins, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where Mr. De la P. was employed. Miss Hoggins became subsequently ladies' maid to Lady Angelina—the elopement was arranged between those two. —It was Miss Hoggins who delivered the note which informed the bereaved Mr. Plush of his loss.

"Samuel Buttons, page to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, was ordered on Friday afternoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab, No. 19,796, driven by George Gregory Macarty, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with his vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid, Miss Mary Ann Hoggins, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her Ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to Madame Crinoline's, the eminent milliner in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, Buttons was peremptorily ordered by Miss Hoggins to go about his business.

"Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park,

Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), Macarty had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman himself been a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"At Madame Crinoline's, Miss Hoggins quitted the carriage, and *a gentleman* entered it. Macarty describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall) with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trowsers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple *to the Euston Square Station*, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

"At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from Frederick Corduroy, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

"SECOND EDITION.

"(*From our Reporter.*)

"'*Newcastle, Monday.*

"'I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to.'

"THIRD EDITION.

"'*Gretna Green, Monday Evening.*

"'The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between George Granby Silvertop, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of General John Silvertop, of

Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and Lady Emily Silvertop, daughter of the late sister of the present Earl of Bareacres, and the Lady Angelina Amelia Arethusa Anaconda Alexandrina Alicompania Annemaria Antoinetta, daughter of the last-named Earl Bareacres.'

(*Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.*)

"'After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former, the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

"FOURTH EDITION.

"'SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

"'*Whistlebinkie, N.B. Monday, midnight.*

"'I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence at the Cairngorm Arms—mine are at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

"'On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, 'Is it you, Southdown, my boy? You have come too late; unless you are come to have some supper;' or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the Lord Viscount Southdown, and politely apprised, Captain Silvertop (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

"'Who the deuce (the captain used a stronger term) are you, then?' said Mr. Silvertop. 'Are you Baggs and Tapewell, my uncle's attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.'

"'I briefly explained that I was not Baggs and Tapewell, but that my name was J—ns, and that I was a gentleman connected with the establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

"'And what has brought you here, Mr. Morning Tatler?' asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank —that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

"'And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper? The *Morning Tatler* be —— (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel.'

"'Scoundrel, sir!' said I. 'Yes,' replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this *gentleman*. 'Help, landlord!' I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, 'murder,' and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, 'Give it him, Captain.' A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped, and said, 'Well, Jims, I won't fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, Jims, and order a glass of brandy-and-water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face tomorrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is.'

"'With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, Mr. Silvertop entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty.'"

"Thus you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Mace thoube appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be½!

"I went home like a maniack, after hearing the anouncement of Hangelina's departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensable remark I made to Earl Bareacres, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshn of the diminds and Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find.* Ony it was wispered that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn.* Let er keep it.

"Southdown was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to adwance 50 lb, so that he might purshew his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asombly.*

"All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follered Hangelinar in imadganation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mallydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kickd and rord in my unhuttarable whoe! I seazd my pillar: I pitcht into it: pummld it, strangled it, ha har! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis villing lim from lim in the terrible strenth of my despare! . . . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my ot water in the mawning, the livid copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly De la Pluche!

"'Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,' I micanickly igsclaimed.

I had not perused it for the past 3 days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hevns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbady had given me cold pig?—I red Rewin in that Share list—the Pannick was in full hoparation!

* * * * * *

"Shall I describe that kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimilliar? My & rifewses to cronnicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primmium, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at ½ discount; my Central Ichaboes at ⅝ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primmium down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follow in Mr. Plush's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermit.)

"Those beests, Pump & Aldgate, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threatnen letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence: woodn't advance me five thousand on 25000 worth of scrip; kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out Spout, the jewnior partner, saying they wouldn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did: I paid the three-and-six balliance, and never sor 'em mor.

"The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerded me in my own ome. The biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep misfortn out of my chambers; and Mrs. Twiddler, of Pall Mall, and Mr. Hunx, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion.' What an adwertisement George Robins *did* make of it; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing! My chice plait; my seller of wine; my picturs—that of myself included (it was Maryhann, bless her! that bought it,

unbeknown to me); all—all went to the ammer. That brootle Fitzwarren, my ex-vally, womb I met, fimilliarly slapt me on the sholder, and said, 'Jeames, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis aginn.'

"I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvvices—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabble captif for 6 mortial weeks. Misrabble shall I say? no, not misrabble altogether; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can gess, it was my blue-eyed blushing hangel of a Mary Hann! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma?' Mary Hann said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't prowd. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then Uncle Bill said, 'Well, there *is* some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry."

The Plush manuscript finishes here: it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state that it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend Lionel Thistlewood, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of Lady Angelina Silvertop. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate: he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct: and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What Lord Southdown has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that Lady Angelina Silvertop presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, Mary Ann Hoggins, on her marriage with Mr. James Plush, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public house, near Sheppherd's Market, May Fair; a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel stroke of business in the neighbourhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butlers' Club" is held.

Here Mr. Plush lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humour. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. Mr. Plush blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Princess's theatre, "without with your leaf or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fellow said, "I'm appy—praps betwixt you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth & my suvvice to you, sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my Mary Hann, he's a beest: and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my complments to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him to be godfather."

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

MR BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW.

It is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear Robert, that I have you as a neighbour, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-Tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs, is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure, as I sate and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself, than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantel-piece. Your college-prize books make a very good show in your book-cases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent County members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear Nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and I have no doubt would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils in Mr. Tapeworm's Chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law-student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat buttons, you will say, "Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?"

I take you up at once and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear Bob, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have

no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at Lord Hugo Fitzurse seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling yon through her enormous spy-glasses. Lord Hugo has a tuft to his chin, certainly, his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it, and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentleman-like—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimcracks at his waistcoat pocket. He sits in a splendid side box, or he simpers out of the windows at White's, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas you and I, my good Bob, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper Editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. *We* shall never look out of White's bow-window. The amount of Lord Hugo's tailor's-bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy Lord's cast off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy

any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a cameleopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth of gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that Lord Hugo is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy, and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated "A Swell."

But a cheap Swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm's Pleas and Declarations: you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them, but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend Æsop, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation, the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunch-back, his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean table-cloth, and not a grand service of half-a-dozen *entrées*, such as we get at

our County Member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half a guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the club, called the *Foggarty Diamond* (or by some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire:—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentleman-like deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which, at least, merit a letter to themselves.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL.

Nature, my dear Bob, has endowed you (as well as every member of our family), with considerable charms of person and figure, of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded; and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a

gentleman who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity, or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever, away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature, or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear; yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gaudy, over-dressed Dowager or Miss:—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If Miss Smith in a rumpled gown, offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while Miss Jones in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women, constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life; the object of my worthy Bob's special attention will naturally be, to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room: it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but its own. And as a King Charles's spaniel can snooze before the fire, or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house, where you might knock in vain for admission, with all the learning of Porson in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the *Encyclopædia* by heart, than that he should posess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner, should be as virtuous as *Cornelia* or the late Mrs. Hannah More. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour; so that good humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in Lady X's honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room, than the glitter of Lady Z's best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved Bob, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well-made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament, that the ancient philosophers and topers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton night-cap in society, as a coronet of polyanthuses or a garland of hyacinths):—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say "It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy."

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggle-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point

of wearing in large Assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a moveable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms: as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this Philosopher's maxim was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day? —or that my friend, Mrs. Perkins, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. "*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*," as the dear old Heathen says: and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularising your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz., a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution: who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will

place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting-dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember, that his business in life is neither to handle a curry-comb nor a marline-spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes it must be confessed do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women; respect their prejudices in this matter, and if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.* A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilisation which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macaulay treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure, than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers; Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable order of the Bath.

* *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear Sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY.

CONSTANTLY, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear Nephew, and not of course liable to be amused by the constant society of an old Uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of English women (meaning of course to include our cousins the Mac Whirters of Glasgow, and the O'Tooles of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them, run their errands; send them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society, have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Clubswaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man: music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired *of water-souchy* and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit

for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves and our ease—and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music-book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the women of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay; who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind, and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully

announcing that they decline going to evening parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful minded friend, Mrs. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation, when young Fred. Noodle, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up-r B-k-r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of flippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening parties any more.

What induced Fred. Noodle to utter this bravado I know not; whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious "swell;" but having made this speech one Sunday after Church, when he condescended to call in B-k-r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion)—Noodle made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

"Matilda, my love, bring the Address Book," Mrs. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as Noodle was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose; went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mama.

Mrs. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. Noodle, F., 250, Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of Mr. Noodle out of her book. Matilda looked at Eliza, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, "O mama!" Dear, dear Eliza! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But Mrs. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

"What business has that young man to tell me," she exclaimed,

"that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since Mr. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he such *beaux yeaux!* or, has he so much wit? or, is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable? He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your Papa's claret; and he declines evening parties forsooth!—Mind children, he is never invited into this house again."

When Y. Z. now meets young Noodle at the Club, that kind, but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by Noodle; or sidles away with his face to the book-cases, and lurks off by the door. The other day, they met on the steps, when the wretched Noodle, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how Mrs. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too) said, —"My wife? O!—hum!—I'm sorry to say Mrs. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I've an appointment at the India House, and it's past two o'clock"—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to Noodle the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister, with his Orders, two Generals with Stars; and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz., that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into Mrs. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to Lady Flack's party, where I knew the Miss Y. Z.'s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear Bob, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire, are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of a party itself is a bore, but you must go.

When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling Dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object;—there is poor Miss Meggot, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there; and to evening parties, I say you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing, is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old fogy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa* —no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show to me that—but my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

Permit me to continue, my dear Bob, our remarks about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents., the possession of which does not, I think,

decrease your respect for my character, and of which at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if I ever hear of you as a Casino haunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid, dandified donkey, Captain Grigg, in company with the other vulgar oaf, Mr. Gowker, ventured to stare in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister Fanny, who had come blushing from Miss Pinkerton's Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as Bob Brown. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills all your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless. You would do battle with a Goliath in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time,) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear Bob; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the Gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the Crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage

which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a-year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a-year left to you for being polite to a woman: but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise; as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your Chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with servants or barmaids at lodgings, are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off Molly the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to Molly, may converse with her over the area-railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with Betty at the door as he hands into her the tea and sugar; but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst Mrs. Betty is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with friends' servants and your own; be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly: if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kind in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in

your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at Mr. Fairfax's to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then, nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet: and on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where Fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her

diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of Art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than four-score years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her? What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron

with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke,) and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in highbred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear Bob, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino; or in the dancing-booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Choice of friends, my dear Robert, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear Bob, to "the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

Sir,—In the year 1810, I was a jolly young Bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor

dear Aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had Chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days, (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed,) and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of Chambers opposite to mine, a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call Mr. Bludyer. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither of whom was too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in Chambers. As I learned presently that Mr. Bludyer had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his country, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver tea-pot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

Mr. Bludyer was a sporting man: it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible; in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion, you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my Lord Tilbury was present at this breakfast (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeple-chase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his Lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble Viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bludyer ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together about at coffee-houses, for

Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. Bludyer, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good Bob, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your Grand-Aunt, my Aunt, Mrs. General Mac Whirter, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the Tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young Squire; and perhaps we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir; my dear Aunt, Mrs. General Mac Whirter, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which passed to another branch of the Browns. I do not grudge it, Bob: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened, that in June 1811,—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and Mrs. Mac Whirter was of opinion that the world was at an end—Mr. Bludyer, who was having his Chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course

I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make Mr. Bludyer's friends comfortable.

As ill luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, Mrs. Mac Whirter, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear Grand-Aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy, which carried her off soon after, menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of Mr. Thomas Brown. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly Birds of Paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bull-dog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room?

This bull-dog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming, so that her voice drowned that of Bludyer himself, who was sitting on the table bellowing "*A Southerly wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a hunting Morning*"—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, Norroy, called the "Black Prince" in the odious language of the Fancy) and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment, encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

Mr. Bludyer, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Mousley Hurst, when my poor Aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent for gin-and-water to a neighbouring tavern, and the glasses sparkled on the board,—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember Mr. Bludyer used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my Office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow, and young Captain Cavendish of the Guards, were the smokers; and it appears, that

at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my Aunt an "old girl;" and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy Mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—Where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. "It's the old woman whom he goes to Meeting with," cried out Bludyer. "Come away, boys;" and he led his brutalised crew out of my Chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found Mrs. Mac Whirter in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy, were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water, which I proffered to that poor lody.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass: and with empurpled features and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to he pacified; I called my boy, and bade him bear witness to my innocence; the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him down stairs as soon as she was gone: for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amidst a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than Eurydice would to Orpheus.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear Bob, have I not reason? Your Great-Aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the Missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her death-bed that she would have left her money to me, if I had called out Mr. Bludyer, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots, had I

thought that Mrs. Mac Whirter would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear Bob, are moderate. Your Aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother George the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

We will pursue the subject of friends generally in a future letter, and I am meanwhile, my dear Bob, always

Your Affectionate Uncle.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

SUPPOSING that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town, until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club; I am happy to inform you, that you are this day elected a Member of the Polyanthus, having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy Secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans, than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any further,) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the Meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now then, that you are a member of the Polyanthus, I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place: and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the Polyanthus as at some clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the club, as I have seen men do at the Chokers (of which I am also a member,) with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, "Hang your impudence, sir. How dare you stare at *me?*" Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear Bob, and let us walk up the steps and into the place.—See, old Noseworthy is in the bow-window reading the paper—He is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as Mr. R. Brown, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death—Ha, there is Jawkins, as usual; he has nailed poor Styles up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about George Hudson, Esq., and when Sir Robert will take the government. How d'you do, Jawkins?—Satisfactory news from India? Gilbert to be made Baron Gilbert of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to Jawkins, my poor Bob; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him, before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Hember for Ballinafad can get them three places, in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the *Ballinafad Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with

Peel, and can vouch for it that Clarendon has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Ways and Means for Ireland,"—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of Sir James Graham. How Lord John can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the Porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the Starling Club—very pleasant, candid, gentleman-like notice—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy: they have statues of Socrates and Mahomet on the centre-piece of the dinner table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to Moses, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of Confucius. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company.—Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough?—let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never any body here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is,—isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah! "*Pendennis*," No. VII.—hum, let us pass on. Have you read "*David Copperfield*," by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go

forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may heaven further its fulfilment! And then, Bob, let the *Record* revile him—See, here's Horner waking up—How do you do, Horner?

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire, as I see them, my dear Bobby, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. Disraeli may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; Louis-Philippe be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and Colonel Pam. and Mr. Trumpington will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of

seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With Trumpington matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it — he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of good parts, and was once well-read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his Whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner? The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their posts—like knights—ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will, with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bon jour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honourable G. Windgall, and Mr. Chanter: perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for halfcrowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the club-door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which is most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

From the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the Club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. Sardanapalus, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear Bob admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why Smith and Brown should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any Louis Quatorze ever sate upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose, familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club, is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullying the damask, or, worse still, for fear that Hicks the Committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double-doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of Spirits, my dear Bob will have no difficulty in recognising the smoking-room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and tipple weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system, you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till 3 of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak Cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is Bob Brown. And as for the smoking and tippling, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of 12 and 3! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well-chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than intrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear Bob, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men —but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you

who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of Doctor Parr. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner—the cigar harmonises the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish: it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected: in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of that Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! Bob, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers.—I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men, I rember as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies: they have sons, sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the Polyanthus. Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? Where is poor Fred? Dead rhymes

with Ned and Fred too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under the dismal category of "Members Deceased," in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why one shouldn't meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come down to the Club as usual, saying, "Well, and so poor old Brown's gone."—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the Polyanthus mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a Palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other, as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems, come other frequenters of the room; a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling under tone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner-parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatres, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste money and your precious hours and health there; and you may frequent this Polyanthus room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life.

How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of Old Silenus with purple face and chalk-stone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no one can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses: so that it was a house dinner in ——— Square, with Mrs. Silenus at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and Silenus amused himself by making poor Mr. Tippleton drunk. He came to the Club the next day, he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor Mr. Tippleton—(as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room, how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many Tippleton had drunk for his share. "I kept my eye on Tip, sir," the horrid old fellow said—"I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before 11 o'clock I finished him and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!" Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the Polyanthus, and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor Tippleton—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old Silenus winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room: most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. Tippleton's drunk.

From the Library and Smoking-room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the Coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilisation was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer then they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half guinea at command,) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or Tom, the clerk, issued out from your Chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham and beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman, for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in Chambers was indeed a dismal refection. I think with any thing but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre with its vicious attractions. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mismanaged and ill economised—just as your Temple Chambers or College rooms now are, which are quite behind the age, in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the *Trois Frères Provençaux* at Paris had two entrances, one into the

place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the *Trois Frères* stairs, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a make-shift, is always rather a base stratagem. Your beaux Tibbs's and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong, if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner; no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This you see is the Club Coffee-room—it is three o'clock, young Wideawake is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, Bob, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). Wideawake is at breakfast—Goldsworthy is ordering his dinner—while Mr. Nudgit, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the Polyanthus, in common with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the Coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now, Goldsworthy is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronnade* of poverty,

and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, "See how virtuous I am,—how honest Diogenes is!" but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration Mr. Goldsworthy's manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling; he will have two mutton chops (and the mutton chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton chop), and with a due allowance of the Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome, and sufficient, and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect Mr. Goldsworthy with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-conservative political opinions, which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve; and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here, as old Silenus, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, Bob! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little Mr. Nudgit? He has a bed-chamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the Polyanthus. He makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer: he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an Epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or half a dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here, sometimes give Nudgit a glass or two out of your decanter, Bob, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind —a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. Mr. Nudgit, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

At this moment old Silenus swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of Mr. Goldsworthy's eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. Nudgit watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

"Hunt," he says, "I want a table, my table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—Lord Hobanob dines with me—send the butler—What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle—I've sent it in from the city—dressed fish and turbot," and with a swollen trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, Nudgit comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Hullo, Nudg!" says Mr. Silenus, "how's the beer? Pickles good to-day?"

Nudgit smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

"Smell out a good dinner, hey, Nudg?" says Dives.

"If any man knows how to give one, you do," answers the poor beggar. "I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself, once; what's the fish in the list to-day?" and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

"Lord Hobanob dines with me and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you," says Mr. Silenus, "so does Cramley."

"Both well-known epicures," says Nudgit.

"I'm going to give Hobanob a return dinner to his at the Rhododendrum. He bet me that Batifol, the *chef* at the Rhododendrum, did better than our man can. Hob's dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking Grosbois by surprise, is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, Nudgit. *I* know what Grosbois can do."

"I should think you did, indeed, Silenus," says the other.

"I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, Nudgit—Not to-day? Well then, you may come; and I say, Mr. Nudgit, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that."

Mr. Bowls, the butler, here coming in, Mr. Silenus falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor Nudgit has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, Mr. Bob, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

When my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pigtails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have

my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her),—I just choose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose Maria—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose Maria, Mr. Bob.

"My dear Miss E.," says I, "may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?"

"The next *what?*" says Miss E., smiling, and turning to Mrs. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

"I forgot," says I; "the next quadrill, I would say."

"It is rather slow dancing, quadrills," says Miss E.; "but if I must, I must."

"Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick."

"What!" says she, "do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz, like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel-organs? You silly old creature: you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma, in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, Mr. Brown. If I want to dance, here is Captain Whiskerfield, who is ready; or young Studdington, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino."

I pictured to myself Maria giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and, in fact, dear Bob, after turning over the matter of ball-room conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, I found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should

to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a couple of conceited old fogies, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H. E.'s the T—— Ambassador in Br——ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to Her Excellency; thinking wisely, that *mon lait de poule, et mon bonnet de nuit*, much better became me at that hour of midnight, than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence amongst people who go: and hear from the girls and their mammas, what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half-filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house where you have a hall fire-place in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the Assembly Room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and

accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter Fanny had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury's ball, whereas poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a little back drawing-room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this embonpoint, I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

"Dear Blanche," said I, "don't you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more! If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich, or the Star and Garter for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trampleton, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-

tables, and drinking up all the available Champagne and Seltzer water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be half a dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas, little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties" (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards Blanche Crowder), "let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule depend upon it."

"And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself?" says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime, grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair!

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so; but life is not altogether jocular, Mr. Bob, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely balls, whereof it, perhaps, has struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announcement in the morning fashionable print

to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that Mrs. Hornby Madox threw open her house in So-and-So Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Fugleman.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. Mrs. Hornby Madox comes into her fortune of ten thousand a-year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets Lady Fugleman to ask the company for her—not the honest Hornbys, not the family Madoxes, not the jolly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being Lady Fugleman's friends, are invited by her Ladyship to Mrs. Hornby's house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor Mrs. Hornby comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, "My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let Lady Fugleman choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask Lady Fugleman: if she says yes, I shall be delighted; if no, *Bon jour*."

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to Mrs. Goldcalf's parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, Bob! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism,

this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness;—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of good will,—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish Mrs. Goldcalf or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on either of them, and I do not mean to say, Mr. Robert, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless; I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonour my father and mother.

And so no more at present, dear Bob, from your affectionate,

BROWN THE ELDER.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

ENGLISH Society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in Opera boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *eau sucrée* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work

harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a placeman in London, lodging in St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, Claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what

hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three day's since, from the ————'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: "Dear sir,"—we breathed fervently, "ask us soon again." One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting Revalenta Arabica for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbering, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table, if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper-editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good-humour; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of

their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself. Those who go in cabs or broughams I have remarked, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether Jones's turn-out is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the play-house in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of Tom Lavender who is going to Lady Rosemary's; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in Dives's drawing-room like a poet with a tenui avenâ, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear Bob, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence; I have seen ——* in a hack-cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own entrée into society (for everything must have a beginning, Bob; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the Marquis of Sweetbread was good enough to ask me and the late Mr. Ruffles to dinner, to meet

* Mr. Brown's MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the P—r—ge, that we really do not dare to print it.

Prince Schwartzenberg and the Hetman Platoff. Ruffles was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought Ruffles was rather inclined to patronise me: which I did not like. "I would have you to know, Mr. Ruffles," thought I, "that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we Browns have no handles to our names, we are quite as well-bred as some folks who possess those ornaments—and in fine I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven under the porte-cochère of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz. a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the rest of delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, sir, I did? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with Ruffles heads or tails, who should pay for the coach; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. Ruffles face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than Ruffles never lived—he is dead long since, and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that the lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that Mr. Smith came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, Bob, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to produce: uneasy in his mind: a donkey in a lion's skin: a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the

admirable Mr. Gilbert in Suffolk Street, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the original from which he sprung, of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore, affected, and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your two-penny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good raconteur, or a very handsome man, (and in '15 some of the Browns were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago,) or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe herself: and Lady Mountararat, whose family dates from the Deluge, enters and leaves a room, with her daughters, the lovely Ladies Eve and Lilith D'Arc, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-ems, than Lady de Mogyns or Mrs. Shindy, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a stage King and Queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner. Let us resume this theme next week, dear youth, and believe me in the meantime to be your affectionate,

BROWN THE ELDER.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

OF all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear Bob (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages

of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London Society, at least in some companies, and parts of our island. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now, as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2. "It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink Champagne after white cheeses, water after red." . . . "Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also." Maxim 4. "A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman furthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much." Maxim 25. "You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give Champagne at dinner—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking," &c., &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in "fashionable life" that you were to drink Champagne after white cheeses? What was that fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange Doherty says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place says, "the English drink a pint of porter at a

draught."—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give Champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that Port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time in most people's memory, when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests, we have the songs done for us: as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner; that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: "Year is to 'er that doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,"—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonials are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

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And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Fogy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an unsupportable *corvée* for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Fogy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their goodwill, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice, cries, "Brown, my boy, a glass of wine." I reply, "With pleasure, my dear Jones." He responds as quick as thought, "Shall it be Hock or Champagne, Brown?" I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, "Some Champagne or Hock" (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself),—"some Champagne or Hock to Mr. Brown;" and finally he says, "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. Thus, *you see, Jones,* though not a conversationist, has had the

opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend Jones; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your good-will as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which Jones has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the Head-Physician of a Hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a "donnerndes Lebehoch," toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grand dame de par le monde*, as honest Brantome phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness—but, sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.*

* Upon my word, Mr. BROWN, this is too broad a hint.—*Punch*.

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called "the spread," who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas, and other culinary luxuries —but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs! for woman!—as my friend the Traveller said.

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.

It has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also, that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as Champagne;—

there is no delicacy in the world which Monsieur Francatelli or Monsieur Soyer can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and peas pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest; it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why then do we of the middle classes, persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many mortals, who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why then on their company dinners should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrées*, Champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry Champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner; forsaking the *entrées* which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to

French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws now-a-days, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade: but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner-extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, which gives nobody pleasure, except the pastrycook, whom they enrich. Everybody entertains as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Some one with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness, in a poor one: a frog by nature, I am an insane, silly creature, to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh that I could establish in the middle classes of London an Anti-*entrée* and Anti-Dessert movement! I would go down to posterity not ill-deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at Willis's Rooms, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people, in former days, refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made-dishes.*

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of

* Mr. Brown here enumerates three *entrées*, which he confesses he can-*not* resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert: but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respective friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings per *tête*. What a sum this is, dear Johnson, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor Mrs. Johnson care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly, were they narrated in any but an under-tone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so-forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen Jack Jolliffe, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him: and Tom Yarnold, the most eminent of conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathising society, and prefer to be silent rather than throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners' emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial *major-domo*, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, "Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled."

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear Nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.

Bob Brown is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear Aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures, which you now, O my Nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once: and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes:* if I see two young people happy, I like it: as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now, and Mr. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, Mrs. Alpha, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'Mega in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor Bob, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you; you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed; that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest Bob, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah! Bob—there is a stone in the burying-ground at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not Mrs. Brown that lies there. After life's

fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul! Emily Blenkinsop *might* have been Mrs. Brown, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear Bob, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth!

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear Mrs. Brown was a far finer woman than Emily Blenkinsop, and yet I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole hand which your Aunt Martha gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman; Bob, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakspeare's heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, piano-forte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor Aunt into this system, though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for—our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins

to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor Polly," says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues: brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary: but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good-humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she

and all the girls—poor dear little Sapphiras!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet; and had she a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me—far from it: by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up; to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we

who made the laws for women, who we are in the habit of saying are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

Long years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely Duchess of Montepulciano at Naples, who to be sure was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to General Count Raff, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor Tibbits to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental-looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and as I must own to you, cut us fellows out: whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well-bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *h's* by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand what Tibbits' errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention Mr. Tibbits, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for

certain society. It is not Tibbits the man, it is not Tibbits the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly; his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents are undoubted—it is the social Tibbits of whom I speak: and as I do not go to balls, because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so Tibbits' sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *h*, and other points of etiquette, are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise: and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear Bob;—there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well-bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about Madame Sontag's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that Mrs. Bob Brown, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners, whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor Mrs. Botibol, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that Botibol is the best of men! Poor Jack Jinkins! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-

place belle; a boarding-house beauty: tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear Bob, I hope Mrs. Robert B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy; as there are examples of maid-servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls; yet I hope Mrs. Robert Brown will not come out of a palace or a kitchen: but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I dare say you will inherit.

I remember when Arthur Rowdy (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy & Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers,) married Lady Cleopatra; what a grand match it was thought by the Rowdy family: and how old Mrs. Rowdy in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new connection. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear Lady Stonehenge from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear Lady Zenobia and dear Lady Cornelia, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of *Cornelius Nepos* had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When Rowdy went to live in May Fair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The rooms were filled with young dandies of the Stonehenge connection—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdrew their accounts at Rowdy's Bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sate quite silent. Lady Stonehenge invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his

governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him: quarrelled with old Mrs. Rowdy, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made Rowdy take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which Lady Cleopatra, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him to change his side of the house and his politics, and adopt those of Lord Stonehenge, which were of the age of the Druids, his lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for Rothschild. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning and the House of Commons at night, what would become of Rowdy? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter over his nose, listening to *Sam Hall* at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when Lord Misletoe steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and Rowdy's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.

Let us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and Dan Cupid has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation,

they are quartered at Ballinafad, they see Miss Smith or Miss O'Shaughnessy every day, healthy lively jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men, family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinafad—consent is got at last, Jones takes his degree, Jenkins gets his company; Miss Smith and Miss O'Shaughnessy become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. Jones is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored Jones, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and for—dear Julia, dear Edward!—they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. Smith of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. Jones Senior calls upon Mrs. Edward Jones's Mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of Edward's wife.

Mrs. Jones finds in the mother-in-law of her Edward a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. Jones Mum. What a state they are in in Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, Edward's sisters, go on about her! Fanny says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; Mary proposes that Mrs. Shay the washerwoman should be invited on the day when Mrs. Smith comes to dinner, and Emma (who was Edward's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with Julia) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. Smith and Julia are exactly alike, and that in a few years, Mrs. Edward Jones will be the very image of that great enormous unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. Smith gives her opinion about the Joneses:—They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for *her*; and

they evidently think she is not good enough for *them:* they are sad worldly people, and have never sate under a good minister, that is clear: they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them, Mrs. Smith says. Edward and Julia have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. Smith, and Julia bursting into tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, "My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother!"

Edward flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. Smith is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that Julia's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner: and that it is not agreeable to be called "Ned" and "Old Cove" by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours Ned by asking him to lend him a "Sov.," and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the Edward Jones's gave after their marriage, when Natty disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst his friends, and much wrath on the part of Old Jones, who said, "That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall—If ever he dares to call at my house I'll tell Jobbins to fling a pail of water over him." And it is true that Natty called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to Edward that he, Nat, could neither see his Mar nor the Gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see Edward Jones has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the Old Joneses give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor Edward Jones tries on his own part. The women of the Jones' set try her in every way, and can get no good from her: Jones' male friends, who are civilised beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid one; his acquaintances drop off;

he has no circle at all at last, except to be sure that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. Smith from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear Bob, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of Lucy, or the bright eyes of Eliza. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there: we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from Sampson, Hercules, Rinaldo, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have Hopkins to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as *Don Quixote* did that of *Dulcinea*. You are Jane Hopkins, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and Hop loves you and them with all his heart. He would

be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his Port wine.

Yes, Bob, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, Mrs. Brown will be at your side, good soul still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy Bob's life, that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day?

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. Brown for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good humour. Let it be said of her, "What an uncommonly nice woman Mrs. Brown is." Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which perhaps clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, my dear Bob, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. Brown) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these I hope Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her *trousseau*, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear Nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited, that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laugh-

ing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself, a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young Lord Foozle, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances—as much as to say—"See! here am I, Bob Brown, of Pump Court, walking with a lord."

My dear Bob, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupifying position for a man in life than to be a cock of small society. It prevents his ideas from growing: it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny halfpenny Cæsar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into Lord Foozle's set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear Bob, you are wofully mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentlemanlike, well-made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet, has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men amongst them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the Casinos; few read—many talk about horseflesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at Pratt's.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old Uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purpose no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you; and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O Bob, how you live with them. Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say, he dines at 8 o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at 3 in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay occupy him till five or six, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, &c. ?—He goes on his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you in yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young "Swells," then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that, if you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see

their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known Jack Jolliff, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners—simple folks who want to be amused)—I have known Jack Jolliff, I say, offend a whole roomfull of men by telling us that he had been dining with a Duke. *We* hadn't been to dine with a Duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was, and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives, as you and I do of Jack and Tom who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the Tufthunted down as the Tufthunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend, whom I shall call Main. After Main published his "Travels in the Libyan Desert" four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan *salons*. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite; and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of *entrées*, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since Main has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles. "That year of lionisation has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before, don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury, because they fancy I am accustomed to May Fair, and May Fair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!" And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear Bob, should bring you in contact with

a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear Bob, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah! Bob, it's hard times with a gentleman, when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage, when he can't look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and apropos of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper—I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest: this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue, that it's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings; and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to

make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, "You are an impostor."—Alas, Robert, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants, and butlers, were all sham, like Cinderella's coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage-stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.

OUT OF TOWN.

I HAVE little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as Her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of cities has gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of Miss Kicklebury, are probably by this time at Spa or Hamburg. Watch her well, Bob, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering-place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old Lady Kick (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, and only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway *à se caser* as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and

manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best: the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality, were going on. What a change it is now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which gives an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, Bob? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake? The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet trumpeters

have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But Padmore's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, Mr. Bob; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, Oh ogling and vain Dalilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollypop is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man in every Club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, O that

I could go to the Club without seeing Banquo—O that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—O that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the *Trois Frères;* and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it: what mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis: and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs being left at home at Islington, when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners: and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs, think what a strange

standard of superiority is set up!—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settles the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, sir! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season, that I hope to write you another letter regarding it next week.

CAREERING during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests; from Lady Hustlebury's rout to Mrs. Packington's soirée—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August: it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

In the last fortnight, one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions: in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you: very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer-evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the tea-pot. What matters that it is the metal tea-pot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-hollands bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabille*. In an honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir,

which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good-will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to be her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did, she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out of her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm, sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window: near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gigot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony; she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage, that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her!

I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence; but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it: when the bird sings, to listen: and to admire that which is admirable, with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak, who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colours, and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning: we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. Salvator Rodgers the painter, went to his easel; Woodward the barrister, to his chambers; Piper, the doctor, to his patient (for he then had only one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us: and we have always had Mrs. Nightingale's colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place? Sir Salvator Rodgers is a Member of the Royal Academy. Woodward the barrister has made a fortune at the Bar; and in seeing Doctor Piper in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and May Fair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female hand-writing, with which I was not acquainted, and which Miss Flora, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

"—Why did you not let them come up stairs?" said I in a rage, after reading the note.

"We don't know what sort of people goes about in broughams," said Miss Flora, with a toss of her head "we don't want no ladies in *our* house;" and she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed Frances Nightingale,—whereas *our* Nightingale's name was Louisa. But this Frances was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood, ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to Mrs. Nightingale.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me: and I beheld in her, without in the least recognising, the little Fanny of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever:—and we talked about Miss Fanny as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted), that she never in my eyes would be half so pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for the dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. Sir Salvator Rodgers (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little,) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. Woodward the lawyer forgot his abominable law and his money about which he is always thinking: and finally Dr. Piper of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out

of her sight, had pleaded Lady Rackstraw's situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid who looked us hard in the face as we went up stairs, and who was no other than little Fanny's nurse in former days, come like us to visit her old mistress. We all knew her except Woodward the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for Mrs. Nightingale as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. Rodgers used to have a passion for herrings—there they were: the lawyer who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I eat it. Piper made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really *is* gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar charwomen. No. 9 is gone to Malvern. No. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A, are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found

Muggins this morning, preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the Kickleburys at Hamburg I recommend you to go to Spa. Mrs. Nightingale is going thither, and will be at the Hôtel d'Orange; where you may use my name and present yourself to her: and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss Fanny will have a very pretty little fortune.

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA BOX.*

GOING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performance of Madame Sontag, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English: there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakeably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say, that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there *is* a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognise, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our Britannia ruling the waves: we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women

* This and the two following papers originally appeared in *Punch* under the title of "The Proser."

of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box —my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, "That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker." And from that minute I forgot Madame Sontag, and thought only of Mrs. T.-W.

"So that," said I, "is Mrs. Trotter-Walker! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recal some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days."

"Hold your tongue, man!" says Tom, my friend. "Listen to the Sontag; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!"

I looked up at Mrs. Walker all the time with unabated interest. "Madam," thought I, "you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eye-glass, and the *empressement* with which he returns the salute, shows that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what would you think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me so to speak, and my eye-glass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face."

"What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose

interests a man the most in this life? Himself, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker, is it?' with an air of such deep interest."

Well then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. Major-General and Mrs. Trotter-Walker were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady —the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. Mrs. Walker, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neckcloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome: nor, of later years at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, Mrs. Coverlade (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the Lord Commandine), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, "My dear Dr. Pacifico, what have you done to offend Mrs. Trotter-Walker?"

"I know no person of that name," I said. "I knew Walker of the Post Office, and poor Trotter who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the Trotter-Walkers I haven't the honour of an acquaintance."

"Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour,"

Mrs. Coverlade said. "Mrs. Walker said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you."

"I think she might have waited until I asked her, Madam," I said. "What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!" I am sorry to say I said, "Confound Mrs. Walker's Tuesdays," and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon Mrs. Walker, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely —but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of Mrs. Trotter-Walker have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had Venus or Helen (the favourite beauty of Paris) been at the side of Mrs. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had Mrs. Walker murdered Mrs. Pacifico, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for slight? Never, Mrs. Trotter-Walker; never, by Nemesis, never!

And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that Mrs. General Trotter-Walker refused to receive Dr. S. Pacifico at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend Jack Raggett, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow

with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle —I assume that to be the reason; indeed, Mrs. Coverlade, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts of Europe, (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo,) which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German Princes, and Carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, Madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of Solomon Pacifico, M.D.!

And why? because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre, with Raggett and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow mortal. If I had been Mr. Pacifico, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would Mrs. Walker have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher-boots and the worn hat, and the homely companion of the individual, which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised Duke of Pacifico, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme,—

the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown,—a Haroun Alraschid, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common now-a-days. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever poohpoohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.

WHILST I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend Heavyside's grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable Augustus Toplady, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that Augustus and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for awhile those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but

you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a *very* pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

Toplady, then, on his chesnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your Mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

Top caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from Batty's, and that, at a crack of Widdicomb's whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party, on the grey cob—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) Toplady

turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said—"I say, old boy, it was the chesnut she was looking at, and not the *gway*." And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

"You silly young jackanapes," said I; "what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chesnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!" And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young Toplady, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. Augustus Toplady is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices; so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, middle-aged, easily-pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the school-room, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely

and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that Toplady about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances: he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted: breaks his heart, mends it, of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come; to go; to listen; to joke; to sympathise; to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles; to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies do not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man, who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege, ought

to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the Gorham side of the controversy, at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of Miss Sellon, thinks the Lord Chief Justice has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever Mr. Oriel is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. Sapphira, again, when she has said her say with regard to the Gorham affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you—so may Hazelia, who is working altar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

In possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a

young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet: but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was), but I *am* quiet: I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity,—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember ——, and ——, and —— (I dare not mention names, for isn't my Leonora pretending to read "the Initials," and peeping over my shoulder?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in all ball-rooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit), and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with John through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Amant* is interesting to me, because of *amavi*—of course it is Mrs. Pacifico I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves —if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss, Fogy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little Tommy, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young Billington and the lovely Blanche Pouter get together; and walked down stairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. Augustus Toplady now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before Billington was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over Billington, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the Lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him, I used to envelope myself in my dignity and treat his Lordship with such a tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject, except racing and shooting. Young men have this

uneasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Fogies are happy and tranquil, because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a-year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a-year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars: if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather a good dinner than a bad one; if so-and-so is as good as you and possess these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy clear-sighted Fogy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be "taken out of him," as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to "put yourself forward." You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else: that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend Mumford as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at Mr. Hobanob's, where his Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, Mumford did not open his mouth once for the

purposes of conversation, but sate and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence) as Toplady was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When Mumford is an honest Fogy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, nor his company, nor himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head and heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble, over head-and-heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please; and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition: not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world: therefore they are more honest and simple: therefore they are better bred than Growler, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon: or poor Fawner, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more Growlers than Fawners.

It will be seen by the above remark, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society, does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm

and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party: it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as nought—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently, is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogy.

CHILD'S PARTIES:

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.*

SIR,—As your publication (which an admirable critic in the *Quarterly Review* justly pronounces to be the wonder of the age) finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of Juvenile Parties, sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by Heavens! I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London.

If they would but transfer Innocents' Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore-throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As the first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable

* Addressed to *Mr. Punch.*

beard, and say, "You, sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at least, Mr. Leech should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness; he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turned-down collars and broad sashes, and produces in your *Almanack*, a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little Polly should insist upon appearing in the dress of *Ann Bullen*, or little Jacky upon turning out as an Ancient Briton."

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile *Fête* nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—over-eating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that Mr. Leech during Christmas time, at least; for by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many another parent will sympathise with me. My family, already

inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that Mrs. Spec * should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home, where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Garden; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connexion of ours, and *nearly related* to a B-r-n-t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B-lg-ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen inclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct, and corrected from Miss Fanny's, aged seven, who hopes in round hand, that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birth-day,—to that of the Governess of the B-r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror, and a Christmas Tree. Mrs. Spec, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings: I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

"Why," says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, "you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their

* A name sometimes assumed by the writer in his contributions to *Punch*.

pleasures!" She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read *Macaulay*, you must give up all and go.

And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little Jacky. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and Miss Maria is pretty, (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't,) and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like Gulliver in the hands of the Liliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, Gustavus, at home from Dr. Birch's Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots: and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman?

My second, Augustus, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to Gustavus's waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke, after many desperate attempts to wind it up.

As for the little fellow, Adolphus, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a Louis Quatorze hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, Monsieur Floridor must do that: and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence *par tête*, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous, that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for flys to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlinton and take up, &c., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated, that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry!* New Year, I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your constant reader,

SPEC.

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three Child's Parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had Dr. Lens's microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre; and of course Mrs. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sate in the

back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use: the fiddling and piano-forte playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses: when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition, think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, sir, to see that Mrs. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat.—Neatness as much as you please, but I should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses; I have seen my boys, Gustavus and Adolphus, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neckcloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their

fine clothes? The other day we met one of Gus's schoolfellows, Master Chaffers, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, "Why, Chaffers, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers." Why shouldn't there be? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained. Gus wet and spoiled his shiny boots, Dol got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the "Rising Generation" has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good: *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw Master Sultan at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing-room, egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. "Why don't you dance, Master Sultan?" says I. "My good sir," he answered, "just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance?" *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how Mrs. Mainchance seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable Eliza has warned her children—"My dears, I would rather you should dance with your Brown cousins than your Jones cousins," who are a little rough in their manners (the fact being, that our sister Maria Jones lives at Islington, while Fanny Brown is an Upper Baker Street lady);—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin Adeliza, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to

be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they were just fresh from heaven.

Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands, and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.*

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infanthood of Master Jacky, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing Miss Lily, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo, as Cupid comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the Duke of Wellington, as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the "o-o-o's" of

* On our friend's manuscript there is written, in a female handwriting, "Vulgar, immodest.—E. S."

the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the "Pull devil, pull baker," and the Doctor Syntax of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often during this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me: his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it: or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket-handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy articles may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, Master Swilby, at Miss Waters' say, that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans —anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put

up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax candles and *bonbons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we . . .

. . My dear sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. Mrs. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that Master and Miss Spec request the pleasure of Miss Brown, Miss F. Brown, and M. A. Brown's company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjuror in the back drawing-room, a magic lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room—"And, my dear, we can have whist in our bed-room," my wife says. "You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children."

SPEC.

THE CURATE'S WALK.

It was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14, Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Bellaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as "Lunt," "Padgemore," &c. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the

precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the Court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This —with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a porteress so small, that I wonder how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She bobbed a curtsey and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

"Mother not at home?" says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

"Mother's out charing, sir," replied the girl; "but please to walk up, sir." And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second floor front; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at St. Timothy's," Mr. Whitestock said; "and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home."

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half-a-dozen plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little Betsy who looks so small is nearly ten years old: and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it: and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly: sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman book-binder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened hap-hazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

"The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S.E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of Ratatatua, the Principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig," &c., &c., &c.

"Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago." I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in her Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtsey, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful,—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off "Raritongo," &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. "What will you do with it?" I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, "We'll give it to mother." This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says," "I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir."

'Melia: "Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread."

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner. "Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and—" here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'Melia actually interposed, "Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing a-piece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?" She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals, and the calculations, in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies, venturing over the great stormy ocean.

Following the steps of little Betsy with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with "Down Again!" written on it announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition—and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little

further on, in Lawfeldt Street, is Mr. Filch's fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half hour, and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horse-shoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass Mr. Filch's shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. "Spec, you rogue," I say, "suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent, with a ruby head into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize-riding-whip, which has a head the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race-horse; and what a sensation you would create, if you took that large ram's horn with the Cairngorum top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round!" A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing. What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of Mr. Filch's shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from Filch's, let out to their owner by Mr. Filch for the day, and in charge of the grave looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies' maids innumerable have audiences of Mr. Filch in his back parlour. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of Lady Fitzball's head-dress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from Filch's, and come back to his iron box as soon as the drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that Lady Prigsby brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and

desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when Filch respectfully pointed out to her ladyship, that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, Mr. Tubal, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where Mr. Tubal's young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-shop handy to all pawnbrokers.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trousers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to and fro: a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to "cut away home," and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin-shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to "try our celebrated Cream of the Valley," as the bill in red letters bids him.

"I waited in this court the other day," Whitestock said, "just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by." And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufactor, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which —and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making woman's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shrivelled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes —a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not a church-goer. He is a man of "advanced" opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches-and-four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got Mr. Crispin a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtiest of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. "He failed for seven thousand pounds," the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary back-ground; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on their faces, and honest Whitestock seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again, Frank Whitestock trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's

oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. "He's give her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

Out of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched Whitestock among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy, I had by heart the Barmecide's feast in the *Arabian Nights;* and the culinary passages in Scott's novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled: and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November, for the *menu* of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to

read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with "four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;" and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. "Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love," I have often said to Mrs. Spec, "in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of Vitellius he would have bathed in it!"

"He would have been a nasty wretch," Mrs. Spec said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the Chubb door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. Gog and Magog in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up to that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, Pillkington is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and a Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in Pillkington's Brougham to the place of *mangezvous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. Major Bangles, Captain Canterbury, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance, were taking

their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, "Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great."

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching citywards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold-lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without, careered by the Doctor's Brougham-horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. General Sir Roger Bluff, K.C.B., and Colonel Tucker, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold-lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the city, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a doodheen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but Pillkington hurried me, as the policeman did our little Brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

"Who is the general?" says I, as the old warrior, disentangling

himself from his scimetar, entered the outer hall. Is it the Marquess of Anglesea, or the Rajah of Sarawak?"

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. "That! Pooh," says Pillkington; "that is Mr. Champignon, M.P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia." There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least; whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a minister once.

I was conducted up-stairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of George IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of George IV. A fellow, with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented Mr. Cooper wore preparatory to execution in the last act of *George Barnwell*, bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. "If my Eliza could hear that gentleman," thought I, "roaring out the name of 'Mr. Spec!' in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!" It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. "His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!" the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. "Mr. Hoggin! The Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres! Mr. Snog! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodle! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieut.-Gen. Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!" with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished *guests* as they arrived. He, too, was in a court-dress, with a sword *and bag*. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in

arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble Lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, "Who is that?" Oh, Eliza, Eliza! How I wish you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshech, and little Jack Oldboy (whom I recollect in the part of *Count Almaviva* any times these forty years), sang *Non nobis, Domine.*

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers—among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death, I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that.

The glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my Lord Mayor, and surveyed him, as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other big-wigs rallied round him as their centre, and, being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape nd

Sealing-Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the Lord Mayor, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home, singing a *Nunc Dimittis*. Don Geronimo de Mulligan y Guayaba, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo, (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with Alderman Codshead, that celebrated Statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid court-dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gasped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend Mrs. Perkins's ball, I recollect Liversage at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had *been put* into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Com-

pany, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticketed off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of by-gone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table, glittering with plate, epergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blanc-mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery over-head blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang "*Non Nobis*" at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender, indeed, who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of callipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place

at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

"There are two hundred quarts of peas," said the old fellow, winking with blood-shot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined: or with the Venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold Baron of Beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it was round this we were to rally—on this centre table, six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which Walworth plunged in Jack Cade's ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that Jack Cade was hurt by the dig of the jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want now-a-days. They served as a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a rose-water dish, into which Pepys might have dipped his napkin. Pepys?—what do I say? Richard III., Cœur-de-Lion, Guy of Warwick, Gog and Magog. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. "Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?"—Gobble, gobble. "Hice Punch or My deary, Sir?" "Smelts or salmon, *Jowler*, My boy?" "Always take cold beef after turtle."—

Hobble, gobble. "These year peas have no taste." Hobble, gobbleobble. "Jones, a glass of 'Ock with you? Smith, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S.! mind your manners. There's Mrs. S. a-looking at you from the gallery."—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

* * * * * *

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. "Why, in the name of goodness," says I, turning round to Pillkington, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; "Why—"

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out "*Non Nobis*," and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.

On the hammer having ceased its tapping, Mr. Chisel, the immortal toast-maker, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, "*Non nobis;*" and what is called "the business of the evening," commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows-Menders proposed "Her Majesty" in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, Chisel yelling out to us to "Charge our glasses." The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the poem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for George III., clapped for George IV., rapped for William IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," followed, Chisel yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race: as if drinking healths could do anybody any good; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidence of Mr. Chisel.

The Queen Dowager's health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with Chisel as his Boanerges of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before mentioned, began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the "Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars; whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. O, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles!" or words to that effect, which Shadrach took up and warbled across his glass to Meshech, which Meshech trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant; not Oldboy—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not Chisel, who was urging us and the Chairman on—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making *believe to* drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name

welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

"Why," says I to Pillkington, "the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off Chisel's head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with Her Majesty, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany?" Chisel bellowed out another toast—"The Army;" and we were silent in admiration, while Sir George Bluff, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct connonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that "this was the proudest —a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious Duke of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows-Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. Napoleon—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows-Menders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah." Immense cheers, yells, hurrays, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by Chisel, began a military cantata—"O the sword and shield—On the battle-field —Are the joys that best we love boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove boys—Where the bold hurray, strikes dread dismay, in the

ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion." (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows-Menders' Company. (*Immense applause.*) Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, *Afflavet veritas et dissipati sunt.* (*Enormous applause.*) Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

Shadrach, Meshech and Oldboy, at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing, "O the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray," &c., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other ministry, but which were, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the distinguished foreigners present, especially Mr. Washington Jackson, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for *his education* as a printer in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He declared

that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakspeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the dealings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers, were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned, and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

Pillkington and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to put, when grace was called, and the last chapter ended. "And, gracious goodness!" I said, "what can be the meaning of a ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so savoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?"

"Spec," the Doctor said, "you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much." And we went to his Brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

WAITING AT THE STATION.

We are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patriæ fines* and the pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves, or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any *other return* for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons. We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks; (and, world-wiseacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic,—no neat, trim, little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and care-worn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers

that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, "O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,"—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, "Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever" (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sun-burnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures: or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ancles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say, (*your* necessaries of life,) and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That however is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, "to keep up your rank in society"—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences in rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once, you don't think Molly is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school, she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly

modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself wofully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two)—from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor "to know their station?" that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen, that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension), she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. And so she should; what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still

acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, "Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you? There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!"

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea? No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the

backs of our houses; until some poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful "*Song of the Shirt;*" some prophet like Carlyle rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of these kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them!

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

I.

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last Midsummer holidays with my young friend Augustus Jones, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two Miss Twiggs, the charming daughters of the Rev. Mr. Twigg, our neighbour; Miss Minny Twigg, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, Mrs. Captain Flather, as the chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and Mr. Jones.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and Master Augustus at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring-grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by Thomas, Mrs. Flather's page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, Master Jones was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half-an-hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping *that we shouldn't* be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did—(it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in Botibol's best manner (our *chef* at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *réchauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young Jones. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour of six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nut-crackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of Mrs. Jones, his Mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may, perhaps, have crossed my mind. "If I could get him to drink half-a-dozen glasses of that heavy Port, it might soothe him and make him sleep," I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. "We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!" and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club-servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young Jones did not want to hear him speak, but cried out,—"Hooray, here they are!" flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, "Come along, Mr. Spec!" whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. "Happy Augustus!" I mentally exclaimed. "O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-down collar, that *Columbine*, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of Port as now at the pleasant age of thirteen."—[By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy, now-a-days, that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.] Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where Thomas, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old General Growler, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost: the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and Master Augustus already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. Mrs. Captain Flather, of course, occupied the place of honour—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the

front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding Mrs. Captain F., and that the two darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two Miss Twiggs.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion: Mrs. Flather in her red velvet of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed? I should think we *were;* but O Emily, O Louisa, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the play-house in no time: and Augustus plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.

II.

We took possession of the private box assigned to us: and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honour—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's satin garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed I have no doubt, that had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have

boxed Master Augustus's ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. O Miss Emily! O Miss Lousia! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposite side of the house Mrs. Cutbush, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronising manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family had a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes, the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones's feet speedily finished it; Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the Cutbushes—not they, indeed; and of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend

Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. "By Jove, there's Smith!" he cried, out as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, "By Jove, old fellow, ain't it good? I say, Smith, isn't it *prime*, old boy?" He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? Ah, my brave little boy, I thought, in my heart; twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and have forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognise the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English Life. Frank Nightrake (*Stupor*) and his friend Bob Fitzoffley, appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors

before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy is the representation of nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion :—

Bob Fitzoffley (*enters whistling*). The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post*, like a dowager of sixty? Slang! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) what has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the Honourable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (*laying down the paper*). Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the Burgundy at the club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, oh, to such a creature!

Frank. A Venus, of course.

Slang. With the presence of Juno.

Bob. And the modesty of Minerva.

Frank. And the coldness of Diana.

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be Endymion, the night-rake of old: and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not

help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say "thou," and "prythee," and "go to," and talk about Heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how, when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers: while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney: and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (Fitzoffley, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods! if I wished before that comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like comedies! Whereon the drop fell; and Augustus, clapping-to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—"Hurray! now for the Pantomime."

III.

The composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, *Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose*, arrayed in a bran-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar

turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, "Hang it, I wish the Pantomime would begin:" but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns and Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes "*Old Dan Tucker*" wandering into the "*Groves of Blarney;*" our friends the "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*" march rapidly down "*Wapping Old Stairs,*" from which the "*Figlia del Reggimento*" comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by "*Billy Taylor,*" that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like *Harlequin and the Golden Orange Tree,* which you recollect in your youth; something like *Fortunio,* that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realised the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance: a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still: just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tingle, and the curtain to rise, and the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus?

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realised. O you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks

more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

* * * * *

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son; *Prince Aquiline*, unluckily gave the liver-wing of the fowl which he was carving, to the Prince's godmother, the *Fairy Bandanna*, while be put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the *Enchanter Gorgibus*, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the *Princess Rosolia*, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged *Gorgibus* rose from table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of *King Beak's* Chamberlain, and wished that *Prince Aquiline's* nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the House of *Beak*, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant-porters *Gor* and *Gogstay*, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring *King Beak* in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the *Prince Aquiline* blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the King's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head, and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burthen to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miser-

able trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a 'kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad,) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed,) came out, and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the *Princess Rosolia*, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. "I wish he would snub me!" exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. "Even with his nose," the faithful Princess cried, "I love him more than all the world beside!"

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant *King Gorgibus*, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battle-axes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimetar, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the *Fairy Bandanna* (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. *King Gorgibus* became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had

been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimitar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying, "How are you?" went and knocked down Pantaloon.

IV.

On the conclusion of the pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for Mrs. Flather's carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that Mrs. Flather ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

Master Jones, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-hollands, (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast, black, lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—Master Jones, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard Augustus proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of

the performance made excursions to the cake-room of the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young Grigg (brother of Grigg of the Life Guards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off "chaffing" me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. "I know *you*, Mr. Grigg," said he; you're a gentleman, *you* are:" and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two Theatres, to the Casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Slogger's, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from head-quarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at Rummer's, in Conduit Street, besides his Chambers at the Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg, of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. "Tom applies too much," her ladyship says. "His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod."

"I'm going to begin the evening," said this ingenuous young fellow; "I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, Weippert's hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see Brooke in *Othello*, and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, Spec, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the Sherry-Cobbler-Stall,

or the Cave of Harmony? There's some prime glee-singing there."

"What! is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?" I asked. "I have not been there these twenty years." And memory carried me back to the days when Lightsides, of Corpus, myself, and little Oaks, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four, at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the Bedford, blubbered over *Black-eyed Susan* at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. Spurgin, and Hawker, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and Bardolph, of Brazennose. Lord, lord, what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! Hawker levanted, and Spurgin is dead these ten years; little Oaks is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; Lightsides, a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and walks another way when we meet; and your humble servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial youug boys—and Lightsides, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with mother of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for "First and Second Turn-out," as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the inn-door at Ware.

"And so the Cave of Harmony is open," I said, looking at little Grigg with a sad and tender interest and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

"*I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!*" said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

"Does Bivins keep it?" I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

"Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if Mrs. Siddons acted *Lady Macbeth* to-night, and if Queen Anne's dead or not. I tell you what, Spec, my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—fogy, sir, a positive old fogy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that Bivins has

left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see: I know the landlord—I'll introduce you to him."

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so Grigg and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. Grigg knew everybody; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture; nodded to the singers; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, Grigg, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scalloped 'tators, or a poached rabbit, for supper?

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows from the country, with whiskey noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days: otherwise, all was of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the President of the meeting (Bivins no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens! sat Bardolph, of Brazennose, only a little more purple, and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago

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V.

"Look at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite," said my friend, Mr. Grigg. "That chap is here every night. They call him Lord Farintosh. He has five glasses of whiskey-and-water every night—seventeen hundred and twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. James the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner." Indeed, James the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw Mr. Bardolph's glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brazennose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trowsers, ornamented with what they called "tucks" in front. He wore a ring, leaving the little finger, on which he wore the jewel, out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then; and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out "Under boy!" we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

"Pick up my hockey-stick," he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on! He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good, to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year Pogram was gold medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the Head-Master, the Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the Doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on "The Recollections of Childhood," and the last lines were,—

> "Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
> Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit."

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by-the-by it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years, as "Pogram's year," "Tokely's year," &c.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whiskey-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired, professional gentleman with a fluty voice and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows:—

"WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN."

"When the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

[*Down goes half of* Mr. Bardolph's *No.* 3 *Whiskey during this refrain.*]

"I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen,
Yes, I met my, &c.

[*Another gulp and almost total disappearance of Whiskey-go, No.* 3.]

"Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
In the gloaming of the glen!"

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptom of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to Charles *Bivins, Esq*uire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a pic-

ture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half-a crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing "*The Red Flag*," which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

"THE RED FLAG."

"Where the quivering lightning flings
His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
Wilt follow him, lady mine?
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny brine.

"Amidst the storm and rack,
You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
Glides through the waving grass;
As the vulture swift and dark,
Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
Swoop down upon his prize.
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny prize.

"Over her sides we dash,
We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
On the merchant-captain's neck—
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
And we leave a ship in flames!
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny flames!"

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from everybody except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whiskey.

VI.

When the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table with the other professional gents, this young gentleman was in no wise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I daresay every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible, grey countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless, that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a-courting Molly, and "feayther," and "kyows," and "peegs," and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grinsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a parliamentary *train*. I was glad they did'nt have the song over again. When

it was done, Mr. Grinsby put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O, Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralise over you; though you sing a foolish, witless song, you poor, young, melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dulness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads, with an idiotic grin on his face, and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that song, would be to have too low an opinion of human nature: to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon him deservedly —would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet, orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted, sad air he joins in the chorus of Mr. Snape's second song, "The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll," and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

"I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the city who follow a similar profession to Grinsby's. What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or hen-pecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow.

Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, Horsely Collard; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were 'Burton's Anatomy' for the quotations, three of which he let off that night; 'Spence's Literary Anecdotes,' of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; 'Baker's Chronicle;' the last new Novel, and a book of Metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his common-place book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby." Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

"When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than the poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

"When Sergeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes, at half-a-pint-of-whiskey fee?

"When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears, and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go *through* the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what

are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?"

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bardolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

"Deuced queer place this, hey?" said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. "I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln's Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shop-boys and attorneys' clerks; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of 'em, by Jove—if I didn't address him first, by Jove! I don't suppose there's a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book. You heard that donkey singing about 'Leonorar' and 'before her?' How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey? A parcel of ignoramuses! but, hang it, sir, they *do* know a gentleman!" And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man that does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek Iambics, or turn a police report into the language of Tacitus or Herodotus; but it is difficult to see what accomplishment beyond this the boozy old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whiskey at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over the *Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h's in the wrong place, and spits

at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars; that tallow-faced young comic singer; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days), are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men, than that whiskeyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop: but we didn't; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.*

July, 1840.

X——, who had voted with Mr. Ewart for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see Courvoisier killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the "six hundred noblemen and gentlemen" who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three at in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in

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succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two the daylight came peeping grey through the window-shutters; and by the time that X —— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club, along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the course of half-a-dozen dark, wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey); but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now? has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The gaoler says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he can hold out no longer, and is very weary. "Wake me at four," says he, "for I have still much to put down." From eleven to twelve the gaoler hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed, and asks, "Is it the time?" He has plenty more time yet for sleep; and he sleeps, and the bell goes on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive; and the light coming

through the cell-window turns the gaoler's candle pale. Four hours more! "Courvoisier," says the gaoler, shaking him, "it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you as you told me; but there's no call for you *to get up yet.*" The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth, and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast "from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter." He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother —the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with "*Ce 6 Juillet*, 1840. *François Benjamin Courvoisier vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir.*" He has a token for his dear friend the gaoler; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon every body who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

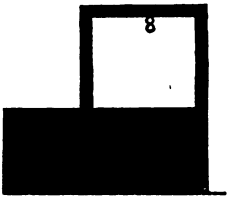
While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *déjeuné* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. "Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out? It clears the brains famously." Thus primed, the party *sets out.* The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and

wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw! who is for a cigar? X—— does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings in his carriage. Z—— who smokes, mounts, however, the box. "Drive to Snow Hill," says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *residenz* or an English provincial town. The gin-shop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's: by this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate Prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is



There it stands black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect that the gallows produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the new comers asking those who seemed *habitués* of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble marquess's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength has won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hates them, as children the schoolmaster.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the house to see more of this same people and to appreciate them better. Honourable members are battling

and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-pooh-ing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining "great Conservative triumphs," or "signal successes of the Reform cause," as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too. I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two "great" parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the *Globe* and the *Chronicle?* or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the *Post* and the *Times?* Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow humbug, absurd claptraps; a silly mummery of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But, lo! in the meantime, whilst you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, *Populus*, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton; and never read Horace in his life: but he can think just as soundly as the

best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country as good as he,—ten million, for whom, we in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the world. You establish half-a-dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you for ever: half-a-dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest: and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place, or privilege, at all. Honourable sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty: how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang? you are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of Whig or Tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours; and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast minority, now a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of Reform, until ——

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What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade

—*à propos*, of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to another? A great number of coarse phrases are used, that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near: there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us, a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party, which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as the *Court Journal* or the *Morning Post*. Presently

he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady ——, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *prolétaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the Queen's coronation; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob, without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense, and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out and endeavoured with might and main, to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd, and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerably; when one fellow slipped away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's and saw clown come in with a foolscap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his school-fellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh

so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side-door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying much for city feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen, than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evidently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there was something good about the girl; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her, were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty

Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! What figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gessner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterising the whole; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters (and, to say nothing of decency or morality), pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate Street—see, the Sheriffs' carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon? Close to the barriers where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very carful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with mustachios and cigars; some quiet, fat, family parties, of simple, honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd; one of his companions, a tall, burly man with large mustachios, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water. Honest gentleman! high-bred aristocrat! genuine lover of humour and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the tread-mill, thee and thy Mohawk crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a

trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, "So and so is a lord, and they'll let him off," and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a lord mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions? most of them had, the philosopher especially; whether the sight of them did any good? "For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it after a bit." A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S——, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to the sentence, and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd, in the proper orthodox way, saying, "Here is the head of a traitor!" At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, "*Ah, Butter-fingers!*"—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke —Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed,

upon the august nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang and passed away; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter: he's in the press-room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense), chronicled the time, eight minutes, five minutes; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong! —the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

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Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him has gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, *bizarre*, and indescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horridly. I don't know whether it was the bell I heard; but a dreadful, quick, feverish kind of jangling noise, mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. "He has been respited," some one said; another said, "He has killed himself in prison."

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale, quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall grave man: we all knew who the second man was. "*That's he—that's he!*" you heard the people say, as the devoted man *came up.*

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild, imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a night-cap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched, guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine "We" altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for "I" is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both houses of parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's

rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race,—government, a Christian government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God, "I am the resurrection and the life," "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,"—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is the *Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of the *Morning Herald*. "Courvoisier is dead," says the *Observer!* he "died as he had lived—a villain; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead." What a magnanimous *Observer!* From this, *Observer* turns to the *Herald*, and says, "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*" So much for the *Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the *Observer* possibly is,—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum;* or, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico;* or, *Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via;* or, *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros;* all of which pithy Roman apophthegms would apply just as well.

"*Peace* be to his ashes. He died a villain." This is both

benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The *Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before him who died for us all?—for all, be it remembered,—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner,—but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him, body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap specially prays, that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first, his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement, the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days,—then, "how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work,"—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned,—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument),—when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural*. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be

killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, it is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the Highest Authority), why, because you lose your eye is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done*. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years: one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, "We've koom to see the mon hanged!" Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse *our land of* blood.

NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS.

NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS.*

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

By Sir E. L. B. L., Bart.

In the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile; his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark, dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the dædal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young! He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die, too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worships pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Ilissus, or crown the emerald-islets of the amethyst Ægean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice. Other blood is shed at thy altars, Remorseless One, and the Poet Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While Love hath no end, Can the Bard ever cease singing? In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that the Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice as well as the Monarch. The people To-Day is King, and we

* Originally published in *Punch*, under the title of "Punch's Prize Novelists."

chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that arms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist? the colours of his palette? the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale—not of Kings—but of Men—not of Thrones, but of Love, and Grief, and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the strings.

E. L. B. L.

NOONDAY IN CHEPE.

'Twas noonday in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River City! —its banks well nigh overflowing with the myriad-waved Stream of Man! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts; the gilded equipage of the Millionary; the humbler, but yet larger vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat; the mercenary caroche, with its private freight; the brisk curricle of the letter-carrier, robed in royal scarlet; these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's broidered hammer-cloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods of ribald satire. The pavid matron within the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled; the angry Dives hastening to his office (to add another thousand to his heap), thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of objurgation which his very Menials could not equal; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked *on, melancholy* and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The ware-rooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser: the glittering panes behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver, induced rustics to pause: although only noon, the savory odours of the Cook Shops tempted the over hungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the fragrant potage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis!* I am an Alderman when I think of thee! Well: it was noon in Chepe.

But were all battling for gain there? Among the many brilliant shops whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a negro, with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon pyramid of swarthy sugar marked "ONLY 6½*d.*"—That catty box, on which was the epigraph "STRONG FAMILY CONGO ONLY 3*s.* 9*d.*," was from the country of Confutzee—that heap of dark produce bore the legend "TRY OUR REAL NUT"—'Twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose milk has refreshed the traveller and perplexed the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sat one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. O Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! O fresh and roseate dawn of life; when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sate the boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe; he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe; he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures; he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter; but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping

on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the Boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

"Ahem! sir! I say, young man!" the customer exclaimed.

"*Tŏn d'apameibomenos prosephe,*" read on the Student, his voice choked with emotion. "What language!" he said: "How rich, how noble, how sonorous! *prosephe podas*—"

The customer burst out into a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round, and blushing, for the first time remarked her. "A pretty Grocer's boy you are," she cried, "with your applepiebomenos and your French and lingo. Am I to be kept waiting for hever?"

"Pardon, fair Maiden," said he, with high-bred courtesy; "'Twas not French I read, 'twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?" and to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shop Boy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

"I might have prigged this box of figs," the damsel said good-naturedly, "and you'd never have turned round."

"They came from the country of Hector," the boy said. "Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Ægean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they're fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would ye mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do: but sell as low as any other house."

"You're precious young to have all these good things," the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. "If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long."

"Time was," answered the lad, "and not long since I thought so, too. I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now in sooth I am aweary of them."

"I think you gentlemen are always so," the coquette said.

"Nay, say not so, fair stranger!" the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. "Figs *pall; but* O! the Beautiful never does. Figs rot; but O! the

Truthful is eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?"

"I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust," the girl said, with a faltering voice; "but O, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Syren! what was the witchery of thine own? He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and, with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes, she left him. She passed slowly through the portal, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And George de Barnwell was alone.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.—VOL. II.

We have selected the following episodical chapter in preference to anything relating to the mere story of George Barnwell, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of Vol. ii.) the tale is briefly thus:—

The rogue of a Millwood has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar, or some nutmeg, or some figs, half-a-dozen times in the week.

She and George de Barnwell have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon George. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, &c., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact like Devereux, or P. Clifford, or E. Aram, Esquires.

Inspired by Millwood & Love, George robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between Queen Anne and George II.—dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, pinks Colonel Charteris in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the Chevalier St. George, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheapside.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble Barnwells came. George's cousin Annabel is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance: and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the "Last of the Barons," or in "Eugene Aram," or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and Beautiful, are united.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUTTON'S IN PALL MALL.

THOSE who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Omphalos of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dulness, are called Clubs no doubt; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way; those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch*, by way of wit; the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lackered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter? The Brougham

from which thou descendest at the portal of the Carlton or the Travellers', is like every body else's; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's; thy hat was made on the very block on which Lord Addlepate's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure; you fancy yourselves men of fashion; you fancy yourselves men of taste; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you; it is there you get your jokes and your thoughts, and your facts and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards. Stupid slaves of the press, on that ground which you at present occupy, there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion, some five-and-twenty lustres ago.

We are at Button's—the well-known sign of the Turk's Head. The crowd of perriwigged heads at the windows—the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners),—the throng of embroidered beaux entering or departing, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvillio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping chocolate at one of the tables, in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-gray is reading the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue and a shovel hat and cassock, is talking freely with a gentleman, whose star and riband, as well as the unmistakeable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaims him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy and scrofulous, the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at Timothy, the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin (then newly invented), at the desire of some of the revellers within.

"I would, Sam," said the wild youth to his companion, "that I had some of my mother Macclesfield's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux."

"To vaunt a knowledge of the stoical philosophy," said the youth addressed as Sam, "might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance: and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, Dick, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire to-day would little benefit us to-morrow. Poor and hungry as we are, are we less happy, Dick, than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?"

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the Parthenon Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring cook's shop. Their names were Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage.

Meanwhile the conversation at Button's was fast and brilliant. "By Wood's thirteens, and the divvle go wid 'em," cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, "is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, Sir Richard, when you ought to be in seebles?"

"Who's dead, Dean?" said the nobleman, the dean's companion.

"Faix, mee Lard Bolingbroke, as sure as mee name's Jonathan Swift—and I'm not so sure of that neither, for who knows his father's name?—there's been a mighty cruel murther committed entirely. A child of Dick Steele's has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it's Joe Addison yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, Joe, ye thief of the world."

"I!" said the amazed and Right Honourable Joseph Addison; "I kill Dick's child! I was godfather to the last."

"And promised a cup and never sent it," Dick ejaculated. Joseph looked grave.

"The child I mean is Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight and Baronet. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at Church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are *wild;* and Lintot says not a third of the copies of the *Spectator*

are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman." And the Dean of St. Patrick's pulled out the *Spectator* newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding Sir Roger's death. "I bought it but now in 'Wellington Street,' he said; the newsboys were howling all down the Strand."

"What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful," said a gentleman leaning against the same fire-place with the deformed cavalier in iron-gray, and addressing that individual, who was in fact Mr. Alexander Pope, "what a marvellous gift is this, and royal privilege of Art! To make the ideal more credible than the Actual: to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation: to invest with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance,—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright; and I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from Homer's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of Belinda's lovely locks (Mr. Pope blushed and bowed, highly delighted)—"these, I say, sir, are the privileges of the Poet—the Poietes—the Maker—he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life, as Orpheus feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Nought, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! Jemmy, another flask of Nantz."

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and with a graceful salute to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

"Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats Joe Addison, himself, in drinking, and pious Joe is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms," Dick Steele said, good-naturedly.

"His paper in the *Spectator* beats thy best, Dick, thou sluggard," the Right Honourable Mr. Addison exclaimed. "He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit."

"The rascal foiled me at capping verses," Dean Swift said, "and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!"

"He has suggested an emendation in my 'Homer,' which proves him a delicate scholar," Mr. Pope exclaimed.

"He knows more of the French king than any man I have met with; and we must have an eye upon him," said Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime who was he? where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his splendid court-suit was doffed for the citizen's gaberdine and grocer's humble apron.

George de Barnwell was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the feet of Martha Millwood.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.—VOL. III.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

"*Quid me mollibus implicas lacertis*, my Ellinor? Nay," George added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, "why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be other things in Life, in Nature, in this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? what is the Ideal but the Beautiful? what the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like Him who wanders by the *thina poluphloisboio thalasses*, and shrinks awe-struck before that Azure Mystery."

Emily's eyes filled with fresh-gushing dew. "Speak on, speak ever thus, my George," she exclaimed. Barnwell's chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

"You weep, my Snoggin," the Boy said; "and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? *Hath Pleasure* no after-Weariness? Ambition no Deception;

Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? Did Brutus shirk the sword when his great stake was lost? Did even weak Cleopatra shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? and why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent; I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," Snoggin interposed, "they're not to be ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little hoil for your air."

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. "My guardian understands me not, pretty one—and thou? what sayst thou? from those dear lips methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententiæ*—I kiss away thy tears, dove!—they will flow apace when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor George Barnwell. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart for all the world said—"

"That, that he had," cried the gaoler and the girl in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! you unconvicted Convict—you, murderer, though haply you have slain no one—you, Felon, *in posse* if not *in esse*—deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine!

* * * * *

In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of

the gaol, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

"And wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow," the Boy resumed, "for ridding the world of a sordid worm; * of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. 'Dog,' I said to the trembling slave, 'tell me where thy Gold is. *Thou* hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest; in aiding Science, which thou knowest not; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free.' But he spake not, and I slew him."

"I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated," said the admirable chaplain, "for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world's condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to reorganise Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong,"

"A rabble of pigmies scaling Heaven," said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. "Prometheus was a Giant, and he fell."

"Yes, indeed, my brave youth!" the benevolent Dr. Fuzwig exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner's marble and manacled hand; "and the Tragedy of To-morrow will teach the World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable

* This is a gross plagiarism: the above sentiment is expressed much more eloquently in the ingenious romance of *Eugene Aram*:—"The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay: these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God. * * * * I have destroyed a man noxious to the world! with the wealth by which he *afflicted society*, I have been the means of blessing many."

Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and the Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise."

"Look! here is supper!" cried Barnwell gaily. "This is the Real, Doctor; let us respect it and fall to." He partook of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.

PHIL. FOGARTY.

A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLLICKER.

I.

THE gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embrasure, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delancy, Jerry Blake, the Doctor, and myself, sate down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbril. Though Cambacères had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holsters; and in the havresack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis, we found a loaf of bread, his three days' ration. Instead of salt, we had gunpowder; and you may be sure, wherever the Doctor was, a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument-case. We sate down and made a soldier's supper. The Doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Leger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in Jack Delamere's helmet.

"Faith, it never had so much wit in it before," said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening.

"*Buvez en*," said old Sawbones to our French prisoner; "*ça vous fera du bien, mon vieux coq!*" and the Colonel, whose wound

had been just dressed, eagerly grasped at the proffered cup, and drained it with a health to the donors.

How strange are the chances of war! But half-an-hour before he and I were engaged in mortal combat, and our prisoner was all but my conqueror. Grappling with Cambacères, whom I knocked from his horse, and was about to dispatch, I felt a lunge behind, which luckily was parried by my sabretache; a herculean grasp was at the next instant at my throat—I was on the ground—my prisoner had escaped, and a gigantic warrior in the uniform of a colonel of the regiment of Artois glaring over me with pointed sword.

"*Rends toi, coquin!*" said he.

"*Allez au Diable,*" said I, "a Fogarty never surrenders."

I thought of my poor mother and my sisters, at the old house in Killaloo—I felt the tip of his blade between my teeth—I breathed a prayer, and shut my eyes—when the tables were turned—the butt-end of Lanty Clancy's musket knocked the sword up and broke the arm that held it.

"*Thonamoundiaoul nabochlish,*" said the French officer, with a curse in the purest Irish. It was lucky I stopped laughing time enough to bid Lanty hold his hand, for the honest fellow would else have brained my gallant adversary. We were the better friends for our combat, as what gallant hearts are not?

The breach was to be stormed at sunset, and like true soldiers we sate down to make the most of our time. The rogue of a Doctor took the liver-wing for his share—we gave the other to our guest, a prisoner; those scoundrels Tom Delamere and Jack Delancy took the legs—and, faith, poor I was put off with the Pope's nose and a bit of the back.

"How d'ye like his Holiness's *fayture?*" said Jerry Blake.

"Anyhow you'll have a *merry thought,*" cried the incorrigible Doctor, and all the party shrieked at the witticism.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" said Jack, holding up the drumstick clean.

"Faith, there's not enough of it to make us *chicken-hearted,* anyhow," said I; "come, boys, let's have a song."

"Here goes," said Tom Delancy, and sung the following lyric, *of his own* composition:—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot,
As e'er drew a spiggot, or drain'd a full pot—
In drinking, all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

"One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier;'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan."

"Psha!" said the Doctor, "I've heard that song before; here's a new one for you, boys!" and Sawbones began, in a rich Corkagian voice—

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
O, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

"'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

"O, many a night, at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl."

I observed the French Colonel's eye glisten, as he heard these well-known accents of his country; but we were too well-bred to pretend to remark his emotion.

The sun was setting behind the mountains as our songs were finished, and each began to look out with some anxiety for the preconcerted signal, the rocket from Sir Hussey Vivian's quarters, which was to announce the recommencement of hostilities. It came just as the moon rose in her silver splendour, and ere the rocket-stick fell quivering to the earth at the feet of General Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, who were at their posts at the head of the storming parties, nine hundred-and-ninety-nine guns in position opened their fire from our batteries, which were answered by a tremendous cannonade from the fort.

"Who's going to dance?" said the Doctor, "the ball's begun. Ha! there goes poor Jack Delamere's head off! The ball chose a soft one, any how. Come here, Tim, till I mend your leg. Your wife has need only knit half as many stockings next year, Doolan, my boy. Faix! there goes a big one had well nigh stopped my talking; bedad! it has snuffed the feather off my cocked hat!"

In this way, with eighty-four pounders roaring over us like hail, the undaunted little Doctor pursued his jokes and his duty. That he had a feeling heart, all who served with him knew, and none more so than Philip Fogarty, the humble writer of this tale of war.

Our embrasure was luckily bomb-proof, and the detachment of the Onety-oneth under my orders, suffered comparatively little. "Be cool, boys," I said; "it will be hot enough work for you ere long." The honest fellows answered with an Irish cheer. I saw that it affected our prisoner.

"Countryman," said I, "I know you; but an Irishman was never a traitor."

"*Taisez-vous!*" said he, putting his finger to his lip. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre:* if ever you come to Paris, ask for the Marquis d'O'Mahony, and I may render you the hospitality which your tyrannous laws prevent me from exercising in the ancestral halls of my own race."

I shook him warmly by the hand as a tear bedimmed his eye. It was, then, the celebrated colonel of the Irish Brigade, created a Marquis by Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz!

"Marquis," said I, "the country which disowns you is proud *of you; but*—ha! here, if I mistake not, comes our signal to

advance." And in fact Captain Vandeleur, riding up through the shower of shot, asked for the commander of the detachment, and bade me hold myself in readiness to move as soon as the flank companies of the Ninety-ninth, and Sixty-sixth, and the Grenadier Brigade of the German Legion began to advance up the echelon. The devoted band soon arrived; Jack Bowser heading the Ninety-ninth, (when was he away and a storming party to the fore?), and the gallant Potztausend with his Hanoverian veterans.

The second rocket flew up.

"Forward, Onety-oneth!" cried I, in a voice of thunder. "Killaloo boys, follow your captain!" and with a shrill hurray, that sounded above the tremendous fire from the fort, we sprung up the steep; Bowser with the brave Ninety-ninth, and the bold Potztausend, keeping well up with us. We passed the demilune, we passed the culverin, bayonetting the artillery-men at their guns; we advanced across the two tremendous demilunes which flank the counter-scarp, and prepared for the final spring upon the citadel. Soult I could see quite pale on the wall; and the scoundrel Cambacères, who had been so nearly my prisoner that day, trembled as he cheered his men. "On boys, on!" I hoarsely exclaimed. "Hurroo," said the fighting Onety-oneth.

But there was a movement among the enemy. An officer, glittering with orders, and another in a gray coat and a cocked hat, came to the wall, and I recognised the Emperor Napoleon and the famous Joachim Murat.

"We are hardly pressed, methinks," Napoleon said sternly. "I must exercise my old trade as an artillery-man;" and Murat loaded, and the Emperor pointed the only hundred and twenty-four pounder that had not been silenced by our fire.

"Hurray, Killaloo boys!" shouted I. The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.

II.

"Hush!" said a voice, which I recognised to be that of the Marquis d' O'Mahony. "Heaven be praised, reason has returned to you. For six weeks those are the only sane words I have heard from you."

"Faix, and 'tis thrue for you, Colonel dear," cried another voice, with which I was even more familiar; 'twas that of my honest and gallant Lanty Clancy, who was blubbering at my bedside overjoyed at his master's recovery.

"O musha! Masther Phil. Agrah! but this will be the great day intirely, when I send off the news, which I would, barrin' I can't write, to the lady, your mother, and your sisters at Castle Fogarty; and 'tis his Riv'rence Father Luke will jump for joy thin, when he reads the letthur! Six weeks ravin' and roarin' as bould as a lion, and as mad as Mick Malony's pig, that mistuck Mick's wig for a cabbage, and died of atin' it!"

"And have I then lost my senses?" I exclaimed feebly.

"Sure, didn't ye call me your beautiful Donna Anna only yesterday, and catch hould of me whiskers as if they were the Signora's jet-black ringlets?" Lanty cried.

At this moment, and blushing deeply, the most beautiful young creature I ever set my eyes upon, rose from a chair at the foot of the bed, and sailed out of the room.

"Confusion, you blundering rogue," I cried, "who is that lovely lady whom you frightened away by your impertinence? Donna Anna? Where am I?"

"You are in good hands, Philip," said the Colonel; "you are at my house in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, of which I am the Military Governor. You and Lanty were knocked down by the wind of the cannon-ball at Burgos. Do not be ashamed: 'twas the Emperor pointed the gun;" and the Colonel took off his hat as he mentioned the name darling to France. "When our troops returned from the sally in which your gallant storming party was driven back, you were found on the glacis, and I had you brought into the City. Your reason had left you, however, when you returned to life; but, unwilling to desert the son of my old friend, Philip Fogarty, who saved my life in '98, I brought you in my carriage to Paris."

"And many's the time you tried to jump out of the windy, Masther Phil," said Clancy.

"Brought you to Paris," resumed the Colonel, smiling; "where, by the *soins* of my friends Broussais, Esquirol, and *Baron Larrey*, you have been restored to health, thank Heaven!"

"And that lovely angel who quitted the apartment?" I cried.

"That lovely angel is the Lady Blanche Sarsfield, my ward, a descendant of the gallant Lucan, and who may be, when she chooses, Madame la Maréchale de Cambacères, Duchess of Illyria."

"Why did you deliver the ruffian when he was in my grasp?" I cried.

"Why did Lanty deliver you when in mine?" the Colonel replied. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre mon garçon;* but calm yourself, and take this potion which Blanche has prepared for you."

I drank the *tisane* eagerly when I heard whose fair hands had compounded it, and its effects were speedily beneficial to me, for I sank into a cool and refreshing slumber.

From that day I began to mend rapidly, with all the elasticity of youth's happy time. Blanche—the enchanting Blanche—ministered henceforth to me, for I would take no medicine bu* from her lily hand. And what were the effects? Faith, ere a month was past, the patient was over head and ears in love with the doctor; and as for Baron Larrey, and Broussais, and Esquirol, they were sent to the right-about. In a short time I was in a situation to do justice to the *gigot aux navets*, the *bœuf aux cornichons*, and the other delicious *entremets* of the Marquis's board, with an appetite that astonished some of the Frenchmen who frequented it.

"Wait till he's quite well, Miss," said Lanty, who waited always behind me. "Faith! when he's in health, I'd back him to ate a cow, barrin' the horns and teel." I sent a decanter at the rogue's head, by way of answer to his impertinence.

Although the disgusting Cambacères did his best to have my parole withdrawn from me, and to cause me to be sent to the English depôt of prisoners at Verdun, the Marquis's interest with the Emperor prevailed, and I was allowed to remain at Paris, the happiest of prisoners at the Colonel's hotel at the Place Vendôme. I here had the opportunity (an opportunity not lost, I flatter myself, on a young fellow with the accomplishments of Philip Fogarty, Esq.) of mixing with the *élite* of French society, and

meeting with many of the great, the beautiful, and the brave. Talleyrand was a frequent guest of the Marquis's. His *bon-mots* used to keep the table in a roar. Ney frequently took his chop with us; Murat, when in town, constantly dropt in for a cup of tea and friendly round game. Alas! who would have thought those two gallant heads would be so soon laid low? My wife has a pair of ear-rings which the latter, who always wore them, presented to her—but we are advancing matters. Anybody could see, "*avec un demi-œil*," as the Prince of Benevent remarked, how affairs went between me and Blanche; but though she loathed him for his cruelties and the odiousness of his person, the brutal Cambacères still pursued his designs upon her.

I recollect, it was on St. Patrick's Day. My lovely friend had procured, from the gardens of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison (whom we loved a thousand times more than her Austrian successor, a sandy-haired woman, between ourselves, with an odious squint), a quantity of shamrock wherewith to garnish the hotel, and all the Irish in Paris were invited to the national festival.

I and Prince Talleyrand danced a double hornpipe with Pauline Bonaparte and Madame de Stäel; Marshal Soult went down a couple of sets with Madame Recamier; and Robespierre's widow —an excellent, gentle creature, quite unlike her husband—stood up with the Austrian Ambassador. Besides, the famous artists Baron Gros, David and Nicholas Poussin, and Canova, who was in town making a statue of the Emperor, for Leo X., and in a word all the celebrities of Paris—as my gifted countrywoman, the wild Irish girl, calls them—were assembled in the Marquis's elegant receiving-rooms.

At last a great outcry was raised for *La Gigue Irlandaise! La Gigue Irlandaise!* a dance which had made *fureur* amongst the Parisians ever since the lovely Blanche Sarsfield had danced it. She stepped forward and took me for a partner, and amidst the bravos of the crowd, in which stood Ney, Murat, Lannes, the Prince of Wagram, and the Austrian Ambassador, we showed to the *beau monde* of the French capital, I flatter myself, a not unfavourable specimen of the dance of our country.

As I was cutting the double-shuffle, and toe-and-heeling it in *the "rail"* style, Blanche danced up to me, smiling, and said,

"Be on your guard; I see Cambacères talking to Fouché the Duke of Otranto about us—and when Otranto turns his eyes upon a man, they bode him no good."

"Cambacères is jealous," said I. "I have it," says she; "I'll make him dance a turn with me." So, presently, as the music was going like mad all this time, I pretended fatigue from my late wounds, and sate down. The lovely Blanche went up smiling, and brought out Cambacères as a second partner.

The Marshal is a lusty man, who makes desperate efforts to give himself a waist, and the effect of the exercise upon him was speedily visible. He puffed and snorted like a walrus, drops trickled down his purple face, while my lovely mischief of a Blanche went on dancing at treble quick, till she fairly danced him down.

"Who'll take the flure with me?" said the charming girl, animated by the sport.

"Faix, den, 'tis I, Lanty Clancy!" cried my rascal, who had been mad with excitement at the scene; and, stepping in with a whoop and a hurroo, he began to dance with such rapidity as made all present stare.

As the couple were footing it, there was a noise as of a rapid cavalcade traversing the Place Vendôme, and stopping at the Marquis's door. A crowd appeared to mount the stair; the great doors of the reception-room were flung open, and two pages announced their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress. So engaged were Lanty and Blanche, that they never heard the tumult occasioned by the august approach.

It was indeed the Emperor, who, returning from the Théâtre Français, and seeing the Marquis's windows lighted up, proposed to the Empress to drop in on the party. He made signs to the musicians to continue: and the conqueror of Marengo and Friedland watched with interest the simple evolutions of two happy Irish people. Even the Empress smiled; and, seeing this, all the courtiers, including Naples and Talleyrand, were delighted.

"Is not this a great day for Ireland?" said the Marquis, with a tear trickling down his noble face. "O Ireland! O my country! But no more of that. Go up, Phil, you divvle, and offer her Majesty the choice of punch or negus."

Among the young fellows with whom I was most intimate in

Paris was Eugène Beauharnais, the son of the ill-used and unhappy Josephine by her former marriage with a French gentleman of good family. Having a smack of the old blood in him, Eugène's manners were much more refined than those of the new-fangled dignitaries of the Emperor's Court; where (for my knife and fork were regularly laid at the Tuileries) I have seen my poor friend Murat repeatedly mistake a fork for a tooth-pick, and the gallant Massena devour peas by means of his knife, in a way more innocent than graceful. Talleyrand, Eugène, and I used often to laugh at these eccentricities of our brave friends, who certainly did not shine in the drawing-room, however brilliant they were in the field of battle. The Emperor always asked me to take wine with him, and was full of kindness and attention.

"I like Eugène" (he would say, pinching my ear confidentially, as his way was)—"I like Eugène to keep company with such young fellows as you; you have manners; you have principles; my rogues from the camp have none. And I like you, Philip, my boy," he added, "for being so attentive to my poor wife—the Empress Josephine, I mean." All these honours made my friends at the Marquis's very proud, and my enemies at Court *crêver* with envy. Among these, the atrocious Cambacères was not the least active and envenomed.

The cause of the many attentions which were paid to me, and which like a vain coxcomb, I had chosen to attribute to my own personal amiability, soon was apparent. Having formed a good opinion of my gallantry from my conduct in various actions and forlorn hopes during the war, the Emperor was most anxious to attach me to his service. The grand Cross of St. Louis, the title of Count, the command of a crack cavalry regiment, the 14me Chevaux Marins, were the bribes that were actually offered to me; and, must I say it? Blanche, the lovely, the perfidious Blanche, was one of the agents employed to tempt me to commit this act of treason.

"Object to enter a foreign service!" she said, in reply to my refusal. "It is you, Philip, who are in a foreign service. The Irish nation is in exile, and in the territories of its French allies. Irish traitors are not here; they march alone under the accursed flag of the Saxon, whom the great Napoleon would have swept from *the face* of the earth, but for the fatal valour of Irish mercenaries

Accept this offer, and my heart, my hand, my all are yours. Refuse, it, Philip, and we part."

"To wed the abominable Cambacères!" I cried, stung with rage. "To wear a duchess's coronet, Blanche! Ha, ha! Mushrooms, instead of strawberry-leaves, should decorate the brows of the upstart French nobility. I shall withdraw my parole. I demand to be sent to prison—to be exchanged—to die—anything rather than be a traitor, and the tool of a traitress!" Taking up my hat, I left the room in a fury; and flinging open the door tumbled over Cambacères, who was listening at the key-hole, and must have overheard every word of our conversation.

We tumbled over each other, as Blanche was shrieking with laughter at our mutual discomfiture. Her scorn only made me more mad; and, having spurs on, I began digging them into Cambacères' fat sides as we rolled on the carpet, until the Marshal howled with rage and anger.

"This insult must be avenged with blood!" roared the Duke of Illyria.

"I have already drawn it," says I, "with my spurs."

"*Malheur et malédiction!*" roared the Marshal.

"Hadn't you better settle your wig?" says I, offering it to him on the tip of my cane, "and we'll arrange time and place when you have put your jasey in order." I shall never forget the look of revenge which he cast at me, as I was thus turning him into ridicule before his mistress.

"Lady Blanche," I continued bitterly, "as you look to share the Duke's coronet, hadn't you better see to his wig?" and so saying, I cocked my hat, and walked out of the Marquis's place, whistling "Garryowen."

I knew my man would not be long in following me, and waited for him in the Place Vendôme, where I luckily met Eugène too, who was looking at the picture-shop in the corner. I explained to him my affair in a twinkling. He at once agreed to go with me to the ground, and commended me, rather than otherwise, for refusing the offer which had been made to me. "I knew it would be so," he said, kindly; "I told my father you wouldn't. A man with the blood of the Fogarties, Phil, my boy, doesn't wheel about like those fellows of yesterday." So, when Cambacères

came out, which he did presently, with a more furious air than before, I handed him at once over to Eugène, who begged him to name a friend, and an early hour for the meeting to take place.

"Can you make it before eleven, Phil?" said Beauharnais. "The Emperor reviews the troops in the Bois de Boulogne at that hour, and we might fight there handy before the review."

"Done!" said I. "I want of all things to see the newly-arrived Saxon cavalry manœuvre:" on which Cambacères gave me a look, as much as to say, "See sights! Watch cavalry manœuvres! Make your soul, and take measure for a coffin, my boy!" walked away, naming our mutual acquaintance, Marshal Ney, to Eugène, as his second in the business.

I had purchased from Murat a very fine Irish horse, *Bugaboo*, out of *Smithereens*, by *Fadladeen*, which ran into the French ranks at Salamanca, with poor Jack Clonakilty, of the 13th, dead, on the top of him. *Bugaboo* was too much and too ugly an animal for the King of Naples, who, though a showy horseman, was a bad rider across country; and I got the horse for a song. A wickeder and uglier brute never wore pig-skin; and I never put my leg over such a timber-jumper in my life. I rode the horse down to the Bois de Boulogne on the morning that the affair with Cambacères was come off, and Lanty held him as I went in, "sure to win," as they say in the ring.

Cambacères was known to be the best shot in the French army; but I, who am a pretty good hand at a snipe, thought a man was bigger, and that I could wing him if I had a mind. As soon as Ney gave the word, we both fired: I felt a whizz past my left ear, and putting up my hand there, found a large piece of my whiskers gone; whereas at the same moment, and shrieking a horrible malediction, my adversary reeled and fell.

"*Mon Dieu, il est mort!*" cried Ney.

"*Pas de tout,*" said Beauharnais. "*Ecoute; il jure toujours.*"

And such, indeed, was the fact: the supposed dead man lay on the ground cursing most frightfully. We went up to him: he was blind with the loss of blood, and my ball had carried off the bridge of his nose. He recovered; but he was always called the *Prince* of Ponterotto in the French army, afterwards. The

surgeon in attendance having taken charge of this unfortunate warrior, we rode off to the review, where Ney and Eugène were on duty at the head of their respective divisions, and where, by the way, Cambacères, as the French say, "*se faisait désirer.*"

It was arranged that Cambacères' division of six battalions and nine-and-twenty squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by different *épaulements* on the light infantry, that formed, as usual, the centre of the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that at Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazagran, Suwaroff, Prince Charles, and General Castanos were defeated with such victorious slaughter: but it is a movement, which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, and which, if it fails, plunges an army into confusion.

"Where is the Duke of Illyria?" Napoleon asked. "At the head of his division, no doubt," said Murat: at which Eugène, giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. Napoleon looked sternly at me; but at this moment the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and His Majesty's attention was taken off from my impudence.

Milhaud's Dragoons, their bands playing *Vive Henri Quatre*, their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carbineers of Foy, and the Grenadiers of the Guard under Drouet d'Erlon, executed a carambolade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops; but the Chasseurs of the young guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian Uhlans (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body), and then, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery and the left centre of the line, and in one instant thirty thousand men were in inextricable confusion.

"Clubbed, by Jabers!" roared out Lanty Clancy. "I wish we could show 'em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain darling."

"Silence, fellow!" I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of Napoleon. He tore off General Milhaud's epaulettes, which he flung into Foy's face. He glared about him wildly, like a demon,

and shouted hoarsely for the Duke of Illyria. "He is wounded, Sire," said General Foy, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; "he was wounded an hour since in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, Monsieur de Fogarty."

"Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded! Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of grenadiers"—

"Sire!" interposed Eugène.

"Let him be shot!" shrieked the Emperor, shaking his spy-glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

This was too much. "Here goes!" said I, and rode slap at him.

There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should think at least forty thousand guns were levelled at me in an instant. But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of Phil Fogarty from this discharge.

Knowing my horse, I put him at the Emperor's head, and *Bugaboo* went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the Emperor, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

"Bravo!" said Murat, bursting into enthusiasm at the leap.

"Cut him down!" said Sieyès, once an Abbé, but now a gigantic Cuirassier; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. *Bugaboo* cleared Sieyès, and fetched the monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle,—and away I went, with an army of a hundred-and-seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels. * * * *

BARBAZURE.

BY G. P. R. JEAMES, ESQ., ETC.

I.

It was upon one of those balmy evenings of November which are only known in the valleys of Languedoc and among the mountains of Alsace, that two cavaliers might have been perceived by the naked eye threading one of the rocky and romantic gorges that skirt the mountain-land between the Marne and the Garonne. The rosy tint of the declining luminary were gilding the peaks and crags which lined the path, through which the horsemen wound slowly; and as these eternal battlements with which Nature had hemmed in the ravine which our travellers trod, blushed with the last tints of the fading sunlight, the valley below was grey and darkling, and the hard and devious course was sombre in twilight. A few goats, hardly visible among the peaks, were cropping the scanty herbage here and there. The pipes of shepherds, calling in their flocks as they trooped homewards to their mountain villages, sent up plaintive echoes which moaned through those rocky and lonely steeps; the stars began to glimmer in the purple heavens, spread serenely over head; and the faint crescent of the moon, which had peered for some time scarce visible in the azure, gleamed out more brilliantly at every moment, until it blazed as if in triumph at the sun's retreat. 'Tis a fair land that of France, a gentle, a green, and a beautiful; the home of arts and arms, of chivalry and romance, and (however sadly stained by the excesses of modern times) 'twas the unbought grace of nations once, and the seat of ancient renown and disciplined valour.

And of all that fair land of France, whose beauty is so bright and bravery is so famous, there is no spot greener or fairer than that one over which our travellers wended, and which stretches between the good towns of Vendemiaire and Nivose. 'Tis common now to a hundred thousand voyagers: the English tourist, with his chariot and his Harvey's Sauce, and his imperials; the

bustling *commis-voyageur* on the roof of the rumbling diligence; the rapid *malle-poste* thundering over the *chaussée* at twelve miles an hour—pass the ground hourly and daily now: 'twas lonely and unfrequented at the end of that seventeenth century with which our story commences.

Along the darkening mountain paths the two gentlemen (for such their outward bearing proclaimed them) caracolled together. The one, seemingly the younger of the twain, wore a flaunting feather in his barret-cap, and managed a prancing Andalusian palfrey that bounded and curvetted gaily. A surcoat of peach-coloured samite and a purfled doublet of vair bespoke him noble, as did his brilliant eye, his exquisitely chiselled nose, and his curling chestnut ringlets.

Youth was on his brow; his eyes were dark and dewy, like spring violets; and spring-roses bloomed upon his cheek—roses, alas! that bloom and die with life's spring! Now bounding over a rock, now playfully whisking off with his riding-rod a flowret in his path, Philibert de Coquelicot rode by his darker companion.

His comrade was mounted upon a *destrière* of the true Norman breed, that had first champed grass on the green pastures of Acquitaine. Thence through Berry, Picardy, and the Limousin, halting at many a city and commune, holding joust and tourney in many a castle and manor of Navarre, Poitou, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the warrior and his charger reached the lonely spot where now we find them.

The warrior who bestrode the noble beast was in sooth worthy of the steed which bore him. Both were caparisoned in the fullest trappings of feudal war. The arblast, the mangonel, the demiculverin, and the cuissart of the period, glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed; while the rider, with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière-ban, morion and tumbril, battle-axe and rifflard, and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel. This mighty horseman was carried by his steed as lightly as the young springald by his Andalusian hackney.

"'Twas well done of thee, Philibert," said he of the proof-armour, "to ride forth so far to welcome thy cousin and companion *in arms*."

"Companion in battledore and shuttlecock, Romané de Clos-Vougeot!" replied the younger Cavalier. "When I was yet a page, thou wert a belted knight; and thou wert away to the Crusades ere ever my beard grew."

"I stood by Richard of England at the gates of Ascalon, and drew the spear from sainted King Louis in the tents of Damietta," the individual addressed as Romané replied. "Well-a-day! since thy beard grew, boy, (and marry 'tis yet a thin one,) I have broken a lance with Solyman at Rhodes, and smoked a chibouque with Saladin at Acre. But enough of this. Tell me of home—of our native valley—of my hearth, and my lady-mother, and my good chaplain—tell me of *her*, Philibert," said the knight, executing a demivolte, in order to hide his emotion.

Philibert seemed uneasy, and to strive as though he would parry the question. "The castle stands on the rock," he said, "and the swallows still build in the battlements. The good chaplain still chants his vespers at morn, and snuffles his matins at even-song. The lady-mother still distributeth tracts, and knitteth Berlin linsey-woolsey. The tenants pay no better, and the lawyers dun as sorely, kinsman mine," he added with an arch look.

"But Fatima, Fatima, how fares she?" Romané continued—"Since Lammas was a twelvemonth, I hear nought of her; my letters are unanswered. The postman hath traversed our camp every day, and never brought me a billet. How is Fatima, Philibert de Coquelicot?"

"She is—well," Philibert replied; "her sister Anne is the fairest of the twain, though."

"Her sister Anne was a baby when I embarked for Egypt. A plague on sister Anne! Speak of Fatima, Philibert—my blue-eyed Fatima!"

"I say she is—well," answered his comrade gloomily.

"Is she dead? Is she ill? Hath she the measles? Nay, hath she had small-pox, and lost her beauty? Speak! speak, boy!" cried the knight, wrought to agony.

"Her cheek is as red as her mother's, though the old Countess paints hers every day. Her foot is as light as a sparrow's,

and her voice as sweet as a minstrel's dulcimer; but give me nathless the Lady Anne," cried Philibert, give me the peerless Lady Anne! As soon as ever I have won spurs, I will ride all Christendom through, and proclaim her the Queen of Beauty. Ho, Lady Anne! Lady Anne!" and so saying—but evidently wishing to disguise some emotion, or conceal some tale his friend could ill brook to hear—the reckless *damoiseau* galloped wildly forward.

But swift as was his courser's pace, that of his companion's enormous charger was swifter. "Boy," said the elder, "thou hast ill tidings. I know it by thy glance. Speak: shall he who hath bearded grim Death in a thousand fields shame to face truth from a friend? Speak, in the name of Heaven and good Saint Botibol. Romané de Clos-Vougeot will bear your tidings like a man!"

"Fatima is well," answered Philibert once again; "she hath had no measles: she lives and is still fair."

"Fair, aye, peerless fair; but what more, Philibert? Not false? By Saint Botibol, say not false," groaned the elder warrior.

"A month syne," Philibert replied, "she married the Baron de Barbazure."

With that scream which is so terrible in a strong man in agony, the brave knight Romané de Clos-Vougeot sank back at the words, and fell from his charger to the ground, a lifeless mass of steel.

II.

Like many another fabric of feudal war and splendour, the once vast and magnificent Castle of Barbazure is now a moss-grown ruin. The traveller of the present day, who wanders by the banks of the silvery Loire, and climbs the steep on which the magnificent edifice stood, can scarcely trace, among the shattered masses of ivy-covered masonry which lie among the lonely crags, even the skeleton of the proud and majestic palace-stronghold of the Barons of Barbazure.

In the days of our tale its turrets and pinnacles rose as stately, and seemed (to the pride of sinful man!) as strong as the eternal rocks on which they stood. The three mullets on a *gules* wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinople couchant Or;

the well-known cognisance of the house, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers. The long lines of battlemented walls spread down the mountain to the Loire, and were defended by thousands of steel-clad serving-men. Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel appointed the fourteenth Baron Hereditary Grand Bootjack of the kingdom of France; and for wealth, and for splendour, and for skill and fame in war, Raoul the twenty-eighth Baron, was in no wise inferior to his noble ancestors.

That the Baron Raoul levied toll upon the river and mail upon the shore; that he now and then ransomed a burgher, plundered a neighbour, or drew the fangs of a Jew; that he burned an enemy's castle with the wife and children within;—these were points for which the country knew and respected the stout Baron. When he returned from victory, he was sure to endow the Church with a part of his spoil, so that when he went forth to battle he was always accompanied by her blessing. Thus lived the Baron Raoul, the pride of the country in which he dwelt, an ornament to the Court, the Church, and his neighbours.

But in the midst of all his power and splendour there was a domestic grief which deeply afflicted the princely Barbazure. His lovely ladies died one after the other. No sooner was he married than he was a widower; in the course of eighteen years no less than nine bereavements had befallen the chieftain. So true it is, that if fortune is a parasite, grief is a republican, and visits the hall of the great and wealthy as it does the humbler tenements of the poor.

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"Leave off deploring thy faithless, gad-about lover," said the Lady of Chacabacque to her daughter, the lovely Fatima, "and think how the noble Barbazure loves thee! Of all the damsels at the ball last night, he had eyes for thee and thy cousin only."

"I am sure my cousin hath no good looks to be proud of!"

the admirable Fatima exclaimed, bridling up. "Not that *I* care for my Lord of Barbazure's looks. *My* heart, dearest mother, is with him who is far away!"

"He danced with thee four galliards, nine quadrilles, and twenty-three corantoes, I think, child," the mother said, eluding her daughter's remark.

"Twenty-five," said lovely Fatima, casting her beautiful eyes to the ground. "Heigh-ho! but Romané danced them very well!"

"He had not the court air," the mother suggested.

"I don't wish to deny the beauty of the Lord of Barbazure's dancing, mamma," Fatima replied. "For a short, lusty man, 'tis wondrous how active he is; and in dignity the King's Grace himself could not surpass him."

"You were the noblest couple in the room, love," the lady cried.

"That pea-green doublet, slashed with orange tawney, those ostrich plumes, blue, red, and yellow, those parti-coloured hose and pink shoon, became the noble Baron wondrous well," Fatima acknowledged. "It must be confessed that, though middle-aged, he hath all the agility of youth. But, alas! madam! The noble baron hath nine wives already."

"And your cousin would give her eyes to become the tenth," the mother replied.

"My cousin give her eyes!" Fatima exclaimed. "It's not much, I'm sure, for she squints abominably;" and thus the ladies prattled, as they rode home at night after the great ball at the house of the Baron of Barbazure.

The gentle reader, who has overheard their talk, will understand the doubts which pervaded the mind of the lovely Fatima, and the well-nurtured English maiden will participate in the divided feelings which rent her bosom. 'Tis true, that on his departure for the holy wars, Romané and Fatima were plighted to each other; but the folly of long engagements is proverbial; and though for many months the faithful and affectionate girl had looked in vain for news from him, her admirable parents had long spoken with repugnance of a match which must bring inevitable poverty to both parties. They had suffered, 'tis true, the engagement to subside, hostile as they ever were to it; but

when on the death of the ninth lady of Barbazure, the noble baron remarked Fatima at the funeral, and rode home with her after the ceremony, her prudent parents saw how much wiser, better, happier for their child it would be to have for life a partner like the baron, than to wait the doubtful return of the penniless wanderer to whom she was plighted.

Ah! how beautiful and pure a being! how regardless of self! how true to duty! how obedient to parental command, is that earthly angel, a well-bred woman of genteel family! Instead of indulging in splenetic refusals or vain regrets for her absent lover, the exemplary Fatima at once signified to her excellent parents her willingness to obey their orders; though she had sorrows (and she declared them to be tremendous), the admirable being disguised them so well, that none knew they oppressed her. She said she would try to forget former ties, and (so strong in her mind was *duty* above every other feeling!—so strong may it be in every British maiden!) the lovely girl kept her promise. "My former engagements," she said, packing up Romané's letters and presents, (which, as the good knight was mortal poor, were in sooth of no great price)—"my former engagements I look upon as childish follies;—my affections are fixed where my dear parents graft them—on the noble, the princely, the polite Barbazure. 'Tis true he is not comely in feature, but the chaste and well-bred female knows how to despise the fleeting charms of form. 'Tis true he is old; but can woman be better employed than in tending her aged and sickly companion? That he has been married is likewise certain —but ah, my mother! who knows not that he must be a good and tender husband, who, nine times wedded, owns that he cannot be happy without another partner?"

It was with these admirable sentiments the lovely Fatima proposed obedience to her parents' will, and consented to receive the magnificent marriage-gift presented to her by her gallant bridegroom.

III.

THE old Countess of Chacabacque had made a score of vain attempts to see her hapless daughter. Ever, when she came, the

porters grinned at her savagely through the grating of the portcullis of the vast embattled gate of the Castle of Barbazure, and rudely bade her begone. "The Lady of Barbazure sees nobody but her confessor, and keeps her chamber," was the invariable reply of the dogged functionaries to the entreaties of the agonised mother. And at length, so furious was he at her perpetual calls at his gate, that the angry Lord of Barbazure himself, who chanced to be at the postern, armed a cross-bow, and let fly an arblast at the crupper of the lady's palfrey, whereon she fled finally, screaming, and in terror. "I will aim at the rider next time!" howled the ferocious baron, "and not at the horse!" And those who knew his savage nature and his unrivalled skill as a bowman, knew that he would neither break his knightly promise nor miss his aim.

Since the fatal day when the Grand Duke of Burgundy gave his famous passage of arms at Nantes, and all the nobles of France were present at the joustings, it was remarked that the Barbazure's heart was changed towards his gentle and virtuous lady.

For the three first days of that famous festival, the redoubted Baron of Barbazure had kept the field against all the knights who entered. His lance bore everything down before it. The most famous champions of Europe, assembled at these joustings, had dropped, one by one before this tremendous warrior. The prize of the tourney was destined to be his, and he was to be proclaimed bravest of the brave, as his lady was the fairest of the fair.

On the third day, however, as the sun was declining over the Vosges, and the shadows were lengthening over the plain where the warrior had obtained such triumphs;—after having overcome two hundred and thirteen knights of different nations, including the fiery Dunois, the intrepid Walter Manny, the spotless Bayard, and the undaunted Duguesclin, as the conqueror sate still erect on his charger, and the multitudes doubted whether ever another champion could be found to face him, three blasts of a trumpet were heard, faint at first, but at every moment ringing more clearly, until a knight in *pink* armour rode into the lists with his visor down, and riding a

tremendous dun charger, which he managed to the admiration of all present.

The heralds asked him his name and quality.

"Call me," said he, in a hollow voice, "the Jilted Knight." What was it made the Lady of Barbazure tremble at his accents.

The knight refused to tell his name and qualities; but the companion who rode with him, the young and noble Philibert de Coquelicot, who was known and respected universally through the neighbourhood, gave a warranty for the birth and noble degree of the Jilted Knight—and Raoul de Barbazure, yelling hoarsely for a two hundred and fourteenth lance, shook the huge weapon in the air as though it were a reed, and prepared to encounter the intruder.

According to the wont of chivalry, and to keep the point of the spear from harm, the top of the unknown knight's lance was shielded with a bung, which the warrior removed; and galloping up to Barbazure's pavilion, over which his shield hung, touched that noble cognisance with the sharpened steel. A thrill of excitement ran through the assembly at this daring challenge to a combat *à l'outrance*. "Hast thou confessed, Sir Knight?" roared the Barbazure; "take thy ground, and look to thyself; for by Heaven thy last hour is come!" Poor youth, poor youth! sighed the spectators; he has called down his own fate. The next minute the signal was given, and as the simoom across the desert, the cataract down the rock, the shell from the howitzer, each warrior rushed from his goal.

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"Thou wilt not slay so good a champion?" said the Grand Duke, as at the end of that terrific combat the knight in rose armour stood over his prostrate foe, whose helmet had rolled off when he was at length unhorsed, and whose blood-shot eyes glared unutterable hate and ferocity on his conqueror.

"Take thy life," said he who had styled himself the Jilted Knight; "thou hast taken all that was dear to me;" and the sun setting, and no other warrior appearing to do battle against him, he was proclaimed the conqueror, and rode up to the duchess' balcony to receive the gold chain which was the reward of the

victor. He raised his visor as the smiling princess guerdoned him—raised it, and gave *one* sad look towards the Lady Fatima at her side!

"Romané de Clos-Vougeot!" shrieked she, and fainted. The Baron of Barbazure heard the name as he writhed on the ground with his wound, and by his slighted honour, by his broken ribs, by his roused fury, he swore revenge; and the Lady Fatima, who had come to the tourney as a queen, returned to her castle as a prisoner.

(As it is impossible to give in the limits of our periodical the whole of this remarkable novel, let it suffice to say briefly here, that in about a volume and a half, in which the descriptions of scenery, the account of the agonies of the Baroness, kept on bread and water in her dungeon, and the general tone of morality, are all excellently worked out; the Baron de Barbazure resolves upon putting his wife to death by the hands of the public executioner.)

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Two minutes before the clock struck noon, the savage baron was on the platform to inspect the preparation for the frightful ceremony of mid-day.

The block was laid forth—the hideous minister of vengeance, masked and in black, with the flaming glaive in his hand, was ready. The baron tried the edge of the blade with his finger, and asked the dreadful swordsman if his hand was sure? A nod was the reply of the man of blood. The weeping garrison and domestics shuddered and shrank from him. There was not one there but loved and pitied the gentle lady.

Pale, pale as a stone, she was brought from her dungeon. To all her lord's savage interrogatories, her reply had been, "I am innocent." To his threats of death, her answer was, "You are my lord; my life is in your hands, to take or to give." How few are the wives, in our day, who show such angelic meekness! It touched all hearts around her, save that of the implacable Barbazure! Even the Lady Blanche, (Fatima's cousin,) whom he had promised to marry upon his faithless wife's demise, besought for her kinswoman's life, and a divorce; but Barbazure had vowed *her death*.

"Is there no pity, sir?" asked the chaplain who had attended her. "No pity," echoed the weeping serving-maid. "Did I not aye say I would die for my lord?" said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized up the long ringlets of her raven hair. "Now!" shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot, "Now strike!"

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver his blow: and making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible, rapid stroke, it sheared clean off the head of the furious, the blood-thirsty, the implacable Baron de Barbazure!

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy; and the agitation of the Lady Fatima may be imagined, when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of Romané de Clos-Vougeot.

LORDS AND LIVERIES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "DUKES AND DÉJEUNERS," "HEARTS AND DIAMONDS," "MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS," ETC. ETC.

I.

"CORBLEU! What a lovely creature that was in the Fitzbattleaxe box to-night," said one of a group of young dandies who were leaning over the velvet-cushioned balconies of the Coventry Club, smoking their full-flavoured Cubas (from Hudson's) after the opera.

Everybody stared at such an exclamation of enthusiasm from the lips of the young Earl of Bagnigge, who was never heard to admire anything except a *coulis de dindonneau à la St. Ménéhould*, or a *suprême de cochon en torticolis à la Piffarde;* such as Champollion, the chief of the Travellers, only knows how to dress; or the *bouquet* of a flask of Médoc, of Carbonell's best quality; or a *goutte* of Marasquin, from the cellars of Briggs and Hobson.

Alured de Pentonville, eighteenth Earl of Bagnigge, Viscount Paon of Islington, Baron Pancras, Kingscross, and a Baronet, was, like too many of our young men of *ton*, utterly *blasé*, although only in his twenty-fourth year. Blest, luckily, with a mother of excellent principles, (who had imbued his young mind with that Morality which is so superior to all the vain pomps of the world!) it had not been always the young earl's lot to wear the coronet for which he now in sooth cared so little. His father, a captain of Britain's navy, struck down by the side of the gallant Collingwood in the Bay of Fundy, left little but his sword and spotless name to his young, lovely, and inconsolable widow, who passed the first years of her mourning in educating her child in an elegant though small cottage in one of the romantic marine villages of beautiful Devonshire. Her child! What a gush of consolation filled the widow's heart as she pressed him to it! how faithfully did she instil into his young bosom those principles which had been the pole-star of the existence of his gallant father.

In this secluded retreat, rank and wealth almost boundless found the widow and her boy. The seventeenth Earl—gallant and ardent, and in the prime of youth—went forth one day from the Eternal City to a steeple-chase in the Campagna. A mutilated corpse was brought back to his hotel in the Piazza de Spagna. Death, alas! is no respecter of the Nobility. That shattered form was all that remained of the fiery, the haughty, the wild, but the generous Altamont de Pentonville! Such, such is fate!

The admirable Emily de Pentonville trembled with all a mother's solicitude at the distinctions and honours which thus suddenly descended on her boy. She engaged an excellent clergyman of the Church of England to superintend his studies; to accompany him on foreign travel when the proper season arrived; to ward from him those dangers which dissipation always throws in the way of the noble, the idle, and the wealthy. But the Reverend Cyril Delaval died of the measles at Naples, and henceforth the young Earl of Bagnigge was without a guardian.

What was the consequence? That, at three-and-twenty, he was a cynic and an epicure. He had drained the cup of pleasure till it had palled in his unnerved hand. He had looked at the Pyramids without awe, at the Alps without reverence. He was

unmoved by the sandy solitudes of the Desert as by the placid depths of Mediterranean's sea of blue. Bitter, bitter tears did Emily de Pentonville weep, when, on Alured's return from the Continent, she beheld the awful change that dissipation had wrought in her beautiful, her blue-eyed, her perverted, her still beloved boy!

"Corpo di bacco," he said, pitching the end of his cigar on to the red nose of the Countess of Delawaddymore's coachman, who, having deposited her fat ladyship at No. 236, Piccadilly, was driving the carriage to the stables, before commencing his evening at the Fortune of War public-house; "what a lovely creature that was! What eyes! what hair! Who knows her? Do you, *mon cher Prince?*"

"*E bellissima, certamente,*" said the Duca de Montepulciano, and stroked down his jetty moustache.

"*Ein gar schönes Mädchen,*" said the Hereditary Grand Duke of Eulenschreckenstein, and turned up his carroty one.

"*Elle n'est pas mal, ma foi!*" said the Prince de Borodino, with a scowl on his darkling brows. "*Mon Dieu, que ces cigarres sont mauvais!*" he added, as he too cast away his Cuba.

"Try one of my Pickwicks," said Franklin Fox, with a sneer, offering his gold *étui* to the young Frenchman; "they are some of Pontet's best, prince. What, do you bear malice? Come, let us be friends," said the gay and careless young patrician; but a scowl on the part of the Frenchman was the only reply.

—"Want to know who she is? Borodino knows who she is, Bagnigge," the wag went on.

Everybody crowded round Monsieur de Borodino thus apostrophised. The Marquis of Alicompayne, young De Boots of the Life Guards, Tom Protocol of the Foreign Office; the gay young peers Farintosh, Poldoody, and the rest; and Bagnigge, for a wonder, not less eager than any one present.

"No, he will tell you nothing about her. Don't you see he has gone off in a fury?" Franklin Fox continued. "He has his reasons, *ce cher Prince:* he will tell you nothing; but I will. You know that I am *au mieux* with the dear old duchess."

"They say Frank and she are engaged after the duke's death," cried Poldoody.

"I always thought Fwank was the duke's illicit gweat-gwandson," drawled out De Boots.

"I heard that he doctored her Blenheim, and used to bring her wigs from Paris," cried that malicious Tom Protocol, whose *mots* are known in every diplomatic *salon* from Petersburgh to Palermo.

"Burn her wigs, and hang her poodle!" said Bagnigge. "Tell me about this girl, Franklin Fox?"

"In the first place, she has five hundred thousand acres, in a ring fence, in Norfolk; a county in Scotland, a castle in Wales, a villa at Richmond, a corner house in Belgrave Square, and eighty thousand a-year in the three per cents."

"*Après?*" said Bagnigge, still yawning.

"Secondly, Borodino *lui fait la cour*. They are cousins, her mother was an Armagnac of the emigration; the old Marshal, his father, married another sister. I believe he was footman in the family, before Napoleon principied him."

"No, no, he was second coachman"—Tom Protocol goodnaturedly interposed—"a cavalry officer, Frank, not an infantry man."

"Faith you should have seen his fury (the young one's, I mean) when he found me in the duchess's room this evening, *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, who deigned to accept a *bouquet* from this hand."

"It cost me three guineas," poor Frank said, with a shrug and a sigh, "and that Covent Garden scoundrel gives no credit: but she took the flowers;—eh, Bagnigge?"

"And flung them to Alboni," the peer replied, with a haughty sneer. And poor little Franklin Fox was compelled to own that she had.

The *maître d'hôtel* here announced that supper was served. It was remarked that even the *coulis de dindonneau* made no impression on Bagnigge that night.

II.

The sensation produced by the *début* of Amethyst Pimlico at the court of the sovereign, and in the *salons* of the *beau-monde*, was such as has seldom been created by the appearance of any other beauty. The men were raving with love, and the

women with jealousy. Her eyes, her beauty, her wit, her grace, her *ton*, caused a perfect *fureur* of admiration or envy.

Introduced by the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, along with her Grace's daughters, the Ladies Gwendoline and Gwinever Portcullis, the heiress's regal beauty quite flung her cousins' simple charms into the shade, and blazed with a splendour which caused all "minor lights" to twinkle faintly. Before a day the *beau-monde*, before a week even the vulgarians of the rest of the town, rang with the fame of her charms; and while the dandies and the beauties were raving about her, or tearing her to pieces in May Fair, even Mrs. Dobbs (who had been to the pit of the "Hoperer" in a green turban and a crumpled yellow satin), talked about the great *hairess* to her D. in Bloomsbury Square.

Crowds went to Squab and Lynch's, in Long Acre, to examine the carriages building for her, so faultless, so splendid, so quiet, so odiously unostentatious and provokingly simple! Besides the ancestral services of *argenterie* and *vaisselle* plate, contained in a hundred and seventy-six plate chests at Messrs. Childs'; Rumble and Briggs prepared a gold service, and Garraway, of the Haymarket, a service of the Benvenuto Cellini pattern, which were the admiration of all London. Before a month it is a fact that the wretched haberdashers in the city exhibited the blue stocks, called "Heiress-killers, very chaste, two-and-six:" long before that, the *monde* had rushed to Madame Crinoline's, or sent couriers to Madame Marabou, at Paris, so as to have copies of her dresses; but, as the Mantuan bard observes, "*Non cuivis contigit*,"—every foot cannot accommodate itself to the *chaussure* of Cinderella.

With all this splendour, this worship, this beauty; with these cheers following her, and these crowds at her feet, was Amethyst happy? Ah, no! It is not under the necklace the most brilliant that Briggs and Rumble can supply; it is not in Lynch's best cushioned chariot that the heart is most at ease. "*Que je me ruinerai*," says Fronsac in a letter to Bossuet, "*si je savais où acheter le bonheur!*"

With all her riches, with all her splendour, Amethyst was wretched—wretched, because lonely; wretched, because her loving

heart had nothing to cling to. Her splendid mansion was a convent; no male person ever entered it, except Franklin Fox, (who counted for nothing,) and the duchess's family, her kinsman old Lord Humpington, his friend old Sir John Fogey, and her cousin, the odious, odious Borodino.

The Prince de Borodino declared openly that Amethyst was engaged to him. *Criblé de dettes*, it is no wonder that he should choose such an opportunity to *refaire sa fortune*. He gave out that he would kill any man who should cast an eye on the heiress, and the monster kept his word. Major Grigg, of the Life Guards, had already fallen by his hand at Ostend. The O'Toole, who had met her on the Rhine, had received a ball in his shoulder at Coblentz, and did not care to resume so dangerous a courtship. Borodino could snuff a *bougie* at a hundred-and-fifty yards. He could beat Bertrand or Alexander Dumas himself with the small sword; he was the dragon that watched this *pomme d'or*, and very few persons were now inclined to face a champion *si redoutable*.

Over a *Salmi d'escargot* at the Coventry, the dandies whom we introduced in our last volume were assembled, there talking of the heiress: and her story was told by Franklin Fox to Lord Bagnigge, who, for a wonder, was interested in the tale. Borodino's pretensions were discussed, and the way in which the fair Amethyst was confined. Fitzbattleaxe House, in Belgrave Square, is—as every body knows—the next mansion to that occupied by Amethyst. A communication was made between the two houses. She never went out except accompanied by the duchess's guard, which it was impossible to overcome.

"Impossible! Nothing's impossible," said Lord Bagnigge.

"I bet you what you like you don't get in," said the young Marquis of Martingale.

"I bet you a thousand ponies I stop a week in the heiress's house before the season's over," Lord Bagnigge replied with a yawn; and the bet was registered with shouts of applause.

But it seemed as if the Fates had determined against Lord Bagnigge, for the very next day, riding in the Park, his horse fell with him; he was carried home to his house with a fractured

limb and a dislocated shoulder; and the doctor's bulletins pronounced him to be in the most dangerous state.

Martingale was a married man, and there was no danger of *his* riding by the Fitzbattleaxe carriage. A fortnight after the above events, his lordship was prancing by her Grace's great family coach, and chattering with Lady Gwinever about the strange wager.

"Do you know what a poney is, Lady Gwinever?" he asked. Her ladyship said yes; she had a cream-coloured one at Castle Barbican; and stared when Lord Martingale announced that he should soon have a thousand ponies, worth five-and-twenty pounds each, which were all now kept at Coutts's. Then he explained the circumstances of the bet with Bagnigge. Parliament was to adjourn in ten days; the season would be over! Bagnigge was lying ill *chez lui*; and the five-and-twenty thousand were irrecoverably his. And he vowed he would buy Lord Binnacle's yacht—crew, captain, guns and all.

On returning home that night from Lady Polkimore's, Martingale found among the many *billets* upon the gold *plateau* in his *antichambre*, the following brief one, which made him start:—

"Dear Martingale,—Don't be too sure of Binnacle's yacht. There are still ten days before the season is over; and my ponies may lie at Coutts's for some time to come.

"Yours,

"Bagnigge."

"P.S.—I write with my left hand; for my right is still splintered up from that confounded fall."

III.

The tall footman, number four, who had come in the place of John, cashiered (for want of proper *mollets*, and because his hair did not take powder well), had given great satisfaction to the under-butler, who reported well of him to his chief, who had mentioned his name with praise to the house-steward. He was so good-looking and well-spoken a young man, that the ladies in the

housekeeper's room deigned to notice him more than once; nor was his popularity diminished on account of a quarrel in which he engaged with Monsieur Anatole, the enormous Walloon *chasseur*, who was one day found embracing Miss Flouncy, who waited on Amethyst's own maid. The very instant Miss Flouncy saw Mr. Jeames entering the Servants' Hall, where Monsieur Anatole was engaged in "aggravating" her, Miss Flouncy screamed—at the next moment the Belgian giant lay sprawling upon the carpet—and Jeames standing over him, assumed so terrible a look, that the *chasseur* declined any further combat. The victory was made known to the house-steward himself, who being a little partial to Miss Flouncy herself, complimented Jeames on his valour, and poured out a glass of Madeira in his own room.

Who was Jeames? He had come recommended by the Bagnigge people. He had lived, he said, in that family two years. "But where there was no ladies," he said, "a gentleman's hand was spiled for service;" and Jeames's was a very delicate hand; Miss Flouncy admired it very much, and of course he did not defile it by menial service; he had in a young man who called him "Sir," and did all the coarse work: and Jeames read the morning paper to the ladies; not spellingly and with hesitation, as many gentlemen do, but easily and elegantly, speaking off the longest words without a moment's difficulty. He could speak French, too, Miss Flouncy found, who was studying it under Mademoiselle, *grande fille-de-chambre de confiance;* for when she said to him "*Polly voo Franey,* Munseer Jeames?" he replied readily "*We, Mademaselle j'ay passay boco de tong à Parry. Commong voo potty voo?*" How Miss Flouncy admired him as he stood before her, the day after he had saved Miss Amethyst when the horses had run away with her in the park!

Poor Flouncy, poor Flouncy! Jeames had been but a week in Amethyst's service, and already the gentle heart of the washing-girl was irrecoverably gone! Poor Flouncy! poor Flouncy! he thought not of thee.

It happened thus. Miss Amethyst being engaged to drive with her cousin the prince in his phaeton, her own carriage was sent into the park simply with her companion, who had charge of her little Fido, the dearest little spaniel in the world. Jeames and

Frederick were behind the carriage with their long sticks and neat dark liveries; the horses were worth a thousand guineas each, the coachman a late lieutenant-colonel of cavalry: the whole ring could not boast a more elegant turn out.

The prince drove his curricle and had charge of his *belle cousine*. It may have been the red fezzes in the carriage of the Turkish ambassador which frightened the prince's greys, or Mrs. Champignon's new yellow liveries, which were flaunting in the Park, or hideous Lady Gorgon's preternatural ugliness, who passed in a low pony-carriage at the time, or the prince's own want of skill, finally; but certain it is that the horses took fright, dashed wildly along the mile, scattered equipages, *piétons*, dandies' cabs, and Snobs' *pheaytons*. Amethyst was screaming; and the prince, deadly pale, had lost all presence of mind, as the curricle came rushing by the spot where Miss Amethyst's carriage stood.

"I'm blest," Frederick exclaimed to his companion, "if it ain't the prince a drivin our missis! They'll be in the Serpingtine, or dashed to pieces, if they don't mind;" and the runaway steeds at this instant came upon them as a whirlwind.

But if those steeds ran at a whirlwind pace, Jeames was swifter. To jump from behind, to bound after the rocking, reeling curricle, to jump into it aided by the long stick which he carried and used as a leaping-pole, and to seize the reins out of the hands of the miserable Borodino, who shrieked piteously as the dauntless valet leapt on his toes and into his seat, was the work of an instant. In a few minutes the mad, swaying rush of the horses was reduced to a swift but steady gallop; presently into a canter, then a trot; until finally they pulled up smoking and trembling, but quite quiet, by the side of Amethyst's carriage, which came up at a rapid pace.

"Give me the reins, *malappris! tu m'écrases les cors, manant!*" yelled the frantic nobleman, writhing underneath the intrepid charioteer.

"*Tant pis pour toi, nigaud,*" was the reply. The lovely Amethyst of course had fainted; but she recovered as she was placed in her carriage, and rewarded her preserver with a celestial smile.

The rage, the fury, the maledictions of Borodino, as he saw the

latter—a liveried menial—stoop gracefully forward and kiss Amethyst's hand, may be imagined rather than described. But Jeames heeded not his curses. Having placed his adored mistress in the carriage, he calmly resumed his station behind. Passion or danger seemed to have no impression upon that pale marble face.

Borodino went home furious; nor was his rage diminished, when, on coming to dinner that day, a *recherché* banquet served in the *Frangipané* best style, and requesting a supply of a *purée à la bisque aux écrévisses*, the clumsy attendant who served him let fall the *assiette* of *vermeille ciselé* with its scalding contents, over the prince's chin, his Mechlin *jabot*, and the grand *cordon* of the Legion of Honour which he wore.

"*Infâme*," howled Borodino, "*tu l'as fait exprès!*"

"*Oui, je l'ai fait exprès*," said the man, with the most perfect Parisian accent. It was Jeames.

Such insolence of course could not be passed unnoticed even after the morning's service, and he was *chasséd* on the spot. He had been but a week in the house.

The next month the newspapers contained a paragraph which may possibly elucidate the above mystery, and to the following effect:—

Singular Wager.—One night, at the end of last season, the young and eccentric Earl of B—gn—gge laid a wager of twenty-five thousand pounds with a broken sporting patrician, the dashing Marquis of M—rt—ng—le, that he would pass a week under the roof of a celebrated and lovely young heiress, who lives not a hundred miles from B—lgr—ve Squ—re. The bet having been made, the earl pretended an illness, and having taken lessons from one of his lordship's own footmen (Mr. James Plush, whose name he also borrowed) in 'the *mysteries* of the *profession*,' actually succeeded in making an entry into Miss P—ml—co's mansion, where he stopped one week exactly; having time to win his bet, and to save the life of the lady, whom we hear he is about to lead to the altar. He disarmed the Prince of Borodino in a duel fought on Calais sands—and it is said, appeared at the C— club wearing his *plush costume* under a cloak, and displaying it as a proof that he had won his wager."

Such, indeed, were the circumstances. The young couple have not more than nine hundred thousand a year, but they live cheerfully, and manage to do good; and Emily de Pentonville, who adores her daughter-in-law and her little grand-children, is blest in seeing her darling son *enfin un homme rangé.*

CODLINGSBY.

BY D. SHREWSBERRY, ESQ.

I.

"THE whole world is bound by one chain. In every city in the globe there is one quarter that certain travellers know and recognise from its likeness to its brother district in all other places where are congregated the habitations of men. In Tehran, or Pekin, or Stamboul, or New York, or Timbuctoo, or London, there is a certain district where a certain man is not a stranger. Where the idols are fed with incense by the streams of Ching-wang-foo; where the minarets soar sparkling above the cypresses, their reflexions quivering in the lucid waters of the Golden Horn; where the yellow Tiber flows under broken bridges and over imperial glories; where the huts are squatted by the Niger, under the palm-trees; where the Northern Babel lies, with its warehouses, and its bridges, its graceful factory-chimneys, and its clumsy fanes—hidden in fog and smoke by the dirtiest river in the world—in all the cities of mankind there is One Home whither men of one family may resort. Over the entire world spreads a vast brotherhood, suffering, silent, scattered, sympathising, *waiting*—an immense Free-Masonry. Once this world-spread band was an Arabian clan—a little nation alone and outlying amongst the mighty monarchies of ancient time, the Megatheria of history. The sails of their rare ships might be seen in the Egyptian waters; the camels of their caravans might thread the sands of Baalbec, or wind through the date-groves of Damascus; their flag was raised, not ingloriously, in many wars, against mighty odds; but 'twas a small people, and on one dark night

the Lion of Judah went down before Vespasian's Eagles, and in flame, and death, and struggle, Jerusalem agonised and died. * * * Yes, the Jewish city is lost to Jewish men; but have they not taken the world in exchange?"

Mused thus Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby, as he debouched from Wych Street into the Strand. He had been to take a box for Armida at Madame Vestris's theatre. That little Armida was *folle* of Madame Vestris's theatre; and her little Brougham, and her little self, and her enormous eyes, and her prodigious opera-glass, and her miraculous bouquet, which cost Lord Codlingsby twenty guineas every evening at Nathan's in Covent Garden, (the children of the gardeners of Sharon have still no rival for flowers,) might be seen three nights in the week at least, in the narrow, charming, comfortable little theatre. Godfrey had the box. He was strolling, listlessly, eastward; and the above thoughts passed through the young noble's mind as he came in sight of Holywell Street.

The occupants of the London Ghetto sat at their porches basking in the evening sunshine. Children were playing on the steps. Fathers were smoking at the lintel. Smiling faces looked out from the various and darkling draperies with which the warehouses were hung. Ringlets glossy, and curly, and jetty—eyes black as night—midsummer night—when it lightens; haughty noses bending like beaks of eagles—eager quivering nostrils—lips curved like the bow of Love—every man or maiden, every babe or matron in that English Jewry bore in his countenance one or more of these characteristics of his peerless Arab race.

"How beautiful they are!" mused Codlingsby, as he surveyed these placid groups calmly taking their pleasure in the sunset.

"D'you vant to look at a nishe coat?" a voice said, which made him start; and then some one behind him began handling a master-piece of Stultz's with a familiarity which would have made the baron tremble.

"Rafael Mendoza!" exclaimed Godfrey.

"The same, Lord Codlingsby," the individual so apostrophised replied. "I told you we should meet again where you would little expect me. Will it please you to enter? this is Friday, and we close at sunset. It rejoices my heart to welcome you

home." So saying Rafael laid his hand on his breast, and bowed, an oriental reverence. All traces of the accent with which he first addressed Lord Codlingsby had vanished: it was disguise; half the Hebrew's life is a disguise. He shields himself in craft, since the Norman boors persecuted him.

They passed under an awning of old clothes, tawdry fripperies, greasy spangles, and battered masks, into a shop as black and hideous as the entrance was foul. "*This* your home, Rafael?" said Lord Codlingsby.

"Why not?" Rafael answered. "I am tired of Schloss Schinkenstein; the Rhine bores me after a while. It is too hot for Florence; besides they have not completed the picture gallery, and my place smells of putty. You wouldn't have a man, *mon cher*, bury himself in his château in Normandy, out of the hunting season? The Rugantino Palace stupifies me. Those Titians are so gloomy, I shall have my Hobbimas and Teniers, I think, from my house at the Hague hung over them."

"How many castles, palaces, houses, warehouses, shops, have you, Rafael?" Lord Codlingsby asked, laughing.

"This is one," Rafael answered. "Come in."

II.

The noise in the old town was terrific; Great Tom was booming sullenly over the uproar; the bell of Saint Mary's was clanging with alarm; St. Giles's tocsin chimed furiously; howls, curses, flights of brickbats, stones shivering windows, groans of wounded men, cries of frightened females, cheers of either contending party as it charged the enemy from Carfax to Trumpington Street, proclaimed that the battle was at its height.

In Berlin they would have said it was a revolution, and the cuirassiers would have been charging, sabre in hand, amidst that infuriate mob. In France they would have brought down artillery, and played on it with twenty-four pounders. In Cambridge nobody heeded the disturbance—it was a Town and Gown row.

The row arose at a boat-race. The Town boat (manned by eight stout barges, with the redoubted Rullock for stroke) had bumped the Brazennose light oar, usually at the head of the river. High

words arose regarding the dispute. After returning from Granchester, when the boats pulled back to Christchurch meadows, the disturbance between the Townsmen and the University youths—their invariable opponents—grew louder and more violent, until it broke out in open battle. Sparring and skirmishing took place along the pleasant fields that lead from the University gate down to the broad and shining waters of the Cam, and under the walls of Balliol and Sidney Sussex. The Duke of Bellamont (then a dashing young sizar at Exeter) had a couple of rounds with Billy Butt, the bow oar of the Bargee boat. Vavasour of Brazennose was engaged with a powerful butcher, a well-known champion of the Town party, when, the great University bells ringing to dinner, truce was called between the combatants, and they retired to their several colleges for refection.

During the boat-race, a gentleman pulling in a canoe, and smoking a Nargilly, had attracted no ordinary attention. He rowed about a hundred yards ahead of the boats in the race, so that he could have a good view of that curious pastime. If the eight-oars neared him, with a few rapid strokes of his flashing paddles his boat shot a furlong ahead; then he would wait, surveying the race, and sending up volumes of odour from his cool Nargilly.

"Who is he?" asked the crowds who panted along the shore, encouraging, according to Cambridge wont, the efforts of the oarsmen in the race. Town and Gown alike asked who it was, who, with an ease so provoking, in a barque so singular, with a form seemingly so slight, but a skill so prodigious, beat their best men. No answer could be given to the query, save that a gentleman in a dark travelling-chariot, preceded by six fourgons and a courier, had arrived the day before at the Hoop Inn, opposite Brazennose, and that the stranger of the canoe seemed to be the individual in question.

No wonder the boat, that all admired so, could compete with any that ever was wrought by Cambridge artificer or Putney workman. That boat—slim, shining, and shooting through the water like a pike after a small fish—was a caique from Tophana; it had distanced the Sultan's oarsmen, and the best crews of the Capitan Pasha in the Bosphorus; it was the workmanship of Togrul-Beg, Caikjee Bashee of his Highness. The Bashee had

refused fifty thousand tomauns from Count Boutenieff, the Russian Ambassador, for that little marvel. When his head was taken off, the Father of Believers presented the boat to Rafael Mendoza.

It was Rafael Mendoza that saved the Turkish Monarchy after the battle of Nezeeb. By sending three millions of piastres to the Seraskier; by bribing Colonel de St. Cornichon, the French envoy in the camp of the victorious Ibrahim, the march of the Egyptian army was stopped—the menaced empire of the Ottomans was saved from ruin; the Marchioness of Stokepogis, our Ambassador's lady, appeared in a suit of diamonds which outblazed even the Romanoff jewels, and Rafael Mendoza obtained the little caique. He never travelled without it. It was scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. Baroni, the courier, had carried it down to the Cam that morning, and Rafael had seen the singular sport which we have mentioned.

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their colleges, flushed, full-fed, and eager for battle. If the Gown was angry, the Town, too, was on the alert. From Iffley and Barnwell, from factory and mill, from wharf and warehouse, the Town poured out to meet the enemy, and their battle was soon general. From the Addenbrook's hospital to the Blenheim turnpike, all Cambridge was in an uproar—the College gates closed—the shops barricaded —the shopboys away in support of their brother townsmen—the battle raged, and the Gown had the worst of the fight.

A luncheon of many courses had been provided for Rafael Mendoza at his inn, but he smiled at the clumsy efforts of the University cooks to entertain him, and a couple of dates and a glass of water formed his meal. In vain the discomfited landlord pressed him to partake of the slighted banquet. "A breakfast! psha!" said he. "My good man, I have nineteen cooks, at salaries rising from four hundred a-year. I can have a dinner at any hour, but a town and Gown row (a brickbat here flying through the window, crashed the caraffe of water in Mendoza's hand)—a Town and Gown row is a novelty to me. The Town has the best of it, clearly, though the men outnumber the lads. Ha, a good blow! How that tall townsman went down before yonder slim young fellow in the scarlet trencher cap."

"That is the Lord Codlingsby," the landlord said.

"A light weight, but a pretty fighter," Mendoza remarked. "Well hit with your left, Lord Codlingsby; well parried, Lord Codlingsby; claret drawn, by Jupiter!"

"Ours is werry fine," the landlord said. "Will your highness have Chateau Margaux or Laffitte?"

"He never can be going to match himself against that bargeman!" Rafael exclaimed, as an enormous boatman—no other than Bullock—indeed, the most famous bruiser of Cambridge, and before whose fists the gownsmen went down like ninepins, fought his way up to the spot, where with admirable spirit and resolution, Lord Codlingsby and one or two of his friends were making head against a number of the Town.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's strength and weight, and sinew, and went down at every round. The brutal fellow had no mercy on the lad. His savage treatment chafed Mendoza as he viewed the unequal combat from the inn-window. "Hold your hand!" he cried to this Goliath; "don't you see he's but a boy?"

"Down he goes again!" the bargeman cried, not heeding the interruption. "Down he goes again: I likes wapping a lord!"

"Coward!" shouted Mendoza; and to fling open the window amidst a shower of brickbats, to vault over the balcony, to slide down one of the pillars to the ground, was an instant's work.

At the next he stood before the enormous bargeman.

* * * * * *

After the Coroner's Inquest, Mendoza gave ten thousand pounds to each of the bargeman's ten children, and it was thus his first acquaintance was formed with Lord Codlingsby.

But we are lingering on the threshold of the house in Holywell Street. Let us go in.

III.

Godfrey and Rafael passed from the street into the outer shop of the old mansion in Holywell Street. It was a masquerade warehouse to all appearance. A dark-eyed damsel of the nation

was standing at the dark and grimy counter, strewed with old feathers, old yellow boots, old stage mantles, painted masks, blind and yet gazing at you with a look of sad death-like intelligence from the vacancy behind their sockets.

A medical student was trying one of the doublets of orange-tawney and silver, slashed with dirty light blue. He was going to a masquerade that night. He thought Polly Pattens would admire him in the dress—Polly Pattens, the fairest of maids-of-all-work—the Borough Venus, adored by half the youth of Guy's.

"You look like a prince in it, Mr. Lint," pretty Rachel said, coaxing him with her beady black eyes.

"It *is* the cheese," replied Mr. Lint; "it ain't the dress that don't suit, my rose of Sharon; it's the *figure*. Hullo, Rafael, is that you, my lad of sealing wax? Come and intercede for me with this wild gazelle; she says I can't have it under fifteen bob for the night. And it's too much: cuss me if it's not too much, unless you'll take my little bill at two months, Rafael."

"There's a sweet pretty brigand's dress you may have for half de monish," Rafael replied; "there's a splendid clown for eight bob; but for dat Spanish dress, selp ma Moshesh, Mistraer Lint, ve'd ask a guinea of any but you. Here's a gentlemansh just come to look at it. Look ear, Mr. Brownsh, did you ever shee a nisher ting dan dat?" So saying, Rafael turned to Lord Codlingsby with the utmost gravity, and displayed to him the garment about which the young Medicus was haggling.

"Cheap at the money," Codlingsby replied; "if you won't make up your mind, sir, I should like to engage it myself." But the thought that another should appear before Polly Pattens in that costume was too much for Mr. Lint; he agreed to pay the fifteen shillings for the garment. And Rafael, pocketing the money with perfect simplicity, said, "Dis vay, Mr. Brownsh; dere's someting vill shoot you in the next shop."

Lord Codlingsby followed him, wondering.

"You are surprised at our system," said Rafael, marking the evident bewilderment of his friend. "Confess you would call it meanness—my huxtering with yonder young fool. I call it simplicity. Why throw away a shilling without need? Our race never did. A shilling is four men's bread: shall I disdain to

defile my fingers by holding them out relief in their necessity? It is you who are mean—you Normans—not we of the ancient race. You have your vulgar measurement for great things and small. You call a thousand pounds respectable, and a shekel despicable. Psha, my Codlingsby! One is as the other. I trade in pennies and in millions. I am above or below neither."

They were passing through a second shop, smelling strongly of cedar, and in fact, piled up with bales of those pencils which the young Hebrews are in the habit of vending through the streets. "I have sold bundles and bundles of these," said Rafael. "My little brother is now out with oranges in Piccadilly. I am bringing him up to be head of our house at Amsterdam. We all do it. I had myself to see Rothschild in Eaton Place this morning, about the Irish loan, of which I have taken three millions: and as I wanted to walk, I carried the bag.

"You should have seen the astonishment of Lauda Latymer, the Archbishop of Croydon's daughter, as she was passing St. Bennet's, Knightsbridge, and as she fancied she recognised in the man who was crying old clothes the gentleman with whom she had talked at the Count de St. Aulair's the night before." Something like a blush flushed over the pale features of Mendoza as he mentioned the Lady Lauda's name. "Come on," said he. They passed through various warehouses—the orange room, the sealing-wax room, the six-bladed knife department, and finally came to an old baize door. Rafael opened the baized door by some secret contrivance, and they were in a black passage, with a curtain at the end.

He clapped his hands; the curtain at the end of the passage drew back, and a flood of golden light streamed on the Hebrew and his visitor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

They entered a moderate-sized apartment—indeed, Holywell Street is not above a hundred yards long, and this chamber was not more than half that length—and fitted up with the simple taste of its owner.

The carpet was of white velvet—(laid over several webs of Aubusson, Ispahan, and Axminster, so that your foot gave no

more sound as it trod upon the yielding plain than the shadow did which followed you)—of white velvet, painted with flowers, arabesques, and classic figures, by Sir William Ross, J. M. W. Turner, R. A., Mrs. Mee, and Paul Delaroche. The edges were wrought with seed-pearls, and fringed with Valenciennes lace and bullion. The walls were hung with cloth of silver, embroidered with gold figures, over which were worked pomegranates, polyanthuses, and passion-flowers, in ruby, amethyst, and smaragd. The drops of dew which the artificer had sprinkled on the flowers were diamonds. The hangings were overhung by pictures yet more costly. Giorgione the gorgeous, Titian the golden, Rubens the ruddy and pulpy (the Pan of Painting), some of Murillo's beatified shepherdesses, who smile on you out of darkness like a star; a few score first-class Leonardos, and fifty of the master-pieces of the patron of Julius and Leo, the Imperial genius of Urbino, covered the walls of the little chamber. Divans of carved amber covered with ermine went round the room, and in the midst was a fountain, pattering and babbling with jets of double-distilled otto of roses.

"Pipes, Goliath!" Rafael said gaily to a little negro with a silver collar (he spoke to him in his native tongue of Dongola); "and welcome to our snuggery, my Codlingsby. We are quieter here than in the front of the house, and I wanted to show you a picture. I'm proud of my pictures. That Leonardo came from Genoa, and was a gift to our father from my cousin, Marshal Manasseh: that Murillo was pawned to my uncle by Marie Antoinette before the flight to Varennes—the poor lady could not redeem the pledge, you know, and the picture remains with us. As for the Rafael, I suppose you are aware that he was one of our people. But what are you gazing at? O! my sister—I forgot Miriam! this is the Lord Codlingsby."

She had been seated at an ivory piano-forte on a mother-of-pearl music-stool, trying a sonata of Herz. She rose when thus apostrophised. Miriam de Mendoza rose and greeted the stranger.

The Talmud relates that Adam had two wives—Zillah the dark beauty; Eva the fair one. The ringlets of Zillah were black; those of Eva were golden. The eyes of Zillah were night; those of Eva were morning. Codlingsby was fair—of the fair Saxon

race of Hengist and Horsa—they called him Miss Codlingsby at school; but how much fairer was Miriam the Hebrew!

Her hair had that deep glowing tinge in it which has been the delight of all painters, and which, therefore, the vulgar sneer at. It was of burning auburn. Meandering over her fairest shoulders in twenty thousand minute ringlets, it hung to her waist and below it. A light blue velvet fillet clasped with a diamond aigrette (valued at two hundred thousand tomauns, and bought from Lieutenant Vicovich, who had received it from Dost Mahomed), with a simple bird of paradise, formed her head-gear. A sea-green cymar with short sleeves, displayed her exquisitely moulded arms to perfection, and was fastened by a girdle of emeralds over a yellow satin frock. Pink gauze trousers spangled with silver, and slippers of the same colour as the band which clasped her ringlets (but so covered with pearls that the original hue of the charming little papoosh disappeared entirely) completed her costume. She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a Princess—her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.

As Miriam de Mendoza greeted the stranger, turning upon him the solemn welcome of her eyes, Codlingsby swooned almost in the brightness of her beauty. It was well she spoke; the sweet kind voice restored him to consciousness. Muttering a few words of incoherent recognition, he sank upon a sandal-wood settee, as Goliath, the little slave, brought aromatic coffee in cups of opal, and alabaster spittoons, and pipes of the fragrant Gibelly.

"My lord's pipe is out," said Miriam with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest—who in truth forgot to smoke—and taking up a thousand pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper and proceeded to re-illumine the extinguished chibouk of Lord Codlingsby.

IV.

When Miriam, returning to the mother-of-pearl music-stool, at a signal from her brother, touched the silver and enamelled keys of the ivory piano, and began to sing, Lord Codlingsby felt as if

he were listening at the gates of Paradise, or were hearing Jenny Lind.

"Lind is the name of the Hebrew race; so is Mendelssohn, the son of Almonds; so is Rosenthal, the Valley of the Roses: so is Löwe or Lewis or Lyons or Lion—the beautiful and the brave alike give cognisances to the ancient people—you Saxons call yourselves Brown, or Smith, or Rodgers," Rafael observed to his friend; and, drawing the instrument from his pocket, he accompanied his sister, in the most ravishing manner, on a little gold and jewelled harp, of the kind peculiar to his nation.

All the airs which the Hebrew maid selected were written by composers of her race; it was either a hymn by Rossini, a polacca by Braham, a delicious romance by Sloman, or a melody by Weber, that, thrilling on the strings of the instrument, wakened a harmony on the fibres of the heart; but she sang no other than the songs of her nation.

"Beautiful one! sing ever, sing always," Codlingsby thought. "I could sit at thy feet as under a green palm-tree, and fancy that Paradise-birds were singing in the boughs."

Rafael read his thoughts. "We have Saxon blood too in our veins," he said. "You smile! but it is even so. An ancestress of ours made a *mésalliance* in the reign of your King John. Her name was Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, and she married in Spain, whither she had fled to the Court of King Boabdil, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe, then a widower by the demise of his first lady, Rowena. The match was deemed a cruel insult amongst our people; but Wilfred conformed, and was a Rabbi of some note at the synagogue of Cordova. We are descended from him lineally. It is the only blot upon the escutcheon of the Mendozas."

As they sate talking together, the music finished, and Miriam having retired (though her song and her beauty were still present to the soul of the stranger) at a signal from Mendoza, various messengers from the outer apartments came in to transact business with him.

First it was Mr. Aminidab, who kissed his foot, and brought papers to sign. "How is the house in Grosvenor Square, Aminidab; and is your son tired of his yacht yet?" Mendoza

asked. "That is my twenty-fourth cashier," said Rafael to Codlingsby, when the obsequious clerk went away. "He is fond of display, and all my people may have what money they like."

Entered presently the Lord Bareacres, on the affair of his mortgage. The Lord Bareacres, strutting into the apartment with a haughty air, shrank back, nevertheless, with surprise on beholding the magnificence around him. "Little Mordecai," said Rafael to a little orange-boy, who came in at the heels of the noble, "take this gentleman out and let him have ten thousand pounds. I can't do more for you, my lord, than this—I'm busy. Good bye!" and Rafael waved his hand to the peer, and fell to smoking his Nargilly.

A man with a square face, cat-like eyes, and a yellow moustache, came next. He had an hour-glass of a waist, and walked uneasily upon his high-heeled boots. "Tell your master that he shall have two millions more, but not another shilling," Rafael said. "That story about the five-and-twenty millions of ready money at Cronstadt is all bosh. They won't believe it in Europe. You understand me, Count Grogomoffski?"

"But his Imperial Majesty said four millions, and I shall get the knout unless—"

"Go and speak to Mr. Shadrach, in room Z 94, the fourth court," said Mendoza good-naturedly. "Leave me at peace, Count; don't you see it is Friday, and almost sunset?" The Calmuck envoy retired cringing, and left an odour of musk and candle-grease behind him.

An orange-man; an emissary from Lola Montes; a dealer in piping bulfinches; and a Cardinal in disguise, with a proposal for a new loan for the Pope, were heard by turns, and each, after a rapid colloquy in his own language, was dismissed by Rafael.

"The queen must come back from Aranjuez, or that king must be disposed of," Rafael exclaimed, as a yellow-faced ambassador from Spain, General the Duke of Olla Podrida, left him. "Which shall it be, my Codlingsby?" Codlingsby was about laughingly to answer, for indeed he was amazed to find all the affairs of the world represented here, and Holywell Street the centre of Europe, when three knocks of a peculiar nature were heard, and Mendoza

starting up, said, "Ha! there are only four men in the world who know that signal." At once, and with a reverence quite distinct from his former *nonchalant* manner, he advanced towards the new comer.

He was an old man—an old man evidently, too, of the Hebrew race—the light of his eyes was unfathomable—about his mouth there played an inscrutable smile. He had a cotton umbrella, and old trowsers, and old boots, and an old wig, curling at the top like a rotten old pear.

He sate down as if tired, in the first seat at hand, as Rafael made him the lowliest reverence.

"I am tired," says he; "I have come in fifteen hours. I am ill at Neuilly," he added with a grin. "Get me some *eau sucrée*, and tell me the news, Prince de Mendoza. These bread rows; this unpopularity of Guizot; this odious Spanish conspiracy against my darling Montpensier and daughter; this ferocity of Palmerston against Coletti, makes me quite ill. Give me your opinion, my dear duke. But ha! whom have we here?"

The august individual who had spoken, had used the Hebrew language to address Mendoza, and the Lord Codlingsby might easily have pleaded ignorance of that tongue. But he had been at Cambridge, where all the youth acquire it perfectly.

"*Sire*," said he, "I will not disguise from you that I know the ancient tongue in which you speak. There are probably secrets between Mendoza and your Maj——"

"Hush!" said Rafael, leading him from the room: "*Au revoir*, dear Codlingsby. His Majesty is one of *us*," he whispered at the door; "so is the Pope of Rome; so is * * *"—a whisper concealed the rest.

"Gracious powers! is it so?" said Codlingsby, musing. He entered into Holywell Street. The sun was sinking.

"It is time," said he, "to go and fetch Fifine to the Olympic."

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

The statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world: I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, oh, heavens! and what a power of rogues with pigtails and mandarin buttons at Pekin! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg: how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee: fair running streams for glittering fish; store of

kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions; for active cats, mice; for mice, cheese, and so on; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau): I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once;" so let us pretermix all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found: proofs of our enterprise and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo: I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all; better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins; your tallow-faced German baron, with white moustache anddouble chin, fat, pudgy, dirty, fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzska at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook,

to be sure, of her Britannic Majesty's service:—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre*, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever saw; reading, possibly, "The Morning Post," or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns; or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour; at four he is to be seen at the window of his club; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances: some stout old gentleman riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads, with pale dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion): at seven, he has a dinner at Long's or at the Clarendon; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, beside himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the park this morning, and a couple of ladies: one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled

flowers and greasy blonde lace; she wears large gilt ear-rings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night: there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the park, dear!"

"I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, do you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing, very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said, that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half-an-hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural, and even kind, of Rook than to say this?

Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups* and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play; it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea: you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake: if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always;* and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process; if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income —mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose: he is frightened; that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill-luck: when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!); when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I don't believe: is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to Brook Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to

go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "*If* I had but played my king of hearts," sighed Fred, "and kept back my trump; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curaçoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;" and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you," must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homœopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versâ*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out; he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his

fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. "No men," said he, with a great deal of justice, "were so ill paid as 'dramatic artists;' they laboured for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won: but ask the table all round; one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down two-pence halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond,

or Mr. Salon-des-Etrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling-houses that the money is lost: it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing; the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds: every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, on an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money —say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labour. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays, as thus—

Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500	0	0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350	0	0
Watering-places, and touring	300	0	0
Dinners to give	150	0	0
Pocket-money	150	0	0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150	0	0
Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)	0	0	0
TOTAL	1,600	0	0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way

under the above sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses; no, it is *not* a good profession: it is *not* good interest for one's money: it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth, and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat, when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coup* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes—

> "In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green;*
> But now when his dotage is on him,
> God help him;—for no eye of those who pass him by,
> Throws a look of compassion upon him."

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sister's portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends: in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do: in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! *Is* this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks, I take to be this: that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius, that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory, can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in stable, a protemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month!

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honours at Cambridge in the year 1; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty demure simple

governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now growing in the rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife: not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years, as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honour.

Fancy then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy; and

the tears of sweet pale Harriet, as she clung roung his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing)! Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes Æschylus, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom: however, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of x's and y's.

May comes, and the college examinations: the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIUS ROOK.

Trinity, May 10.

Dear Credo*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps;* in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

I send you his college bill, £105 10*s.*; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive: I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

SOL. SNORTER.

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter: it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:

P.S.—Dear Father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give

* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

ne a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner; and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.* Hiring horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.

The Rev. Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter: however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a "God bless you!" and Mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations; but Tom has sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave: they have high words, even the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's undergraduateship arrives; he is in ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books: and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and tho Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge-town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

* * * * * * *

Oh, sin! woe, repentance, Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a

* It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging-house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging-house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, écarte, blind hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook; when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christine; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N.B. All young men with money have silly, flattering, she-relatives) and the silly trips that he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honourable Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear he puts himself behind a curvetting cameleopard of a cab-horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out; and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be.

Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men: in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well, then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially: if you don't, somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He *must* be plucked, it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate: if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him,

and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him, until he turns out as naked as a cannon-ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is a stout cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place: and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs: on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He spunges on his relatives; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him or takes to drinking too; or he gets a little place, a very little place: you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen

such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison!—a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down! Mary Queen of Scotts says very touchingly:—

Pour mon mal estranger
Je ne m' arreste en place;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer
Si ma douleur n' efface!

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession: —not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook: not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over! Oh, Captain Rook! what nice

"chums" do you take with you into prison; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *fines patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed!

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world:—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the *, (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odours of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. "*O rus! quando te aspiciam?*" exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, Madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses, and crocuses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulphed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

"What are you giggling at?" said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

"Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower

wrapped up in white paper, or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printers' devils are staring in the passage?"

"Stuff," said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteen-pence; "a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay; that's all."

I saw how it was. "Augustus Timson," exclaimed I, sternly; the Pimlicoes have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out: if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again."

"Well, if it *does*," says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, "what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there."

"Was that the day when she gave a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?"

"No, another day."

"Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom races?"

"No."

"Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?"

"Fiddlestick!" roared out Augustus Timson, esquire; "I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no man;*" wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse-chay drove up to the * office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse-chay drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humoured Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Meryweathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old Sam and the chaise."

Timson to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, "*He's* here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently from their costume prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a greenhouse at the Snuggery, that's positive, Timson, for I'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny! Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, Madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf——"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn,

for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy," which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance." Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honour. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good-humoured character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterises men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighbourhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted cheese club, called "The Fortum," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterised him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in "The Weekly Sentinel," signed "Lictor," must be remembered by all our readers: he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labour, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those "Lictor" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the * is ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the west end, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honourable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard, Kilbrush Castle, county Kildare. The earl had been ambassador in '14: Mr. Flummery, his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoronconcolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secresy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he; "my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that!*" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainments in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines, and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *rûche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferronière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was,

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS,

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY.

—being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang; and it is amazing how much our fervour was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do; and that while a man is lying painfully labouring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Flummery; her Pegasus gallops over hot-pressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders: like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning-post on which is written "FINIS," or, "THE END;" and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being, of my Lady Flummery, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him; so that all milliners, butchers' ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable

degree, the habits and usages of other men and women, whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Flummery is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon literature for good or for evil: there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps; and why not? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes everything; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark nought; her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of "Lyrics of Loveliness," "Beams of Beauty," "Pearls of Purity," &c. Who does not recollect the success which her "Pearls of the Peerage" had? She is going to do the "Beauties of the Baronetage;" then we shall have the "Daughters of the Dustmen," or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides, mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. "Mac!" shouted your humble servant, "that is a

Flummery ruby;" and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—"There's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, "and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half-a-dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. "I wouldn't charge for them, you know," he says, "for hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language, but, in revenge, has a smattering of half-a-dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish: and upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte Whatd'ye-call-'em, or the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. "*Optima tu proprii nominis auctor eris;*" which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress: the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then: there is no such word as authoress. But what of that? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for

instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a Diaress, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship; the language feels an obligation; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed: and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to send him back his subscription. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labour at the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys: but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a 'cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service, on account of that business of the breeches!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity; "*such* a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a 'cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a

prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you!" And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example; *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch; from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? pish! pish! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portfeuille*, which is genteel. Then you might do "Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilly;" "The Victim of Wurtemberg;" "Olga; or, the Autocrat's Daughter" (a capital title); "*Henri;* or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century:" we can fancy the book and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

"HENRI, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri! who can he be? a little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of *a certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henri de B-rd-ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesina Degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Pr-nce. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen."

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the * by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bears' grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes, in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect:—

"HENRI.

BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

"This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will: stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles (as a great Bard of Old Time has expressed it); what do we not owe to woman?

"What do we not owe her? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companion-

ship. We look into her cheery eyes, and, in those wells of love care drowns; we listen to her syren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again."

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column: I don't pretend to understand it; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, that this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularise, thus:—

"The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus:—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign pontiff. At a feast, given in his honour at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favour. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The POPE has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ, occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation; he will even resign his crown and marry her: but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers; he cannot wed her: 'The blood of Borbone,' he says, 'may not be thus misallied.' He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

"Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style, for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of

the Marchesina Degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca Di Gammoni, is delicious; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted: everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess's dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. 'Schinken, the Westphalian,' must not be forgotten; nor 'Olla, the Spanish Spy.' How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honour to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucault? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example:—Not among women, 'tis true; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed!—but in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonour to his shrine:—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo* and *Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts; in asserting that so long as SHAKSPERE lives, so long will FLUMMERY endure; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon!"

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticise her life. The former is quite harmless; and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullable of publics. Think you, O Timson, that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit? Fool! you do think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the * newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good three-halfpence-a-line matter that big garnet pin has cost you! the woman laughs at you, man! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your

absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your gest hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strong north-country twang. Down with this Dalilah! Avaunt, O Circ giver of poisonous feeds. To your natural haunts, ye gentlem of the press! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be conte Better is Sally the waiter, and the first cut of the joint, than dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who a married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons wh scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that ye may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lachl in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her; let Howell and James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her car; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men: let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more! Blessed, blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more namby-pamby poetry! no more fribble "Blossoms of Loveliness!" When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age?

THE ARTISTS.

It is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighbourhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell,—till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely old age. The houses have a vast dingy, mouldy, dowager look.

No more beaux, in mighty perriwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches; no more lackeys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets,—the only dandy in the neighbourhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant-girl's pattens sets people a staring from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do; but as genteel stock-brokers inhabit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park,—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square,—so Artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time, naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence.—What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoa-nut.

Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that tell you the house is "To Let." Nobody walks there—not even an old clothesman; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of "Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex;" and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters,—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus's treble gate. There was my poor friend, Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for "The Book of Beauty"). Tom, who could not pay his washerwoman, lived opposite the bailiff's; and could see every miserable debtor, or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff's, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy, double-barrelled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why; owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground-floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan chair opposite a house in Rathbone Place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house

has commonly a huge India-rubber-coloured door, with a couple of glistening brass plates, and bells. A portrait painter lives on the first floor; a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first floor's middle drawing-room window; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin.

I don't say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture-frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers, in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in many of these gratis exhibitions—Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon; Lady Peel from Sir Thomas; Miss Croker from the same; *the* Duke, from ditto; an original officer in the Spanish Legion; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill-Row Fencibles; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribands; we have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and are aware that our own features may be "done in this style." Then there is the man on the chain-pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking-plaister; there is Miss Cripps, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, japanning, or mezzotinting; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil; and Sepio, of the Water Colour Society, who paints before eight pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of Artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen,—not sixteen pages,—not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above-mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor Square to Gloucester Place, a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio.

Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears on a great coarse fist, a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world; he is always to be found at the Opera; and, gods! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches, he has a faint hope that he is received as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by absurd donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stock-broker, and a power of guinea lessons stowed away in the Consols. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy, who admire him hugely; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis; the city ladies die to have lessons of him; he prances about the park on a high-bred cock-tail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere —washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.

How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing-master! Highgate, Homerton, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half-crowns to pay his week's bills, what a happy man is he!

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland Street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvellous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor, sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio's great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman, too; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman?—a gentleman Artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor; Rubbery's butcher looks down upon him with a royal scorn; and his wife, poor gentle soul (a clergyman's daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted, and make an immense fortune), —his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Butcher, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer, when she cannot pay her bill,—or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit, against John's coming home. He has

five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is: and Miss Crick has promised to pay him his quarter's charge on the very next Saturday. "Gentlefolks, indeed," says Mrs. Butcher, "pretty gentlefolks these, as can't pay for half-a-pound of steak!" Let us thank heaven that the Artist's wife has her meat, however,—there is good in that shrill, fat, mottle-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labours of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone; on which he has drawn the "Star of the Wave," or the "Queen of the Tourney," or "She met at Almack's," for Lady Flummery's last new song. This done, at half-past nine, he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens, to wait upon the before named Miss Crick, at Lamont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittle's seminary, Potzdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch; and at half-past two, Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along towards the gate. Somebody is on the look-out for him; indeed it is his eldest daughter, Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half-hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on the "mutual system," a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters, who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week: and this the happiest hour of Wednesday. Behold! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brows and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God! and that Tom has just done the Antinous, in a way that must make him sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round hand, from Polly; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne cons over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing-desk, amidst a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps, and baubles, that you and I, madam, would sneer at; but that in the poor child's

eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One, who knows how to value widows' mites, and humble sinners' offerings) are better than bank-notes and Pitt diamonds. Oh, kind heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland Street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping; and, gods! what a fête it is, when twice or thrice in the year she comes home.

* * * * * *

I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decilions of angels, peris, houris, demons, afreets, and the like, Mahomet travelled, lived, and counted, during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery, during the minute in which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking Macintosh in the hall of Potzdam Villa? She thinks him the finest artist that ever cut an H. B.; that's positive: and as a drawing-master, his merits are wonderful; for at the Misses Kittle's annual vacation festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to their mammas and relatives (Rubbery, attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best); —at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited, Tintern Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, Horse—from Carl Vernet, Head—from West, or what not (say sixteen of each sort), are the one exactly as good as the other; so that, although Miss Slamcoe gets the prize, there is really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it; her design being accurately, stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slamcoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is, that of these drawings, Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls and their parents are ready to take their affidavits (or as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their *affies davit*) that the drawing-master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them; but mark!—when young ladies come home, are settled in life, and mammas of families,—can they design so much as a horse, or a dog, or a "moo-cow," for little Jack who bawls out for them?—not

they? Rubbery's pupils have no more notion of drawing, any more than Sepio's of painting, when that eminent artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen, lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say, that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlour of an hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin: whilst Sepio trips down to the club, and has a pint of the smallest claret: but of course the tastes of men vary; and you find them, simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociously genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz., the cheap portrait-painter, the portrait-cutter in sticking-plaister, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting,—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important.—Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take-in, Poonah-painting a rank villanous deception. "So is Grecian art without brush or pencils;" these are only small mechanical contrivances, over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of Artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force, that we must begin to attack in form. In the "partition of the earth," as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the Empyrœan. "The strong and the cunning," says Jupiter, "have seized upon the inheritance of the world, whilst thou wert star-gazing and rhyming: not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow thee; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt, it is always open to thee."

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth, than in any other place on the world's surface; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy unsubstantial

one, which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many; who prefer, therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon, and fight for, vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters), it may be asserted that portrait-painting was invented. It is the Artist's compromise with heaven; "the light of common day," in which, after a certain quantity of "travel from the East," the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthelemi (who sent Le Jeune Anacharsis travelling through Greece in the time of Plato,—travelling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pigtail),—Abbé Barthelemi, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow; and so painting was "invented." Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting *might* grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal; and honest Barthelemi might be satisfied that he had here traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens invented for that which is divine!—a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy, ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring-guns, nailed to the bricks like a dead owl or a weasel, or tied up —a kind of vulgar Prometheus—and baited for ever by the house-dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shop-keeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, Artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the "kalon," in the fat features of a red-gilled alderman, or, at best, in a pretty simpering white-necked beauty from Almack's. The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion, which belongs to them more than to any others, has operated upon our Artists as a serious disadvantage, and

kept them from better things. The French call such beauty *La beauté du Diable;*" and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens, how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. Oh, ye British enchantresses! I never see a gilded annual-book, without likening it to a small island, near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily, whither, by twanging of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most beautiful fashionable undress in the world, the naughty sirens lured the passing seaman. Steer clear of them, ye Artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk Street and the Water-Colour gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie yourselves to the masts, and away with you from the gaudy, smiling, "Books of Beauty." Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means, the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain unendangered.

Personalities are odious; but let the British public look at the pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloon—the moral British public—and say, whether our grand-children (or the grand-children of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloon paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grand-mammas, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating, water-colour drawings that ever were? Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle! with what gimcracks of lace, ribbons, ferronières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded! What shoulders, what ringlets, what funny little pug-dogs do they, most of them, exhibit to us! The days of Lancret and Watteau are lived over again, and the court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last President of the Royal Academy* is answerable for many sins, and many imitators; especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait; and I do not know a more curious contrast, than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They

* Sir Thomas Lawrence.

seem to have painted different races of people; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old gentlemen, from Nestor downwards, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there is some truth in what they say; at least, that the men and women under George the Third were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sate to Sir Joshua? Sir Thomas's ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it; a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity, than Sir Thomas's ladies in their smiles, and their satin ball-dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern Artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half a dozen Artists who, at Sir Thomas's death, have seized upon a shred of his somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country; he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success; and must imitate, in order to live. He is among Artists, what a dentist is among surgeons—a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing leer; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the ends of it with a pretty smile of his favourite colour. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stories and court gossip about Lady This, and my particular friend—Lord

So-and-So, which he lets off in succession to every sitter: indeed, a most bland, irreproachable, gentleman-like man. He gives most patronising advice to young Artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentleman-like, indifferent, simpering way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons, who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have made. They praise everybody, and are called good-natured, benevolent men. Surely no benevolence is so easy; it simply consists in lying, and smiling, and wishing everybody well. You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good-humour is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curl crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned, even when he was asleep and his teeth were out; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of *don't-care-a-damn-ativeness* wonderfully developed; not that reckless don't-care-a-dam-nativeness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy, has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friends' deaths, woes, misfortune, or good luck, he receives with equal good-nature; he gives three splendid dinners per annum, Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything; he dines out the other three hundred and sixty-two days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half-hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the back-grounds, limbs, and draperies of his portraits.

He is not a good painter: how should he be; whose painting as it were never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon-ball?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen, respectable man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France,

where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce; but with us a man must be genteel; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing rooms) being "*de ne pas en avoir*," Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavour and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda-water,—once in five minutes or so, you see rising up to the surface a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit,—it rises and explodes feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere *soupçon* of it. Anything more were indecorous; a genteel stomach could not bear it: Carmine knows the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the Artist; but what can be written about the latter? New ladies in white satin, new generals in red, new peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout members of parliament, pointing to ink-stands and sheets of letter-paper, with a Turkey-carpet beneath them, a red curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the back ground, spring up every year, and take their due positions "upon the line" in the academy, and send their compliments of hundreds to swell Carmine's heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Flummery for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth muse, what need have we to say anything about it? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price; but we should no more think of noticing each, than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture, "No. 591. 'Full-length portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum. Carmine, R.A.' Mr. Carmine never fails; this work, like all others by the same artist, is excellent:"—or, "No. 591, &c. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine's pencil ample justice; the *chiar' oscuro* of the picture is perfect; the likeness admirable; the keeping and colouring have the true Titianesque gusto;

if we might hint a fault, it has the left ear of the lap-dog a 'little' out of drawing?"

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says:—"The Duchess of Doldrum's picture by Mr. Carmine is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same artist. It would be very unjust to say, that these portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness; but to say that they were good, would be quite as false: nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square, but beyond this, nothing original is to be found in him: as a lad, he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Lawrence; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since," &c.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten; and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies and friends in the press; with this difference, probably, that the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing, while the artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures, considers them as personal matters, inspired by private feeling of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured to question his judgment in any way. We have said before, poor academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made to answer! We may add now, poor critics, what black personal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen (right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak the truth! Say that Snooks's picture is badly coloured.—"Oh, heavens!" shrieks Snooks, "what can I have done to offend this fellow?" Hint that such a figure is badly drawn—and Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actuated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself a famous Artist, is of opinion that the critic should *never* abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter knows much better than any one else what his own faults are, and because you never do him any good. Are men of the brush so obstinate?—very likely: but the public—the public? are we not to do our duty by it too; and, aided by our superior

knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to it the way it should go? Yes, surely; and as by the efforts of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree; in like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we could name) have endeavoured to provide this British nation with pure principles of taste,—or at least, to prevent them from adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse; and, indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the fashion. Let us bid him good-bye. He lives in a house all to himself, most likely,—has a footman, sometimes a carriage; is apt to belong to the Athenæum; and dies universally respected; that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention M'Gilp, or Blather, rising young men, who will fill Carmine's place one of these days, and occupy his house in ————, when the fulness of time shall come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow Road by the whole mourning Royal Academy), they shall leave their present first-floor in Newman-street, and step into his very house and shoes.

There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors; they grin when they are talking of him together, and express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—as very likely they can. But until his demise, they are occupied with painting people about the Regent's Park and Russell Square; are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a mayor of Stoke Pogeis after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterwards; and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-So, by that talented artist Mr. M'Gilp, of London, is favourably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the side-boards of many country gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go? To M'Gilp, to be sure; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The Academy student is a personage that should not be omitted

here; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter's habits, and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat, and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the Academy, he loves theatres, billiards, and novels, and has his house-of-call somewhere in the neighbourhood of Saint Martin's Lane, where he and his brethren meet and sneer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers with a smile exceedingly supercilious, "Sir, I am an historical painter;" meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This state of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting perhaps from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman's madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not live by historical painting alone. Then our friend falls to portrait-painting, or annual-painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the *obligé* tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of spoiled canvases, and a large pair of moustachios, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life, and with portraits in chalk and oil of French *sapeurs* and Italian brigands, that kindly descend from their mountain-caverns, and quit their murderous occupations, in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical pictures. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old life-guardsmen—working, working away—and never advancing one jot. At eighteen, Pipson copied statues and life-guardsmen to admiration; at five-and-thirty he can make admirable drawings of life-guardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes; year

after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious Academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life?—that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should!) upon what a small matter, hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty-five. Let us thank God for imparting to us poor, weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of *vanity*. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is,—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense,—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid bakers' bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and for ever.

We do not mean to depreciate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous and unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, "I will be a Raphael or a Titian,—a Milton or a Shakspeare" and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world began, and how many there have been of the Raphael or Shakspeare sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favour. Even successful historical painters, what are they?—in a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither life-guardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other "properties," are conducted to figure at full-length, as Roman conquerors, Jewish high-priests, or Othellos on canvas. Then there are gay, smart, water-colour painters,—a flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce-looking geniuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and scoundrelly conspiracy. There are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth and brave heat and cold, to bring to the greedy British public views of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg,

Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men, whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Reverend Dr. Lempriere, Monsieur Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the Artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the deuce knows what. A rambling sculptor, who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black-lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water-colour, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen,—and the most accomplished gentlemen were painters; the former would make you a speech, or read you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment,—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say, that by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow, Socrates, not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do *our* young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil, or drawing a model? Do you hear of *them*, hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning? Not they, forsooth: we understand the doctrine of division of labour, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world; and, in revenge, the rest of the world does not meddle with Artists. Fancy an Artist being a senior wrangler or a politician; and on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter! No, no; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a

black one and preaching; but that he should sell himself to *Art*—forbid it, heaven! And do not let your ladyship on reading this cry, "Stuff!—stupid envy, rank republicanism,—an artist *is* a gentleman." Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honourable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter? You would die sooner; the escutcheon of the Smigsmags would be blotted for ever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub Street, and poor ragged Johnson shrunk behind a screen in Cave's parlour, that the author's trade was considered a very mean one; which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day, when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why—why don't we see him among the R.A.'s?

501.	The Schoolmaster. Sketch taken abroad . . .	Brum, Henry, Lord, *R.A. F.R.S. S.A. of the National Institute of France.*
502.	View of the Artist's residence at Windsor	Maconkey, Right Honourable T. B.
503.	Murder of the Babes in the Tower	Rustle, Lord J. Pill, Right Honourable Sir Robert.
504.	A little Agitation	O'Carroll, Daniel, M.R. I.A.

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the catalogue of the Academy: and why should they not? The real glorious days of the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word!—it implies inferiority; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney's lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to "patronise" an Artist.

There are some who sigh for the past times, when magnificent, swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who himself patronised a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train, and a purse-bearer to scatter ducats; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went of embassies as if he had been a born marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K.B., actually married out of the

peerage: and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V. picked it up (oh, gods! what heroic self-devotion),—picked it up, saying "I can make fifty dukes, but not one Titian." Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaelle a Cardinal,—and were not these golden days?

Let us say at once, "No." The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shows that the body of artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons; and every man who holds his place by such a tenure, must feel himself an inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication; painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture buyers now?—the engravers and their employers, the people,—"the only source of legitimate power," as they say after dinner. A fig then for Cardinal's hats! were Mr. O'Connell in power to-morrow, let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus* to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honours out of the profession? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen?—for my part, I solemnly declare, that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don't see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the house as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation, is this painful one,—that young Artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history, as well as on anatomy, or light and shade.

END OF VOL. II.

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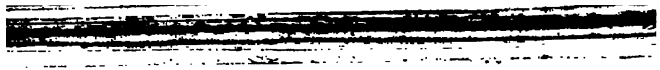
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